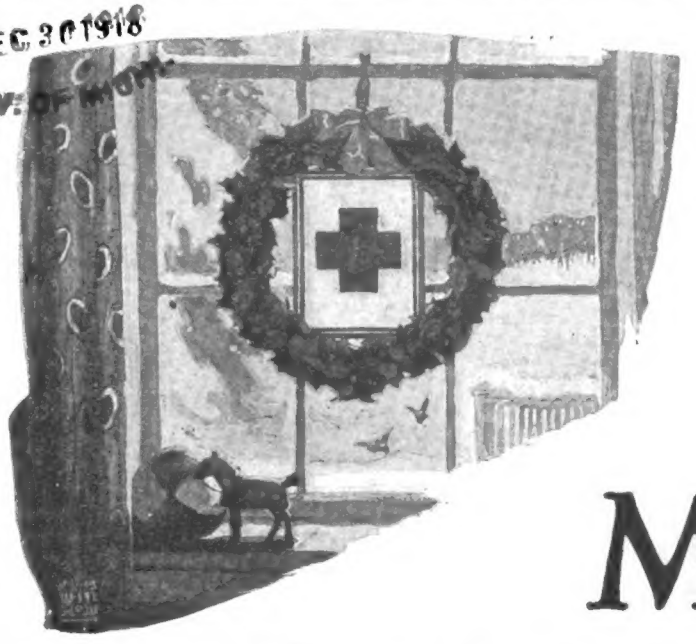
GENERAL LIBRARY
DEC 30 1918
UNIV. OF MICH.



Mother

I USED to be a little bit ashamed of the way I felt about Mother. I loved her, of course—loved her with all the love that could be crowded into a boy's heart—but I hated to show it. Only girls and babies, I thought, showed affection. It wasn't "manly" for a boy to be petted—especially if there was someone around to see.

I used to go to Mother when I had cut my finger or had some childish grief or woe and she would bind up the wound in my finger and my heart and drive away all the pain and sorrow in some strange, mysterious way that only mothers know about.

Then she'd put her arm around me and smoothe my hair—but I'd pull away and swagger out, whistling loudly, and play with my dog.

But at nights when I'd gone tired to bed I'd think about Mother.

And always she appeared in a sort of soft light with a smile of understanding. To myself, I called her "The Greatest Mother in the World."

* * * *

The other day I saw a Red Cross Poster—a white clad nurse with a wounded soldier in her arms; they called it "The Greatest Mother in the World."

It brought a jealous little tug to my heart when I saw it. I resented the use of that title for a Red Cross Poster. It was my name for Mother.

I closed my eyes for a moment and a vision of Mother came to me. The same soft light and tender smile. And when I looked up at the poster again I understood.

I felt that the Red Cross had the right to use that title, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

For I realized that the spirit of my Mother—and yours—was behind that big organization—binding up cut fingers for little boys who have grown up and aren't really little boys any longer.

And that's the reason I'm going to answer "Present!" at the

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

DECEMBER 16-23

"Join the Red Cross—all you need is a heart and a dollar"

Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

Publishers EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, New York

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 6 DECEMBER, 1918 Vol. XXXIX

CONTENTS

BELGIUM—The Crowning Crime — BRAND WHITLOCK — 9
ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON AND GEORGE BELLOWS; ALSO WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS

THE LUMBER-JACK. A Story — VINGIE E. ROE — 18
This lumber-jack is a girl, but a real man at that
ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

A DIFFERENCE. Verse — BURGES JOHNSON — 23
ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

WHY I AM IN WASHINGTON — 24
An explanation by one of EVERYBODY'S war correspondents
WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

NOTHING AS USUAL — WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD — 25
Business says good-by to traditions to keep ships sailing every ten minutes
WITH CARTOONS BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

FRED STONE'S BECOMINGEST PICTURE — PETER MERRITT — 29
WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

ETHEL LAVVANDER'S HUSBAND. A Story — IDA M. EVANS — 30
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

THOSE HOMEKEEPING HEARTS — 35
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

MY MEMORIES OF VERNON CASTLE — IRENE CASTLE — 36
An instalment about the Castles' Paris triumphs
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

TAM O' THE SCOOTS. A Story — EDGAR WALLACE — 42
The Kindergarten—In which Tam outwits the Baby-Killer Circus
ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE DUCHESS OF SIONA. A Serial Romance — ERNEST GOODWIN — 46
ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

AFTER THE WAR—? An Open Forum — 50
With contributions from Secretary Baker, Secretary Lane, and others
DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

THE FEW WHO ARE CHOSEN — WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY — 53
Boyhood chums among Washington big people
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A FAMILY THAT IS A WHOLE SHOW — ANNE HERENDEEN — 56
WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

THE EYES OF THE BLIND. A Serial Story — ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE — 57
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

LIVE BALLAST: A Little Epic of the War — IRVING BACHELLER — 65

POETRY OF THE WAR — 67

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 75
DRAWINGS BY RALPH BARTON

KHAKI KLIPPINGS — 80

THE BLUE TRIANGLE IN THE WAR — ELIZABETH PORTER WYCKOFF — 81
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

LOVE'S EYES. Verse — OSCAR C. WILLIAMS — 86

H. S. V. U. S. Mobilizing Young America — 87

"THE BRANDING-IRON" — 88
Introducing Katharine Newlin Burt, author of EVERYBODY'S next serial

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO WAR SERVICE — 89

WOMEN AND HORSES — JOAN MOODY — 96

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 4

COVER By ROCKWELL KENT

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Issued monthly. Yearly subscription, $2.00 in advance. Single copy, twenty cents. Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada. See announcement of increased subscription price on page 5.

Copyright, 1918, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.

Entered as Second-Class Matter August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of 1879.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Save waste paper, but *don't waste paper.*

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT C. H. HOLMES, SECY. & TREAS.

HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR

SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"WANT A JOB?"

Cartoon by Boardman Robinson. See "Belgium," page 16.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

NEXT to a healthy body and a contented mind, nothing has so much to do with the preservation of the hair as the soap used in the shampoo.

Ivory Soap cleans hair and scalp thoroughly. Its copious lasting lather absorbs the dirt, and then rinses out easily and completely.

Containing no uncombined alkali, it does not burn the hair nor make it brittle, and it does not destroy the scalp's natural secretions. The hair dries soft, silky, fluffy, the Ivory shampoo putting it in the condition which makes for continued health and beauty.

IVORY SOAP.. IVORY IT FLOATS ..99 44/100% PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER SIX DECEMBER 1918 VOLUME XXXIX

BELGIUM

By Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

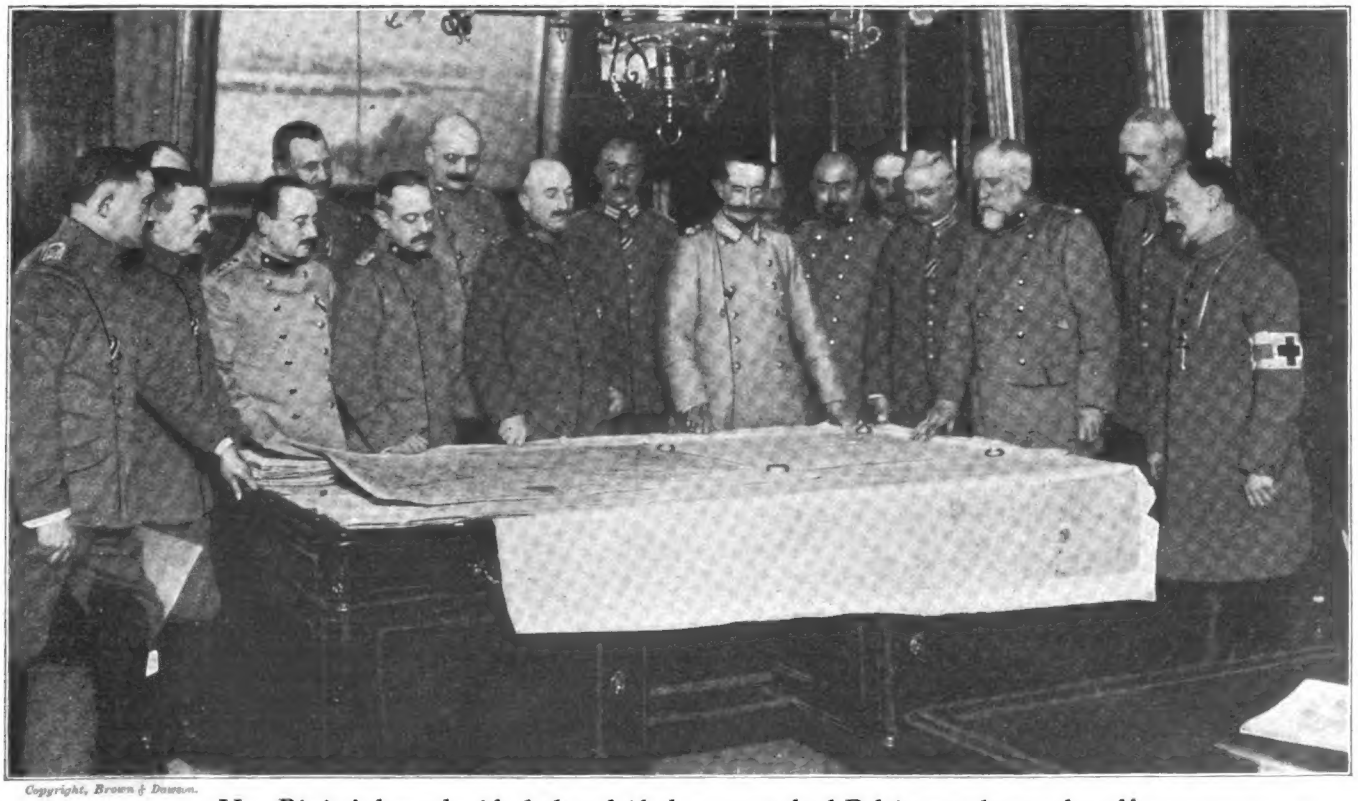
The CROWNING CRIME

THIS is the eleventh instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, **1913**, until our entry into the war.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge. Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion. And with it the heavy clouds of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that reign of terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

From the first day of that world-rousing crime down to the day when the Stars and Stripes grimly and decisively vanished from the



Copyright, Brown & Dawson.

Von Bissing's long-cherished, deep-laid plan was to lead Belgium to destroy herself.

Copyright by Brand Whitlock, 1918, under the title, "Memories of Belgium under the German Occupation." All rights reserved. Copyright in Great Britain, Canada and Australia. All rights reserved for France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Russia and the Scandinavian countries.

Copyright, 1918, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

American Legation at Brussels, it is a story of outrage piled upon outrage, in a demented and futile effort to crush the indomitable soul of a free people between the wheels of a soulless machine.

The relentless pressure of the blind tyranny grows month by month, but with it mounts the elusive, passive but unbreakable resistance of an entire people. Again and again the insane fury of the frustrate oppressors breaks out in deeds of wanton brutality, culminating in one cold-blooded murder that no atonement of Germany will ever erase from the pages of history—the murder of Edith Cavell.

Another spring and summer pass, with their rising hope of deliverance, but with the same grim toll of the firing squads, the same conflicts between the grotesque brutality of the invader and the irrepressible spirit of the shattered people, the same bitter struggle of the American Legation to preserve the relief-work in the face of the faithlessness of the German officials, and the irresponsibility of the military clique. It is a summer of increasing tension over the submarine question, leading inexorably to the climax. But before the breaking-point comes and the dark curtain of silence closes over Belgium's tragedy, Mr. Whitlock sees the beginning of the final acts of German barbarism—the dragging of the men of the little nation away to slavery and death in the mines, munition factories and trenches of Germany and, foulest of all, the deep-laid plan of von Bissing to turn brother against brother, spread the poison of civil strife in the tortured minds of her victims and lead the wrecked nation to destroy herself utterly. This crowning crime he describes in this instalment.

LXXXVI

THERE was always a vague mystery in that dark region of which we spoke as the *étape* (the military district); the word had come to have an evil connotation far removed from its ordinary signification. There was no communication between the *étape* and our part of the world, and even we privileged ones heard of what was going on behind that tragic veil only from the gossip and the rumors the delegates of the C. R. B. brought to town on their weekly visits to headquarters in the Rue des Colonies.

My own impression of the slave drive going on there was vague; all I knew was that workmen, intelligent, alive, full of wit and humor and hope and ambition, precisely like the men in those crowds at home to whom I had so often made political speeches, were being seized, herded together like animals, imprisoned in vile corrals, pawed over and kicked and manhandled like beasts in the market place, and that then they disappeared in swiftly passing trains, in the darkness and stinging cold of the night, dropping notes now and then for some chance compatriot to pick up by the wayside, singing *La Brabançonne* and the *Lion of Flanders*.

Now and then men who had somehow crossed the line between *étape* and occupation district would bring in the rumors that were whispered in all that region where the hideous terror spread.

At Lauase and in the country round it was said that Belgians had been seen working in the trenches. In the communes of the canton of Frasme the men to be deported had been selected at random. At Jamappes the entire male population was summoned to appear by proclamation, and the Germans took indiscriminately clerks, workmen, students and merchants. The men from Flanders and the district of Tournai were sent toward France; the men from Renaix were sent to Mortagne, in France; those from Wiers to Lequesnoy. Boatmen taking macadam to the north of France said that they had seen Belgians there employed in discharging the macadam. In order to obtain the signatures of these men to contracts the Germans had told them that they would be sent away immediately if they refused to sign, but that if they accepted the conditions they would be given several days respite.

Then we felt the hideous thing draw nearer; the slavers had crossed the line, they were plying their trade in the occupation district. Early in November they were operating in the Hainault. On the sixth of that month they were seizing men at Lessines.

Here there was no pretense any more of confining the seizures to the unemployed; the Germans took not only boys, if they were big and strong, but men over sixty years of age. The greater number of the men were workers from the quarries, but even the office men of banks and factories were seized. The head clerk at the station and his brother, both railway workmen, were deported.

The town was first surrounded by troops and the business of choosing the men for deportation took place in the school. From the school they were taken directly to the trains which were to bear them away. The number of men taken from Lessines proper, not including those taken from the near-by communes, was over two thousand. The notice was posted on the walls of the town and every man, including priests and civil authorities, had to present himself.

Mr. Gregory, the director of the C. R. B. had at once organized a service by which the men sent away were given what comforts were possible under the circumstances; the Americans distributed blankets, clothing, caps and mittens, and enough food to last several days. The delegates were instructed to be present and to render any service they could, and Mr. William Hallan Tuck and Mr. John Gade, delegates of the C. R. B. in the province of Hainault, went over to the commune of St. Ghislain on the morning of the twenty-ninth of October to witness the selections, to prevent the seizure of the employees of the C. N. and the C. R. B. and to distribute food to those who were deported. They came back sick with horror and full of rage at the medieval barbarities they had witnessed, so much so that after what he saw, Mr. Tuck resigned from the Commission, left Belgium and entered the British army to fight against such cruelty and oppression.

About two thousand men summoned from all the neighboring communes had been assembled at St. Ghislain. The women had followed them in tears, and at the point where the selections were made

Copyright, Brown & Dawson.

Governor-General Von Bissing at his office desk, Brussels, February, 1915.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lines of soldiers kept the women back by their bayonets. No effort was made to distinguish the unemployed; indeed the Germans did quite the reverse, showing a decided preference for carpenters and blacksmiths. The men chosen were not allowed even to speak to their wives or waiting families—only a despairing glance of farewell, a wave of the hand perhaps, to the women sobbing and wringing their hands there in the cold, while the indifferent soldiers in gray kept them back with their bayonets. Then, through lines of soldiers, the men were marched off to the long line of freight cars on the siding.

The following day, the seventh of November, it was the turn of the men of Jurbise; the selections were made by employing that formula which was so much like the cruel chance of a blind fate: "*rechts, links,*" the officer cried, and the men passed either to the right or to the left, to freedom or to bondage. No account was taken of their condition or of the condition of their familes or dependents; no effort was made to ascertain whether or not the men were unemployed; they were asked no questions. Farmers were taken even when they had no one to take their places in the fields; and some of the men left young children or wives alone at home.

At Quivrain, on the twenty-sixth of October, the men were convoked with those of the communes of Thulin, Élonges, Baisieux, Hensies and Montroeul-sur-Haine. Those who obeyed were huddled in the inner courtyard of the boy's middle school and kept waiting there for hours in the cold rain and wind.

Priests, school-teachers and instructors, employees of the communes, policemen, postmen, customs officials and the employees of the C. N. and the C. R. B. were called first and liberated without difficulty, as were a number of the sick and aged, though old men were hustled about with the usual brutality.

The witness who described it was unable to determine by what factor the choice was made; it had no relation to unemployment, for many who were there and always had been employed, farmers, students, the manager of a factory, and others whom he knew, were seized. All day long a train had been waiting at the station, and during the afternoon, in their separate groups, the men thus impressed were marched off to the cattle-cars.

The press gang operated at Ninove on the eighth of November and I had the story from a man who lived there.

Those who had not presented themselves in response to the summons were dragged out of their beds at night; even the sick were not spared. A man, the father of three children, who was ill, had to get up, go down into the street and go off with the soldiers. They were all taken to Alost, crowded in a shed used to dry hops; there were four hundred and sixty of them.

Each of them had a couch of straw two inches thick and a space of two meters long by fifty-five centimeters wide—that would be about seven feet by two feet. In this space they had to eat and sleep and to receive anybody who came by chance to see them. Each of these beds, said the man, "gave the spectacle of a drama impossible to describe." He gave me an example of what he meant.

There was a young man who had been lying there ill for two days in a violent crisis of asthma; he had been cared for by a charitable woman of the town, but now he had no medical care. For two days he had been imploring air—asthma, with four hundred and sixty-seven men crowded in a hop drier! The men saw him lying there gasping horribly, and went out to see the German *Kommandant*. The *Kommandant* merely remarked that the military doctor was doing his duty. At five o'clock that evening the man went back to see the sick man and found that he had not yet received the visit of any doctor. A few days later the man with the asthma died.

The Mayor of Maeseyck, in the province of Limbourg, was ordered by the German authorities to give a list of the unemployed registered at the *Meldeamt*. He replied that he had no such list and referred the Germans to Judge Stiels, President of the local relief committee, one of the branches of the *Comité National*. M. Stiels answered that the committee could not furnish such lists until after consultation with

NOUS N'IRONS PAS!

Les Bruxellois se sont entendus. Ils ne se rendent pas à la convocation des Allemands. Ils ne vont pas comme des moutons se laisser conduire à la boucherie.

Dans un grand nombre de communes, beaucoup d'hommes ne se sont pas présentés; ils n'ont pas été inquiétés. Ceux qui s'y sont rendus seuls ont été emmenés.

Honte à ceux qui se présentent par égoïsme, parce qu'ils ont un certificat de complaisance, ou parce qu'ils sont certains d'être laissés en liberté.

Tous pour chacun! chacun pour tous!

Un Belge qui travaille pour l'Allemagne se bat contre sa Patrie.

Qu'ils organisent la chasse à l'homme, nous nous cacherons.

PERSONNE NE SE PRESENTERA.

Les Bruxellois se souviendront de MAX!

L'honneur de la Patrie est en leurs mains.

VIVE LA PATRIE! VIVE LE ROI!

NOUS N'IRONS PAS!!!

Handbill circulated in Brussels during the deportations.

[Translation]

WE WILL NOT GO!

The people of Brussels understand. They do not submit to the demand of the Germans. They are not going to allow themselves to be led like sheep to the slaughter house.

In a large number of towns many men have not presented themselves; they have not been disturbed. Only those who have handed themselves over have been sent away.

Shame on those who present themselves out of selfishness, because they have a certificate of compliance or because they are certain to be given their liberty.

All for each! Each for all!

A Belgian who works for the Germans fights against his country.

Let them organize the man hunt: we shall hide ourselves.

NO ONE WILL PRESENT HIMSELF

The people of Brussels will remember MAX.
The honor of the country is in their hands.

LONG LIVE THE COUNTRY! LONG LIVE THE KING!
WE WILL NOT GO!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Patron Ministers of the *Comité National.* The representative of the German authorities replied that if the lists were not immediately handed over he would arrest M. Stiels, and in the face of this threat, M. Stiels delivered the lists of unemployed described at the *Meldeamt.*

In the communes of Quevaucamps, Grandglise, Blaton, Beloeil and Ath, in the Province of Hainault, the Germans demanded of the mayors the lists of unemployed of their localities, ordering that they be grouped in four categories, according to their trades. The mayors applied to the local committees of the *Comité National* to secure these lists, but these committees uniformly refused to give them.

The same thing was going on in the district of Courtrai. There the German authorities had asked the burgomasters to furnish the lists of unemployed; the burgomasters in general refused to give any information whatsoever. In some cases the German authorities took the lists by force, in others the committees were not molested. A thousand men, some already employed and others unemployed, were seized and sent to work. The men were ordered to take with them clothing and effects amounting to the value of two hundred francs, and were promised a wage of thirty *Pfennige* (about seven cents) a day.

LXXXVII

I HAVE told these stories, selected almost at random from the mass that were related at the Legation, as nearly as possible as they were told to me, even with the occasional repetitions they may contain. They were told baldly, with no effort at effect, and I have no doubt that the reader will have experienced, as I have experienced in reading them over again, a certain disappointment, or if not that, a vague regret that there were not more details.

But to tell a story with details, to reproduce a scene in all its poignancy requires a rare art that was wholly beyond the powers of those who related them; they told them in quite a matter of fact, prosaic way, without the embellishment or ornament that conscious art might lend them. And I, myself, in those dark and terrible days, had heard too many tales of suffering to have any more the courage to intensify their poignancy by drawing their narrators out by questions.

To confess the fact, I used to try to harden my own heart, to keep down my emotions, to say *chômeurs* instead of men, "deportation" instead of slavery, and oftentimes I fear, to seek to have done with it as quickly as possible, else I should not have been able to get through the days that were made so much harder by the appeals and by the implied belief that I could stop it all if I would.

But as the dread thing drew nearer the tales were more circumstantial, I had them in more abundant detail, and sometimes from several sources, so that it was possible to have a more vivid picture of the events that were still, in the early days of December, almost beyond belief. For instance, the levy made at Marche on the thirteenth of December.

Marche is a Walloon village down in the province of Luxembourg east of Dinant; on the eighth of December little red placards posted about the town informed the population that on the thirteenth all men between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five were to assemble in the market-place, having with them food for two days and a bag of warm clothing; the same little red placards were posted in all the villages around Marche.

During the days intervening before the thirteenth the district administrator allowed it to become known that he would exempt certain classes, such as lawyers, doctors, clergymen, etc., from appearing personally. Many men belonging to the well-do-do classes and some of those who had helped the officers or the non-commissioned officers of the occupying force to comforts in the way of food also contrived to have their cards stamped with the envied seal of exemption without appearing on the day appointed. And, too, there were rumors in the town to the effect that certain feminine influences were active and in several cases successful.

On the morning of the thirteenth, then, four thousand men appeared in the market-place. Many had to tramp all through the night to get there, and they all had heavy bags on their backs. At nine o'clock the officers who were to conduct the work arrived on the scene. They were not officers who had been quartered around Marche during the two previous years; they were indeed strangers to the place and it was understood that they had or were to perform the same duty for the whole of the province of Luxembourg. The district administrator and the local *Kommandant* however, were present as onlookers.

The men were ordered to group themselves by communes and each of these groups was called up in turn and, in single file, each man holding his cap in one hand and his identification card in the other, was made to march past an officer by the side of whom stood the burgomaster of the commune under inspection. Then began that fateful *links, rechts;* those who went to the left were free, those who went to the right were slaves.

If a man appeared to be over forty or unfit for physical work he was ordered to the left. *"Nach Hause"* (Home!) the officer would say, without looking at the identification card. But in the case of younger men the officer took the card and glanced at the occupation; a railway man, for instance, was promptly ordered to the right, the officer simply saying *"Eisenbahner!"* (Railroad) and he was turned toward the little cars. A farmer or agricultural laborer was generally asked how much land he cultivated; if it proved to be much the man was generally released, otherwise he was then *"rechts, Eisenbahner!"*

WHEN there were doubts the officer asked: "Are you married?" and if the answer was in the affirmative, "How many children?" If there were many children the man was set free. But in no case was a man asked whether he was employed or unemployed. Youths between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two were always taken; men of means were generally released.

The burgomaster was rarely allowed to intervene. A gentleman I know well, Mr. H., prominent in the region, was there to help neighbors if he could. The burgomaster of his commune was too old to be present and Mr. H.—he is still inside—took his place. He managed to get a hearing from the officer on behalf of six men from his own village, three of whom were released; but his attempt to intervene a seventh time was stopped and he was ordered to keep quiet; he did not obey and the officer said he would have him forcibly removed, and later threatened to arrest him.

Four thousand men were marched past the two officers in four hours; each officer therefore had to examine two thousand men in that length of time—seven seconds and a fraction to decide whether a man should be free or slave, in December, 1916!

The fact is that the number of men to be taken was fixed arbitrarily and in advance for each place, although the officers could have had no idea of the proportion of able-bodied men they would find among the population. The town of Aye, for instance, with eleven hundred people, had about the same number of men taken as Marche, with four thousand inhabitants.

WHEN the march past was finished the officers announced that they could hear complaints from the burgomaster about especially "deserving" cases, and to hear those they adjourned to the back room of a small café. The little *estaminet* was at once invaded by an excited group of protesting notables from the different villages, burgomasters, notaries, curés in their black cassocks, local politicians or men of affairs, all shouting clamoring, gesticulating—and the officer sitting at a table in the middle of the room.

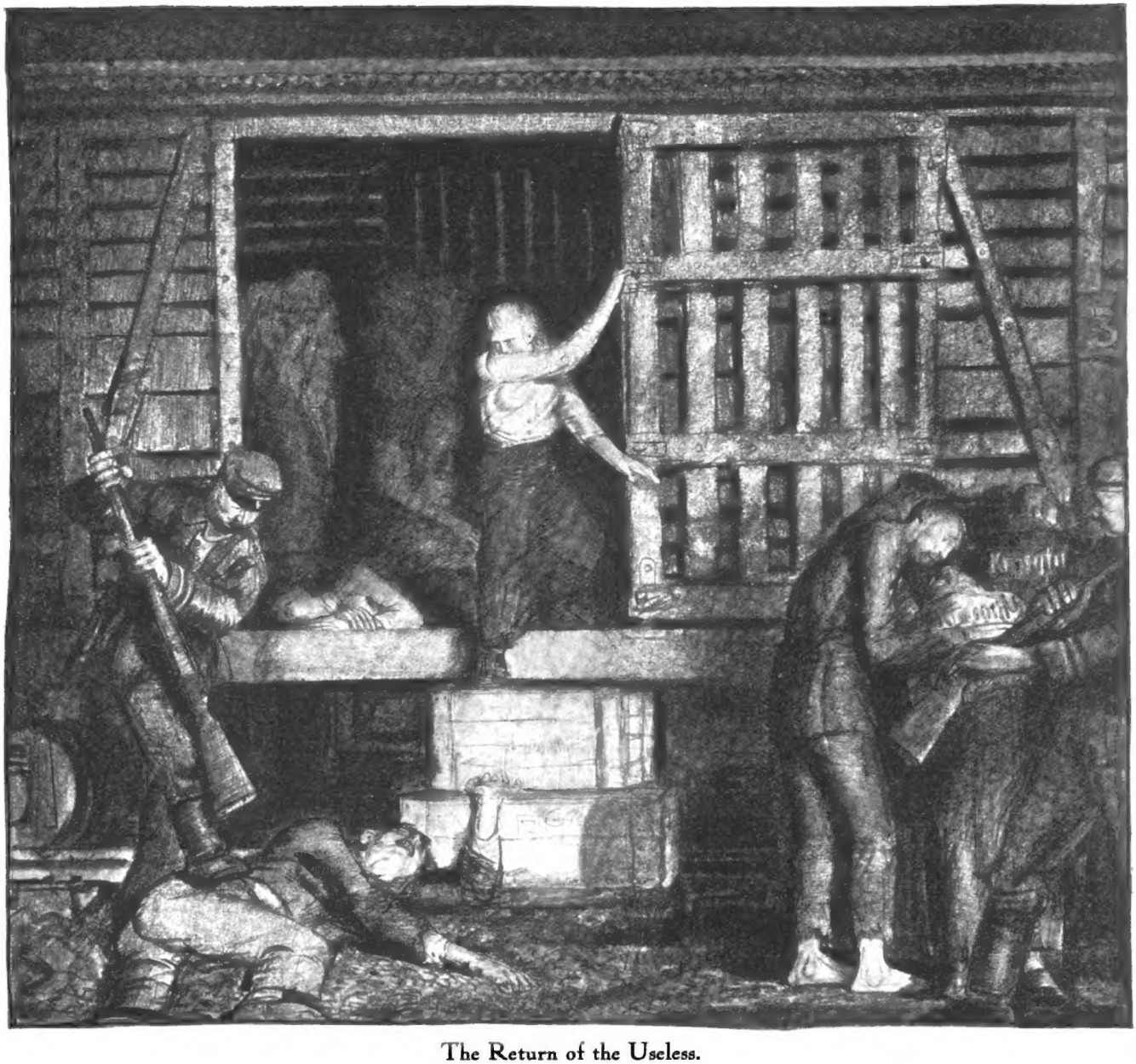
This went on for three-quarters of an hour, but after the most pushing burgomasters had managed to shoulder their way up to the table to be listened to more or less patiently, the officers declared that they had enough, that the proceedings were at an end, that all the men who had been taken would be sent to Germany, and that any further complaints would have to be made in writing.

Mr. H. managed to get a hearing before the session was concluded. With the curé of his village, he pleaded hard for four men who had been taken and had left three families at home. After listening for a minute or two the officer declared that he would free two of those four men; Mr. H. and the curé were to choose them themselves. They chose, of course, those having the most children. H. then pleaded hard for an old man all alone in the world, whose only son had been taken, and, thanks to the intervention of the local district administrator who seemed to know something of the case, this boy was also freed.

He then brought up the case of a poor widow of Aye whose three sons had all been taken. The officer shook his head, declared that it was impossible; three men of the same name were never taken in the same commune. H. explained that these boys, on account of their work, lived in different communes and that therefore they had appeared separately. The officer replied that if they lived in three different communes they did not live with their mother; therefore, whether they worked away from their mother in Germany or in Belgium it did not greatly matter, and that they would be sent away; and they were.

Thus chance ruled, when favoritism or spite were not in play. The clerk in a local bank had passed the officer and had been declared free; he had gone home in joy

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Return of the Useless.

Cartoon by George Bellows.

and was eating his dinner when a soldier came, arrested him and took him back to the market-place. According to village gossip a German officer had been an unsuccessful suitor for the favors of a village beauty who was the bank clerk's sweetheart, and through the influence of this officer, the clerk, who had been released, was retaken and sent off to Germany.

The cards of exemption that, under our express and formal arrangement with the German authorities had been delivered to the employees of the C. N. and C. R. B. signed by the American delegate, Mr. Osborn, were in most cases of no avail. The officer would take one of these cards, show it to another officer standing by, and this officer, evidently in authority, would shake his head and his companion would put the card in his pocket and order the men deported.

When the operation had ceased the men were at once marched off to the railway station, embarked on a train waiting and, it was said, sent to Alten Grabow.

Then it was the turn of Nivelles, the charming old town of about twelve thousand inhabitants a few miles south of Waterloo. On the fourth of November a notice was posted on the walls of Nivelles ordering all men over seventeen years old to report on the eighth of November at nine o'clock in the morning, eight o'clock Belgian time, in the Place St. Paul. They must have their identification cards and the card issued by the registration bureau, and, sinister portent, they might bring small baggage. Similar notices had been posted in all the communes near by. The town, the whole region, was preoccupied by a great trouble, stricken by terror.

Two days later German troops appeared, filling all the streets; sentinels were posted on all the highways, roads and footpaths; none could leave the town without written permission from the *Kommandantur;* there was a veritable state of siege, to which fear added its anguish. On the morning of the eighth a cold dismal rain was falling and from dawn on to eight o'clock miserable processions from all the neighboring villages came tramping into town, old hobbling men, some ill, drenched to the skin, carrying their poor, pathetic little bundles, until thousands were crowded in the Place St. Paul. There were old men of seventy and eighty standing there in the cold, driving rain and they stood for hours.

Finally, as their cards were examined, first those between seventy and eighty, then those between sixty and seventy were allowed to go, and they plodded off homeward. This took a long time. The others who remained were then marched in columns of sixes between lines of soldiers, behind whose hedge of bayonets the women were pressed closely, shawls over their heads, sobbing, their eyes wide, their faces drawn with terror, desolation and despair, to the Delacroix factories a mile away.

They were marching thus until noon in the pitiless rain. Then the examination was begun and continued until five o'clock in the evening. The Delacroix factories were connected by a spur with the railway station at Baulers, and on this spur freight cars stood. Each man as he was chosen was hustled into one of these cars, and when it was full the car was at once hauled our and another empty car brought to take its place.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, Brown & Dawson.

While the men of Belgium were dragged away into slavery in Germany, her women and children toiled to keep her industries going.

The men were selected, as seemed now to be the rule everywhere, according to their physical appearance, the strong taken, the weak left. Once taken, a man was not allowed to communicate with his family; he was hauled away in that crowded little goods wagon, in the rain and darkness and cold of the night, wife and children waiting in the little cottage.

Night came down on Nivelles; the rain was still falling, and those waiting in those homes only knew that the seizures were over when the German soldiers, their work done, came marching back from Baulers and into Nivelles, singing through the dark streets of the little town where there were only tears.

It was on the morning of the fourteenth of November that the decree which convoked the male population of twenty-two villages was posted at Wavre, the chief place of the canton.

The notice had been posted at seven o'clock in the morning. It had been expected, feared, and yet there had been the vague, unreasoning hope that somehow it would not happen, but now there it was, on the walls. Twenty-four hours' notice given to leave home, family, friends, and to go off in the night in the cold into the dark and sinister Germany! The women had to warn those who were working and did not yet know. They had to warn them so that they might have time to prepare, so that they might pass with them that day, the last perhaps, and take such poor, pitiful measures of foresight as were possible. The women went to search and bring them home. And then there were the poignant scenes of parting, not alone the sorrow there is in all parting, but the anguish of such a parting as this.

They were poor homes. Two years of war, of high prices and rationing, had stripped them almost bare. In their cupboards there was little food, only that which was strictly necessary for each one, and on the morrow, if the father or the son were taken, there would be no other resource left. They made up their bundles, putting in them all they had, the last bit of clothing, the last piece of covering, the piece of the loaf of bread that remained, everything. "No matter," said one; "tomorrow, we shall not care to eat."

They had to be at Wavre at eight o'clock and from all these communes, in order to reach the place in time, they must start early and be an hour or two on the road. There were no vehicles; they had to walk, carrying their luggage. At six o'clock the interminable and lamentable procession began on all those roads, on the bleak morning of November in the bitter cold, in the biting wind, for Nature, almost as cruel as man, was full of menace. Most of the men would not let their families go with them; the way was long and their presence would only make the parting harder. And so they trudged along, alone or in groups, walking in heavy silence over those well-known roads of happy memories. But there were some women who were not to be deterred, and they dragged themselves along behind, weeping.

The town of Wavre—a pretty place, or a place that was pretty before the Germans burned so many of its houses—was all gray and shivering that morning. It was surrounded by troops and the processions, entering by all the roads, took the narrow streets that led them to the Place du Marché, the square of old houses whose façades, blackened by fire and pierced by bullets in the earlier days of the invasion, stood gaunt and irresolute in the wind. The Germans had barred all the streets; access to the square was forbidden to all but the men, and the crowd pressed against the barriers. The men were parked like animals, according to their communes, and stood waiting with hanging heads, powerless, humiliated. From time to time one cried out a name, some word of encouragement—already good-bys and farewells.

Then began the work of separation, of selecting those who were to go. A thousand at a time the men were marched into a school where the slavers sat. To get there the groups followed a street along the Dyle; it is a picturesque quarter of Wavre, one which in happier times the artists used to paint. That morning at the windows of all the houses there were faces of anguish—women, children, old men, in tears. There were even people on the roofs looking down on the sad cortège that passed along, their eyes seeking out a father or a husband, a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

son, a brother or a lover. They waited for hours there in the square before being marched to the school.

"I observed them," a man from one of the villages told me, "I knew many of them. I saw many faces had suddenly grown pale. They walked with firm steps, but they were ashen white. I felt that anxiety had stopped the blood in their veins. They were the married men, those who had just left their wives and their children and were wondering whether they would see them soon again, whether it would be a long time, or never. The young unmarried men walked holding their heads high, something of defiance in their glance."

As they drew near to the school they looked up, suddenly attentive. There was a sound that swelled, gradually grew louder, and the faces lighted up. Yes, it was "*La Brabançonne*" those inside the school were singing. There at the end of the courtyard was a group of men who had been marked for deportation. It was they who were singing, as loud as they could, Belgian and French hymns. When they saw the others coming, they cried out: "Don't sign, don't sign!" They held themselves erect, full of courage, pride and manly will. There was not a complaint. When one of the men saw a friend go by, he asked him to inform his family, to tell them that he had been taken, and then he resumed his defiant song.

The men from each commune were first taken into a room where a doctor examined those who had provided themselves with physicians' certificates stating that they were unfit for work. This German physician was indulgent, almost generous; now and then he pronounced liberations; but there was a second room and here the fate of each man was decided bruskly, mechanically, in a few seconds and without appeal. It all depended on which one of the two words was pronounced by the German officer, those two banal words that had suddenly acquired a new and appalling significance; one of them set him at liberty, the other doomed him to slavery.

There were several men in uniform, the district administrator, the civil commissioner, and some officers with the rigid, inflexible, arbitrary rule of military authority which tolerates no discussion. The burgomaster, an alderman and the secretary of the commune were there too, authorized to assist at the examination of their constituents, but there was nothing they could do. The officers would not listen to any of their appeals.

The decisions were made by two officers, one on each side of the room; they examined the men rapidly, beginning with the young lads between seventeen and twenty-five years. They glanced at the card of identity which told who the man was, gave his trade if he had one, or his civil position; the officers looked him over rapidly, as dealers might examine a horse, testing his capacity. They asked but one question: "Were you a *chômeur?*" and then the inexorable decision, that one of the two words which was fatal. The man was lost, his fate had thus been decided by the will of a single man, and in less than ten seconds.

To leave the hall they had to pass through a door which had been divided by a barrier of wood into two narrow ways. Two soldiers guarded this barrier. The corridor to the left led to a hall where those who were to be sent to Germany, those on whom had been pronounced that laconic word *links*, had to pass. Those who passed to the right went out by a non-commissioned officer, who stamped a seal on the card of identity stating that they were set free; this right-hand corridor led to an open window before which there was a table; on the ground outside there was another table, and the man set free sprang on to the table inside, through the open window to the table outside and so on to the ground. It looked as though he were running away. In his breast there was the

Paul Thompson.

In the midst of the iron cruelty of massacre and deportation, the old lace-makers of Belgium toiled at their delicate art.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

vast, the selfish relief, and then his heart would close again at the thought of the others who had not been so lucky. In the large hall the examination went on all day —*links*, *rechts*, *links*, *rechts*.

At the end of a little street not far from the school a crowd had gathered, a crowd that grew larger as the day advanced; the anxiety had been too great; they could not wait. The women had come from all the villages—mothers, wives, sweethearts—they buttonholed everybody who came out, asking news of their own. "Is he taken?" "Has his case been passed on yet?"

Oftentimes those who had been released did not know, they could not tell, and struggled to escape a second time from the importunities of these imploring, sobbing women. They all sobbed, my friend told me, and those who could strain a released husband or son to their breasts sobbed more than the others.

Those who had been passed out *links* were gathered in a large hall and there each man was asked if he would sign a contract agreeing to work for the Germans for large wages. If he consented, he gave his name and his address and was authorized to go home so that he could make his preparations to leave in several days. If he refused he was immediately subjected to all sorts of menaces, told of calamities that would befall him, and led away to join that agitated group of those who, like him, would not submit, to be received with cheers as though he had won a victory, as indeed he had.

VERY few of them signed, very few consented, almost all refused. They had to wait awhile, wait until the group was sufficiently large, and when it had grown to a size worth while it was surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets and by mounted Uhlans and driven to the railway station. Two officers walked beside with whips in their hands—*die schlag*—the old emblem of the slave-driver, and the new emblem of modern Germany. Sometimes as they passed through the streets a woman in tears dodged under the barrier, threw herself on one of the men in the crowd for one last farewell, only to be lashed back by the soldiers.

In the streets that led to the station there were others waiting at the windows, waving handkerchiefs to those who were going away. The men in the street marched with heads up, now and then they threw their caps in the air, and they sang as they had sung in the courtyard of the school—to defy the Germans, and perhaps to keep up their own courage in such an hour. At each street corner there would be a little fracas, one of the prisoners would try to run away, but always he would be lashed back into the line by the *schlag* or pursued by a Uhlan and prodded back into the ranks with his lance.

Some of them had to pass by their own homes, and they broke from the ranks to hug a child or a wife; then again the *schlag* and the lance and they were back in line, quiet for awhile—then singing again.

Finally the column disappeared into the station. No one saw them any more, but there could be heard still coming from the station those shouts of defiance, those songs "*La Brabançonne*" and "*La Marseillaise.*"

It lasted into the night, then the singing could be heard no more, for suddenly there was the blare of a brass band, the band of one of the regiments, taken there to drown those cries and those patriotic songs under the grotesque gaiety of German military music. Before morning the train had borne them away to Germany.

LXXXVIII

THE year was dying; the leafless trees widened the horizon of the sky that hung low and gray and cold over the Low Countries, where the winter days are short and dark and where the cold rain falls almost incessantly. We looked on the sad countenance of that scene with the consciousness that it was for the last time; we felt that we should not see the spring come to shut us once more within the green of those lofty trees of the noble park and the grass of those lovely slopes. The guns thumped on unrelentingly; often in the watches of the night I would listen to their regular throb—like the slow beating of the sad heart of a world that had grown very old and cynical and mean, in an age without illusions or ideals.

There were no more smiles in the once all-radiant city, and in the midst of the almost universal depression, there in the Forêt the Germans were cutting out firs for Christmas trees, and, grotesque touch by which the sardonic spirits must mar even tragedy, a group of them in the Bois playing at hide-and-seek behind the noble beeches!

The slaving was going on everywhere, though it had not come to Brussels yet. The capital, some said, was being reserved until the last, while others thought that it was to be spared entirely, though one versed by experience in the implacable persistence of German intention knew that the visit was only postponed. In fact, as an official whispered to me one day, it was fixed for a date in January. The terror was perhaps no less and the rage had not abated, but it had grown less acute and there was that pathetic quality of fatalistic acquiescence in it.

Events that once had inspired indignation passed now almost unnoticed, as when there was a new announcement about the war-levy and the provincial councils of the provinces of Antwerp, Brabant, Luxembourg, Liège and Namur refused to comply with the German order to levy the new contribution and the contribution was forced by a decree of the Governor-General.

The slave drive at Brussels finally began on the twentieth of January. For several days before that date German soldiers went quietly about the city leaving at certain houses yellow cards ordering the men whose names they bore to appear on the morning of the day noted at the Gare du Midi, and in some instances at the Grand' Place. The cards bore an offer of work and threatened the recipient with a fine if he did not appear. He was to come with boots, blankets and extra clothing.

The men thus summoned were in every case, or in nearly every case, unemployed. How the Germans had secured possession of the lists was a mystery; they had not been surrendered by any of those having them in hand and the Germans must have made up the lists themselves, slowly, patiently, from the reports at the Registration Bureau.

There had been no public order, the notices were served on each individual. The effect was not that instantaneous sensation that the posting of a notice produced in a village, but the news percolated gradually and created its silent horror. The weather, in the monotonous irony of things, was biting cold, such weather as Belgium had perhaps never known. On the eighteenth of January there was what we in America would call a blizzard, and on that day there was a notice, not convoking the *chômeurs*, but explaining the proceeding, and with that hypocrisy which almost invariably intensified the evil quality of any of the German deeds, seeking to justify it as benevolent in its intentions and of benefit to the Belgian nation.

That night, the eve of the deportations, the fear that brooded over the city was almost palapable to the senses. Even women had received the fatal yellow cards. The twentieth came, and almost before daylight, early in that cold, glacial dawn, the men began to appear at the Gare du Midi. They came in groups of ten, of twenty, of fifty, some in warm clothes, with their bundles pathetically ready, others without even raincoats, shivering in the searching wind.

There were women in masses, and children, come for the last good-by. But they could not approach the station. The arrangements were diabolically perfect; all the streets were barred and there was a squadron of Uhlans, grim and brutal as only Uhlans know how to be, to keep people back, so that only those furnished with the yellow cards had the sinister distinction of admission to the lines.

The men were taken inside the station. Those who came to bid them precautionary and grievous farewells, and to wait in the anguish of a persistent hope, and those who came merely to observe the pitiful tragedy, stood behind those ropes, beyond the lances of the Uhlans. The hours passed; the vicious process went on within the brick walls of the station.

Now and then a man would bolt from the gaunt structure, dancing for very joy. Some physical defect, some latent disease, long perhaps the subject of sad and morbid preoccupation, dreaded in itself as a portent of doom, a sentence of death, now proved to be a reprieve instead, a means of liberation, so that its victim could fling himself into the arms of some waiting woman and mingle his tears of joy with her tears of gladness, and so away, as though treading on air, some miracle having restored life and hope. But other women waited all day, until their tears dried in the dumb anguish of that cruel and monstrous separation.

MR. GREGORY had secured permission for the delegates of the C. R. B. to be present and they distributed food and clothing to the men who were herded into the waiting cattle-cars and hurried away into that awful and, as it proved for so many of them, that hopeless exile.

That evening I received a delegation from the burgomaster of ten communes in La Louvière, near Charleroi, asking that permission be obtained to send to the deported men in Germany boxes of food such as were sent to the prisoners of war. The German authorities had refused to permit this save in certain instances, and some Belgians, returning from their captivity, reported that even when such packages were received they only gave the authorities of the slave compounds an additional and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

effective means of coercing the deported Belgians to sign the labor contracts.

The seizures continued for days in that arctic weather, and yet life went on; we talked, ate, slept, smoked. Strange, cruel insensibility of human nature! The weather grew more and more bitter, and at last even the Germans were moved; they announced on Thursday that the deportations would be suspended. It was said, though I never had any means of verifying the figure, that at Brussels only about fifteen hundred were summoned, that of those seven hundred and fifty appeared and that three hundred were deported, so that the capital did not suffer in comparison with other places.

But there was no diminution in the tales of horror. I have told of the levy at Marche and at Wavre. Near by, at Namur, the men who had been seized were herded into cattle-cars and left there, without food or water, in the bitter cold, for a day and a night. Mr. Phil Potter, coming up from the north of France, told me that he with his own eyes had seen sixty *chômeurs* who had refused to work tied to stakes, like the victims of red Indians, their hands fastened behind them with wires; and they were left there for hours.

At our regular meetings to consider the questions of the relief work we discussed little else than the deportations, and we discussed them sadly, hopelessly; every day, despite the assurances, despite the cards of exemption that had been issued, we had reports that men connected with the C. N. and the C. R. B. had been seized, two hundred and fifty of them in the province of Luxembourg alone. Protests were becoming almost ludicrous.

Most intolerable of all, we were hearing constantly of the cruelties done to the deported *chômeurs*. The one bit of good news was in the word I had had from Mr. Hoover in London to the reassuring effect that the British Government would not put an end to the relief work because of the deportations.

"We have weathered that storm," he wrote, and the time seemed to be auspicious to attempt to do something practical to produce some amelioration, and to have sent back to Belgium those who were not *chômeurs*.

The President had sent to Berlin a protest against the impressing of workmen in Belgium, expressing the deep interest the American Government took in the Belgian civil population, and, by some unusual liberality, this protest was allowed to appear in the newspapers at Brussels, with the response of the General Government.

With this as a basis, and considering the conversation I had had with the Baron von der Lancken in which he had said that any "injustices" would be corrected, we thought to organize a bureau where requests for repatriation might be filed by the families of those deported, and where, if there seemed to be some reason that might appeal to the authorities, these might be forwarded to the Governor-General in the hope that some of them at least might be rescued from the slave compounds in Germany and brought back home.

Thousands of requests for such action were already pouring into the Legation and we had been at a loss what to do with them; thousands, doubtless the same thousands, had been sent to the Spanish and to the Dutch Legations and to the Nunciature, and working thus separately I felt that we should be at cross-purposes, and that by the consequent duplication of demands the very end of the work might be frustrated.

I undertook, then, to have the three Legations act in common and to establish one bureau where all the requests might be sorted out by clerks and acted upon. I spent days in the effort, and I might as well avow at once that I failed.

There seemed to be other considerations of more importance than the rescue of human slaves in the twentieth century—or of more importance than any arguments I could bring to bear—considerations which it might be ungenerous to mention here.

I had to give it up and we organized a bureau of our own. The requests were so numerous that I had to rent a house across the street from the Legation and install there a corps of clerks. And so there was a Spanish bureau and a Dutch bureau and other bureaus under other neutral flags. There were no means of publicity in Belgium, as I trust I have shown, but the news spread and the requests came pouring in, and we did what we could, though the effort proved very ineffective.

LXXXIX

LATER in the midst of our own perplexities, when all diplomatic relations between the Germans and us were broken off, we were able to do no more for the deported *chômeurs*. The annex to the Legation, as we called the unoccupied residence of the Countess Liederkerck across the street in the Rue Belliard which we had leased and wherein were installed the corps of clerks who prepared the documents in the cases of the deported, was closed, and we could do no more.

The subject, however, was ever present with the suffering, the misery, the despair it connoted, and now the reality of it was brought more directly to all of us by the few returning Belgians who had been repatriated by the Germans. They were pitiable objects of German brutality; they were those, for the most part, who had refused to work, or whose physical condition made them useless as workers— and they were brought back to Belgium to die, broken, maimed, helpless, hopeless, pale, emaciated men whom a few weeks in the slave compounds in Germany had so reduced by sickness, exposure and starvation that they were hauled back home and flung down in their villages to die.

Some of the returned *chômeurs* who were brought to Brussels and taken to hospitals had their feet frozen from exposure or were in such a state of gangrene from maltreatment that it was necessary to amputate their legs. Those at Antwerp were returned at night, to avoid notice, for their physical condition was so pitiable that the Germans seemed to be afraid or ashamed to exhibit them as examples of their work.

The deported men when they got to Germany would not work; they resorted to sabotage, "ca canny" and "direct action" —deliberately ruined machinery; they sang patriotic songs as they had sung them

(*Continued on page 68*)

Paul Thompson

Belgian refugees find temporary homes in the river boats of the Seine.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Two of the toughest turkey-men crept under the lee of the tool-house and hunted for a crack through which to spy.

The LUMBER-JACK

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

THE logging-camp was in full blast. Snow lay white in the forest and the river was asleep beneath its roof of ice.

It was a motley bunch of lumber-jacks that worked in the cold and the snow, most of them over the draft age, a few under, but with a sprinkling of real huskies exempted for just such man-size labor as the getting out of timber and ever more timber to feed the hungry yards where the wooden ships were growing. Conran, the foreman, growled and swore because the huskies were so few.

"They'll yell for logs and yet more logs," he said, "and then they leave me these!" He waved a mittened hand at his loggers. "Babes and grandpaps! Aren't fighters needed here in the woods to back the boys in France? You're damned right they are! Ye powers that be, send me men!"

McKnight, city bred, clad and trained, high in the syndicate that owned the camp and several others like it, smiled at his vehemence.

"Better not let them hear such references," he said, "or I fancy those 'babes and grandpaps' would take a hand with your anatomy, my boy. They look pretty fit to me!"

And they were fit. The woods breed men. Every youth among the loggers was built like a Hercules, every tough traveler with his "turkey" on his back and forty years' experience behind him was hewed like an ox. Year after year they came north to the lumber region, and labored hugely because they liked the giant work, the stillness of the snow-blanketed forest, the steaming bunk-house at night, smoke of pipes and the sleep that followed.

This year their ranks were thinned, just when they should have been reenforced. There was urgent need of haste and precision, of effort and result. At Conran's camp there was a certain seeming of excitement, a high note of tense endeavor that hummed unceasingly. Few of them understood it, but they all felt it. Only Conran himself, big, dark, eager, a dynamic force among his toilers, knew this singing note for what it was: the dominant hum of patriotism that was speeding up the land from the border to the line. He knew that when Pierre Couvant, the little French-Canadian, struggled all night down through the snow to tell him that mysterious whisky was getting among the men at the upper cutting, it was patriotism. He knew it was this same thing that sent old John Brandis out to work when he was all but down with pneumonia; that kept three men on their feet at the river's edge the night the two strangers were seen skulking through the clearing. The work of the camp must run unbroken, and for that end these simple loggers worked and endured and speeded their own efforts. Ships were rising on the ways in a dozen yards where Conran's lumber went. Any hitch at Conran's might mean delay at those yards. Therefore, no hitch. And Conran, though he called them names to McKnight, grinned at them in a very human pride and kept his finger on the camp as lightly as a lady's touch.

But how he wanted men—and more men! He was paying fabulous wages already, and was ready to pay more.

And then in the heel of a steel-blue day, three strangers came to the camp on the river. They came down from the north, through the thick timber that lay unbroken for many lonesome miles, and they traveled like veterans on snow-shoes. They made the camp at supper-time, and just as the men stormed down to the long tables beneath the coal-oil lamps the leader opened the door and looked in. He was a bearded giant of a man, perhaps fifty years of age, grizzled and straight, with shoulders that filled the opening. Behind him two other heads appeared.

"Hey," he said abruptly, "you want men? Lumber-jacks?"

"Sure!" Conran said, "come in."

The giant stepped up and entered. After him came, apparently, two sons, since both were built on the same Herculean lines, tall and straight and upstanding. The last one in closed the door, and the three stood against it, almost level across, their three heads wrapped in knitted caps and scarves All three wore mackinaw blanket coats, woolen pants and boots laced to the knee.

"Come from Little Saint Felice," said the spokesman, "an' want work bad. Left th' mother one mont'—two mont' ago. Long bill to Doc Monroe an' for th' funeral. You give us work?"

"Will I!" said the foreman to himself as he took his long legs back across his bench and came around the table.

"Sure," he said aloud.

With that the lad in the middle reached up a mittened hand and pulled off the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

muffling cap and scarf. A dozen ejaculations came from the table, for the action disclosed a fine head wrapped round and round with shining braids of hair as yellow as maize, and the milk-white and rose-pink face of a woman!

For a moment the big clock on the wall was audible. Then Conran shifted on his feet and frowned.

The man shook his head. "No good at th' cookin'," he said with a grin that showed white teeth in his grizzled beard. "Elsa don't know how."

The foreman waved his hands. "Nothing doing," he said flatly; "this camp is out for business, not child's play."

"So are we," said the girl, stepping forward; "what's funny? If you think I" all his might, he failed to dent them.

"We ben workin' five years up beyond th' Little Saint Felice," she said, "an' I've made good to every one concerned—my boss, my mates, an'—" she brought her heels together and lifted her head and her deep breast with a challenging jerk, "to myself. Now th' mother—she went away—an' we could no longer stay. Th' hills in

The action disclosed a fine head wrapped round and round with shining braids of hair as yellow as maize, and the milk-white and rose-pink face of a woman.

"What's this?" he said.

"My boy an' girl," said the man. "Ole an' Elsa. Both good timber-jacks an' river-hogs. Good as me."

Conran looked at him suspiciously. "Say," he said, "what are you trying to do?"

"Work," said the other briefly.

"Offer a woman for work in a logging-camp? You mean for cook, maybe?"

(she spoke it slightly like "aye") "can't draw a cross-cut, handle a peavey, or drive a team on th' roads with a load, try me. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Feel that."

She bent her right arm and held it out to him. Conran felt it. Muscles like steel bunches stood up under his fingers, and though he gripped in suddenly, with

Saint Felice—they became all—lonesome."

She looked straight into Conran's eyes, and he saw, with a sudden hot feeling down his spine, that hers were, all suddenly, cloudy with tears.

"'M," he said quickly, "why, yes, I do need men—and if—you might drive, I guess."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl. She swung abruptly away toward the long row

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of coats and jackets steaming on hooks on the wall and peeled off her mackinaw. Every eye in the room watched her appraisingly.

She was five feet eleven and a half as she stood, lithe, sturdy, narrow-hipped, the breast beneath the gray flannel shirt girlishly round. The collar of the shirt was turned up around her neck, she wore a broad leather belt in lieu of a corset, and she was a thing of fresh beauty in the steady poise that held her for a moment rubbing her big white hands, brought her forward to the table, sent her bright-blue eyes looking for a place.

"Here," said Conran, offering his seat.

She shook her head, and as two of the young huskies eagerly moved apart she stepped over the bench and sat down. Her father and Ole alike accommodated, the interrupted meal began. The three newcomers were silent folk.

"I suppose," said Conran, frowning, "I'll have to give up my cot in the office;" but when he offered, Elsa again shook her head.

"I don't want to make trouble," she said; "give me the tool-house for nights, or th' filing-shed."

The tool-house was tight, and had a lock, so that was turned over to her, and, with a cot installed, the strange lumber-jack was at home.

"Of all the extraordinary things!" gasped McKnight, who was going out in the morning. "I'll have a story to take back to the others this time and no mistake!"

Talk in the bunk-house that night was varied, pithy and uproarious until Ole and his father came in.

Then it died. These two looked as two-fisted as any man that the woods had seen.

THE crew was out before day in the morning. The three strangers waited to be assigned work, and Conran put father and son at the cross-cuts, Elsa on one of the bobs. He watched her narrowly as she swung her team away and saw that she handled it expertly. Nevertheless he was aware of a feeling of contempt for a woman voluntarily pushing in among men, and such men as composed the logging-camp.

McKnight left down-river with the light team and sleigh.

Conran's camp was all a-grin that morning. The men who came into the north woods with their turkeys were a hard lot, drifters, failures, slouching and impudent; eternally carrying a chip on the shoulder; talking socialism, criticizing everything under God's heaven and in it, for that matter—heavy material for any but a born boss to handle.

Conran was that, however.

As the big girl swung her team away for the lower cutting, which lay a mile and a half back from camp to the west, winks and gestures followed horses, but she saw none of them, for her eyes were on her horses. Elsa knew horses and loved them. Now she felt the temper of her team with taut lines, tested their mouths on the bits gently, made up her mind quickly as to their spirit. They were good horses, that she knew instantly—Bob the gray, and Bess the black—heavy and willing.

"Hey, Sis! Give us a lift t' work?"

A leering, bullet-headed customer, with a bushy red beard accosted her.

"Sure," she said and pulled up. A dozen men rushed forward and landed on the heavy skeleton bob, shouting. The girl stood on the front, and she knew that every eye was on her. With cool adroitness she drove the trying mile and a half and pulled up in the cutting. When they tumbled off she faced them from her vantage.

"See here," she said, looking down at them with her brilliant eyes, "maybe I'm funny to you, but I'm doing my bit like th' rest of you, an' I'll take a man's place an' his rights. I'll stand as much joshin' as any of you, but I won't take what you wouldn't take. If you think I will, start somethin'."

A roar of laughter followed this.

The redbeard, a hobo from Seattle, swaggered forward.

"What'll we start, Baby?" he inquired. "A kissin'-bee?"

"Sure!" said Elsa and jumped for him. As she came out over the side of the bob between the forward stakes her right fist shot forward straight on the bulbous nose in the fiery flare of whiskers, and was followed by the full weight of her hundred and seventy-two pounds of young bone and muscle. The man went down like an ox, and she stood over him.

"Want another smack?" she asked quietly as he scrambled up. Wild with rage the hobo started for her, but young Billy Smith shot out an arm between.

"Good enough fer you, you damned tramp," he said; "let be!"

Redbeard whirled away, waving his arms and swearing. He snatched off his dirty old hat and flung it on the snow.

"I'll git my time!" he yelled. "Git me, lads? I quit!"

And he started running back toward the light sleigh just coming into sight.

After a heated session at the sleigh's side the logger went on down the road toward camp and Conran came on, his face like a thunder-cloud.

"What's this?" he demanded coldly of the group; "young woman, am I to lose my men because I gave you a job?"

Elsa stepped forward, tall and slowly graceful.

"No, sir," she said respectfully, "not from now on. There won't be any need. I had to make my standin', you see, at th' start."

"That's right, Mr. Conran," said the young lumber-jack who had intervened, "she's right. An' she *was* right."

"H'm," said Conran.

"An', beside, Mr. Boss," said the girl quaintly, "in the matter of men you're ahead yet. I'll take his place, an' you still got my father an' Ole. We're all better men as him."

It was simple logic and it won.

"All right," said Conran shortly, "but let's see that I stay ahead."

AND stay ahead he did. From that first day Elsa was a huge success. She drove with brains as well as skill, so that the loading and hauling for her particular bob went without a hitch. She was silent and attended strictly to her business. She was an experienced timber-worker, that her mates saw before she had been a half-day on the job, and as for her men-folk they were A-1 too. And she was so keen a novelty that she acted like a tonic, spurring up effort, lifting the note of efficiency in camp.

Before she had been there a week Conran saw that, and recognized the fact that he had captured a telling force in these three big Swedes from Little St. Felice. He watched Elsa closely, but saw not a sign of sensitiveness to her odd position. She was not quick to take up the rough speech that she heard on all sides; no oath shocked her serenity. But he saw also that none took liberties with her. And for that matter she had established for herself a sure "standing" by her instant handling of the only one who had attempted it. Her presence at the tables had a certain restraining effect. More care was taken with comb and brush and razor, too. Though she had only the quiet drawling words of greeting for the men, more than one offered her small acts of courtesy that first week.

Young Billy Smith, rejected from the Big Thing for a stiff ankle, was most eager to make friends with her, and the other youngsters followed his lead. The older hands, the drifters and turkey-men, still winked and grinned. They were too old, too wise, too hardened with the world to pin faith on any woman. They had seen younger women in lumber-camps before, they said.

And the Boss looked on with a frown. He did not approve of big Elsa, though he thought more than once of that sudden brimming of tears in her blue eyes which had swayed his judgment.

BUT Elsa began to be happier than she had been for those "one—two mont'." New work, new scenes, these are balm to grief. She began to sing as she drove her great loads of logs down the packed snow road to the river banks, where the rollways were being piled for the spring drive, deep, rich songs in the Scandinavian tongue, and she had a voice as golden as her hair. It swung and swayed, like shining ropes of sound, and the men came to stop their labor for a minute to listen as she came back up with her empty bob.

Her father, Eric Jensen, smiled in his grizzled beard at the unwonted sound. "She bane still," he said, "long time."

Eric and Ole Jensen could fell more trees in a day than any two men in camp. They were both expert buckers and trimmers. They ate to the despair of Jacques La Honte, the cook, but Conran grinned with joy at their possession.

"My three freaks," he wrote McKnight, "are proving to be three treasures." The work of the camp went forward. Great rollways rose along the river, the clear cold weather gave place to days of sleet that froze the piles solidly together. The roads were shining sheets of ice, and the horses found their labor doubled. The first night of the sleet fall Elsa unhitched her team and drove them straight to the shoeing shed.

She lifted Bess's huge forefoot and showed the blacksmith the worn "corks" on her shoes.

"Not sharp enough," she said. "Shoe 'em over?"

Collins shook his head. "Too much work to-night," he said; "can't do it."

Elsa said nothing, but tied her team and walked away. She went straight to the office where Conran worked at his desk. She rapped, and at his bidding entered. She pulled off her cap and stood respectfully before him like any other of his hands.

"Boss," she said, "I must have my horses shod to-night."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She thrust into his fingers another automatic snatched from somewhere about her garments. Guns and Bibles! She was a wondrous woman.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Well?" said Conran.

"Collins says too much work—can't do it."

"Well?"

"Got to be done."

"How do you make it?" asked the boss, smiling in spite of himself at the calm assurance of her. "If Collins can't, he can't."

"But I can," said Elsa, "if you give me th' order for shoes, nails, tools an' space."

Conran sat up in his swing-chair. The smile left his face. Without a word he wrote upon a slip of paper and handed it to her.

"Thank you, Boss," said Elsa and went out.

Before she ate she had shod her two horses in utter silence and efficiency. A ring of men watched her with comment and banter, but when Collins, at Conran's command, examined the job minutely, he was forced to pronounce it good.

"Some little old lumber-jack, you," said Burwell, one of the buckers, admiringly, and Elsa smiled at the praise. But Conran, at the table's head, looked at his "lumber-jack" with frowning puzzlement.

The little shack that did duty as a home for Elsa was none too tight. It was made of boards and battens, with here and there a crack through which the wind whistled on wild nights, but the girl hung up blankets, built a fire in the rusted boxwood stove, and here she retired directly after supper. Behind the makeshift blind at its one window, the curious loggers sometimes saw the effulgence of her light shining late at night.

There were those among the motley bunch who itched to know what she was doing on these occasions, and on such a night when the wind howled and a blinding smother of snow was likely to protect eavesdroppers, two of the toughest turkey-men crept under the lee of the tool-house and hunted for a crack through which to spy. They found it at last, and glued their leering eyes thereto, but what they saw sent them away in silence, for the big Swede girl was on her knees at her cot's edge, her hands folded calmly out on the neatly spread blankets, a big old Bible open between her elbows, and she was making a serene and earnest devotion. They told what they had seen, in whispers albeit, but the thing got around camp and came at last to Conran's ears.

He looked at Elsa more keenly after that, and shook his head in the privacy of his office.

"THINGS are going finely," he wrote to McKnight about that time, "but if I'm to fill that last whopping contract, I've got to have more men. All weather-signs point to an early spring up here, and if the logs go down with the freshet, we've got to speed up and have them in the rollways. Send me men."

A fortnight later his plea bore fruit. McKnight sent in twenty-two men, as odd an assortment of lumber-men as ever set a cant-hook.

Riffraff they were, gathered in the city streets, demanding top wages and swaggering with importance. Conran looked them over and did not like their looks. He put them to work among the crew and was in despair before three days had passed. Not one of the lot was a timber-man.

Two of them came especially under his eye. Of these one was a squat, rat-faced fellow, who talked incessantly. The other was tall and dark, and as silent as the former was voluble. The new material found food for laughter in the yellow-haired bob-driver, but there was a current among the regulars, headed by young Billy Smith, that effectively squelched their hilarity. So the work progressed despite the troubles of making lumber-jacks overnight, and Conran was like the proverbial flea, constantly on the jump.

ALL day long the tune of the cross-cuts keened in the crystal air; the stupendous performance of the falling trees enacted itself over and over again—the sharp preliminary crack, the breathless stillness following for a second or so, the sighing moan and rustle, the magnificent roar as the uncounted tons, the thousand swaying limbs came down to earth. And keenly on her job was Elsa, singing her deep Scandinavian songs and swinging her bob to the fraction of an inch of the desired spot. The foreman could not help a just admiration of her work, but he could not get his own approval of her in any other way.

He was well aware of the new trend in the work of the world since the outbreak of the war: that women were taking the places of men in every walk of life, that they went into the machine-shops, the railroad yards, the munitions works, that they wore overalls, and that they were making good, but—a lumber-jack! In the big woods! It was unthinkable.

Somewhere in this woman there was something wrong. She lacked in delicacy. Even the incident of the eavesdroppers and the Bible failed to change his view. However, he had filtered that matter down and sent the drifters packing.

And then one cold gray dusk, swinging down from the upper cutting in his sleigh, he came upon her a mile from camp. She was on her knees in the snow and she was working swiftly and deftly with some tiny object.

Conran drew up his team and stopped. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

She flashed him a smile that gave an amazing effect of white teeth and very blue eyes under her knitted cap, and kept on at her task.

In a moment she held up one hand in whose big grasp there was nearly hidden a small gray bird. She held it a moment, then opened her fingers.

"Poor baby," she said tenderly, "go."

With a feeble flutter that gained in adroitness as it found its wings again, the bird sailed through the trees scarcely a yard from the earth. Elsa, sitting on her heels, watched it, smiling.

"Got tangled up in this," she said, "both little feet. Must 'a' ben so for two—three days. Pretty weak an' hungry."

She picked up from her knee, and lifted for his inspection, several strands of yarn, evidently unraveled from some logger's coat or cap.

"And you played the good Samaritan?" said Conran.

"Sure!" said Elsa.

"H'm," he said abruptly; "will you ride to camp?"

But the girl shook her head, and a slight pink flush deepened the beautiful rose of her healthy cheeks.

"No, sir," she said, "I can't."

"I see," said the boss and drove away.

It was a week after that that Elsa had the fight at the cutting, and one of the new men came into camp so badly battered up that his loss, when he demanded his time, was negligible. But its effect on Conran was sharp and certain. An actual physical nausea overtook him at sight of the man's puffed and swollen face, and he waited in grim readiness for the crew's return at night. Elsa came into the cook-shack as coolly unconcerned as if nothing had happened, hung up her coat and cap, and stood rubbing her hands. Those big hands of hers were her only vanity, soft and white from the constant wearing of gloves, though firm and undeniably strong.

Conran walked up to her and looked straight in her eyes, while his own blazed.

"Elsa," he said, "I've lost another man through you."

She had been smiling when he approached. Now the smile slipped off her face.

"No, you didn't, Boss," she said coldly; "you lost a thing."

"He was so much help when I desperately need help."

"Even so," she said still coolly, "you are still one man ahead. An' I think more as one, considering."

It was almost effrontery.

"I'm the best judge of that," he answered coldly, and turned to the table, where a strained silence prevailed.

"Men," he said, "what caused this trouble?"

There was no answer. The men moved their feet and fidgeted.

"Come through," said Conran bitingly.

"All right," said young Billy, rising; "he called the Stars an' Stripes a 'slacker rag,' an' Elsa was th' nearest to him. That's all."

For a moment the boss stood still. His face flushed darkly and he felt a sudden shame of himself.

Then he whirled to the girl and saluted. "I'm one ahead still, Elsa," he said smiling; "go get your supper."

BUT the incident was not so quickly over. The squat rat-face took it up at the bunk-house.

"Dis is gettin' t' be a hell of a country w'en a guy can't say his soul's his own. W'at's free speech anyway?"

"An' beatin' up a feller fer such a little thing!" chimed in another of the new lot; "who'd look fer anything else but that th' boss'd take it up like he done because she's a female?"

The tall, dark member over in a corner pulling off his boots, broke in drawlingly: "It's the old situation again, lads, the spectacle of Capital oppressing Labor. This is a rich man's war, and the poor fight it. They make us unfortunate ones go forth to bear the brunt while they sit at home and play the game. If we refuse—what? Life sentence! If we don't want to kiss their flag, they make us. And who's an American, anyway? Nine-tenths of us belong to other soil at bottom. Man or woman, it matters little, whoso stands in with Capital is against Labor. This she-elephant stands in. That's all!"

The winter weather was bitingly cold. The snows fell and froze and fell again and the work was hard and trying.

"Pretty hard on you, Elsa," said young Billy; "you oughtn't to work out like this."

The girl flung out her arms and drew a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

breath of the tanging air deep into her lungs.

"Hah!" she said laughing. "Who'd sit indoors when th' snow comes down all soft underfoot an' the wind is hushed in the woods!"

Conran, passing on some business of the work, heard and turned to look at the speaker. She was glowing with health and the cold, a great white lily with roses banked in her cheeks. The milky Swede complexion of her was a marvel. She bent her mittened hands and swayed on her feet with a graceful motion. Her big body was fit as a prize-fighter's, loose and easy in every joint. The man-instinct made him admire her physical perfection, but his training put a frown between his brows.

But if Conran disapproved of Elsa, the big girl did not seem to know it. She came and went in her silent way, did her work well, and burned her candle of nights in the tool-house.

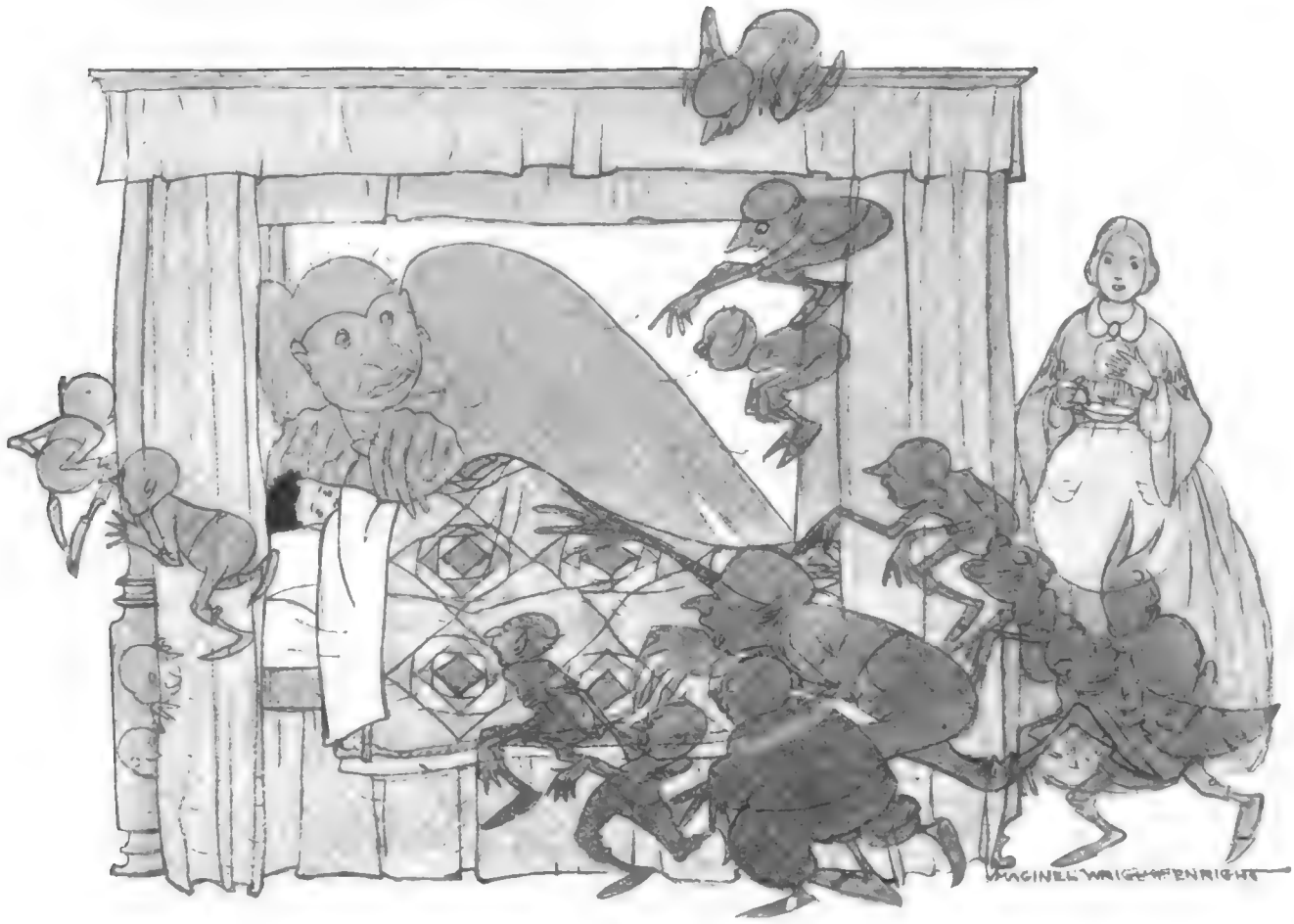
But along about this time a subtle difference began to show itself in the quality of the work at camp. In some unaccountable manner, the high note of endeavor seemed to have come down a bit. Young Billy Smith, John Brandis, and a dozen others were still as enthusiastic as ever, but several times there had been grumbling at the bunk-house among the turkey-men.

Conran saw that the tall stranger and the squat rat-face were much together, and that the others listened to them in groups of nights.

And then one evening Billy came to his office and stood by his desk.

"Mr. Conran," he said, "I don't like to squeal, but I don't like the kind o' talk them lads are handin' out."

(*Continued on page 82*)



A Difference

By Burges Johnson

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

WHENEVER I can't go to sleep,
Though I have said my prayers and all,
Around the room queer noises creep
And lights and shadows dance and leap
Above me on the wall.

THE dark gets full of dreadful things
That tiptoe round and round my bed;
I hear the rustling of wings
And little creaks and whisperings—
I dassent turn my head.

BUT when I hear upon the stair
My mother's footstep drawing near,
The dark just turns to empty air—
And all around there's nothing there
To cause a bit of fear.

THEN I imagine, one by one,
The things that scare me most of all:
They make the little shivers run
Along my back. It's lots of fun—
While mother's in the hall.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Why I Am in Washington

If there could be such a thing as a Cosmic Reporter, Mr. Shepherd would be it. Now that Mars is all over the earth he might be a sort of one, anyway, if he wanted to. His regular beat is the whole world. For years he has covered it, top and bottom, back and front, in his assignments. And now, when everything's happening everywhere, there's no one we and lots of other people would rather have there—in Russia, in France, in England—to tell us about it.

But he won't go. He wants to stay in a certain little city on the Potomac, which to him has become the whole cosmos. We asked him why, and this is his answer.—THE EDITOR.

William G. Shepherd

EVERYBODY'S war correspondent in Washington.

TO BE at the place where the world's biggest news was brewing has been my job for the past ten years.

It has been patchy work. As each job was ended, the worry has been as to where the new job ought to begin. Correspondents on an assignment like the Madero revolution, for instance, grow restless as the bigness of the story dies out, and ask each other, worriedly, "What will there be for us to do after this is over?"

Mexico kept the American correspondents going for several years. The news fires would die down, for a time, and then would flare up again and all of us would meet, time after time, in northern Mexico, among the rebels, or in the capital where would-be rulers of Mexico held sway. Richard Harding Davis, Fred Palmer, John McCutcheon, James H. Hare and others of us would often hold reunions on such occasions. I remember once hearing Davis say:

"I'm always wondering where the next big news center will be. But somehow I always find myself in the midst of the latest cyclone."

At the tag end of those hot days in Vera Cruz, in 1914, when it developed that the American troops would not march on to Mexico City, we all got the old, restless worry as to where our next jobs would be.

One hot summer evening, in a restaurant on a rickety wooden pier, at Vera Cruz, with the surf of the gulf of Mexico beating on the sands beneath us, we met in a good-by dinner. The Vera Cruz story was over. Many of us were going back home to our every-day jobs. It was a very gay dinner. Secretary Daniels had ordered all wines and liquors off the ships of the American Navy, and the navy men, unable to consume their stores by July first, the date set for prohibition, had sold us much good wine at low rates, and thanked us for buying. Out in the bay, as we banqueted, we could see the fighting ships of the navies of Germany, Great Britain, France, Holland, Italy, Mexico, Spain and the United States, gay with lights and summer evening laughter.

If you had told us that evening, as we dined over the gulf surf, wondering where the world's next news center would be, that these battle-ships in the bay would be scattering in a world war within less than three weeks and that most of us would soon be running to the ends of the earth on the biggest story the world ever saw, we would have thanked you for making the merriest joke of the whole merry evening.

Within six weeks most of us were in Europe. I jumped from Vera Cruz to Antwerp. My assignments from the United Press took me in turn to England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Spain, Austria, Germany, Poland, Hungary, Servia, Italy, Greece, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Russia. Where the war whirl was biggest I was supposed to be. I had a roving commission to go where the news was biggest and the crisis greatest.

Chasing the world's news center was my sole task. Sometimes I sought a military crisis, like the battle of Ypres or the Servian retreat; sometimes it was a political crisis like the fall of a cabinet in France, a Vatican peace drive or the Russian Revolution. In the summer-time my work was usually at some front. In the winter-time, when statesmen and citizens were "fanning" on war topics around their mahogany tables or the corner-store stoves, my work was usually in some capital.

In 1917 the western front became dead, as a news center. The great armies were at "stalemate;" stalled, face to face, in their trenches. The world knew that something must happen, somewhere in the world, politically or otherwise, to change the situation on the western front. Some of us thought the Russian Revolution might have this effect, and I hurried to Petrograd.

Every word of news from Russia was pure gold. The entire world was asking, "Will Russia fight?" EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE at that time commanded me to send it, by cable, a story of five thousand words on that theme. It was perhaps the costliest magazine story ever published. It illustrates the world's interest in Russia at the time.

But, after some months, the world's question began to be answered. The Russian armies were dwindling away, and Russia, as a world's news center, became uninteresting. In the meanwhile, however, the United States had decided that it had been at war with Germany for some time and had begun preparations to fight. I came home again to seek out the next big cyclone vortex.

I found it here in the United States—in Washington.

The biggest question in all this world, from royal palace to jungle hut, concerns how this war is to be ended, and the answer is the biggest news the world can get. When London was the world's news center it wasn't answered there. It wasn't answered on the western front or the Italian front or the Macedonian front or the Russian front.

But here in the United States it is being answered. Things are being done here too stupendous for writing. Every hour something is being done here that will have mighty effect for good or ill on human beings a thousand years from now. Every move we make as individuals or as a nation is the biggest and the most significant news that can be found on this globe. For by our new might the world's interrogations are to be met.

The hope of the world is on us. In Washington one feels the focus of all the millions of eyes of all the earth and of all the eyes of millions yet to be born.

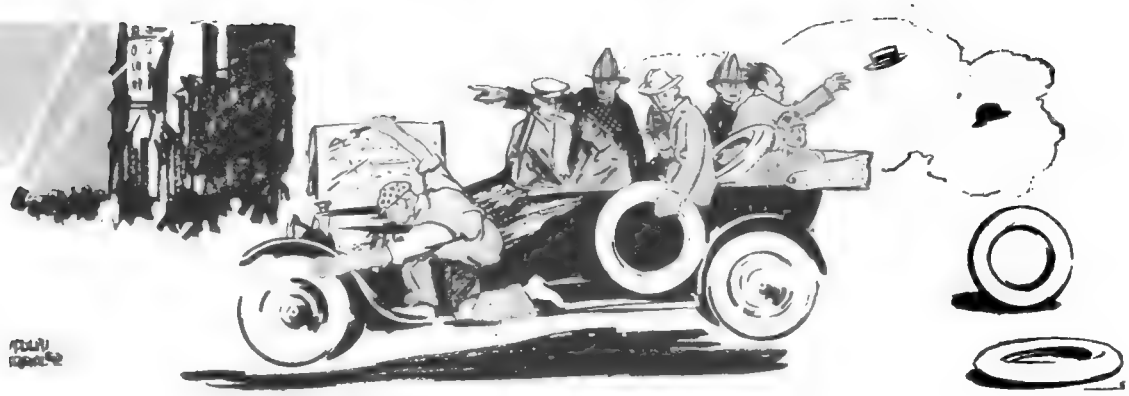
What's happening here will be for some time the biggest news in the world. From a political and diplomatic standpoint, from the standpoint of preparation for that last great overwhelming battle, and finally from the standpoint of the world's future business, commerce and peace, we may stick a pin in the map at Washington, D. C.

The world is watching us prove our right to exist.

We are the world's news center.

That's why I want to be in Washington.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"Nothing as Usual"

By William G. Shepherd

Author of "The Scar that Tripled," *etc.*

Cartoons by Adolph Treidler

ALL four of Mr. G. Speeder Jitney's tires blew out at the same instant. The machine settled down, with a whining sigh of rushing air, onto its rims.

This was bad. Only a few minutes previously, two firemen, all dressed in their rubber garments and helmets, had crowded into the car, on top of the four young men, clerks whom Jitney usually took down-town on this trip, and demanded that Jitney get them to the fire at a certain corner as quickly as possible. They had missed their own apparatus.

Jitney turned in his seat and looked hopelessly at the firemen and the four clerks who sat packed in the car. They really numbered twice as many as the car could carry.

"We've got to get to that fire," said the firemen. "It's for the city's welfare. Can't let the city burn."

"And we've got to get to our offices," said the clerks. "We've always depended on you to get us down to work and you've got to do it."

"Don't Tell Us Your Troubles"

"BUT my tires have all gone to pieces," begged Jitney.

"Don't tell us your troubles," said the firemen. "On to the fire!"

"Don't tell us your troubles," said the clerks. "We're not interested in your tires. You take the firemen on to the fire and then carry us to our corners."

"But I've got to have my car fixed," said Jitney.

"Oh, that's your own business," said the firemen and the clerks, with one voice. "We don't want to be troubled by your problems. All we want of you is service."

"This is a deuce of a note," Jitney communed with himself, as he started his engine, threw the gear into the low and started the car to rolling on its flat tires. "Here I am, with my machine broken down, and yet people are yelling for me to do twice as much work with it as I used to do when it was all whole. And what's more, they expect me to get it fixed while I'm running it. Can you beat that?"

"Hustle up! Hustle up!" yelled the firemen. "Your old machine rocks like a cradle."

"Get a move on!" shouted the clerks. "Gee! You're running slow! Hurry up!"

Under all this spurring, G. Speeder Jitney lost his reason. He didn't go insane, outright; his unreason was purely logical.

"These folks are making unreasonable demands on me, and so I'm going to make some unreasonable demands myself," he thought.

So he rolled up in front of a garage.

"Send out a repairman with four tires," he yelled.

The man came out, with the tires on his shoulders.

"Climb into the car," said Jitney.

"Why there ain't room enough in it for the folks you've got there," said the surprised repairer. "Where do you want me to go?"

"I don't give a darn where you go," responded Jitney. "I just want you to climb in here and fix this car while we're moving along."

"But I can't put new tires on your car while you're moving," said the repairman.

"Don't tell me your troubles," said Jitney. "The details of your problems don't interest me at all. I can't stop work with this car. I got twice as much work to do just now as I ever had to do before, and I haven't got time to stop while you put on new tires. You'll have to do it on the run, somehow. That's your affair. Climb in with your tires and we'll be moving along."

The firemen were wild-eyed, by this time, with the delay. So were the clerks. Jitney himself was wild-eyed with his determination to solve his problem, and they added another to their wild-eyed number when the tireman climbed onto the running-board, dumped his four tires onto the laps and persons of the firemen and the clerks, and began pounding desperately, with a hammer, at one of the flat tires in an effort to pound it off the revolving rim.

And so the whole mad jitney load rolled off down the street at a snail's pace, the firemen urging, but getting very little closer to the fire; the clerks complaining, but getting little result in the way of progress; Jitney demanding of the tireman that he get his job done as quickly as possible and the wild-eyed, excited tireman drumming ineffectually with his hammer on the flat casings.

Expecting Too Much

WHAT'S the trouble with the folks in this strange jitney load?

They're all sane people, ready and able to do the various tasks of the day that lie before them, but the very plight in which we find them is indication that, in some certain respect, they are all weak on one point. What is this point? Simply this! They don't know the mechanical limitations of an automobile and not one of them recognizes the limitations of another's profession or business. The folks who own the burning building are clamoring for firemen, but the firemen can't put out the fire unless they can reach the scene. The firemen are demanding that a machine make speed on flat tires. The clerks, who have gone to work daily in Jitney's machine for years, insist that Jitney carry them to the office as usual while he's doing the extra task of taking firemen to a fire on flat tires. And Jitney, knowing that his machine must be mended before he can get any sort of service from it, demands that the repairman put new tires on the car while it is in motion. Everybody is expecting too much of everybody else in this careening jitney. And

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

nobody, as a result, gets anything in the way of service.

And right here let us leave them. Their problem is too complex for us to solve.

In a recent trip over the United States, east, west, north, and south, touching sixty-five cities and towns, I found that the great machine of social service which we know as American business, has been for some time in the same difficulty as Mr. G. Speeder Jitney's machine. It broke down, and we American citizens have been making on it a million demands that are almost as senseless and almost as impossible of fulfilment as were those of Mr. Jitney's passengers.

The whole trouble with us has been, as it was with Jitney's passengers, that we have not known, and millions of us do not yet know, what we may reasonably expect in the way of service from this great machine and what is unreasonable and useless for us to demand.

Wherever I went in the United States I found men and women stating wonderingly, but, I admit, with considerable patience, that they were unable to buy this or that convenience or even necessity at their local shops. "Why, I can't even get all the wool I want to knit into sweaters for the soldiers," said a Red Cross leader in Cleveland. "When I go into my cigar-store now to ask for matches I'm never sure they'll have them," said a Detroit smoker. "The only kind of coal we can have out here next winter," said a householder in Minneapolis, "is soft coal, and out in this country our furnaces and ranges are made for hard coal." An Indianapolis householder, who was tearing down the chimneys in his home to install wider chimneys that would accommodate the use of soft coal, made the same wondering statement. "We've got big fireplaces in our home for soft coal," said a business man in Syracuse, "and all the coal we get next winter is hard coal that can't be burned in a grate. I'm going to buy at least three old-fashioned base-burners that will take anthracite coal."

In a business way, as well as in a domestic way, I found the same problems existing everywhere in the United States.

"I've got tons of paper stored away to make paper pails," said a manufacturer in the West, "but I can't get the tin wire out of which we make handles or the tin with which we edge our pails. So we've come to a standstill."

The Great American "Why?"

MANY factories had plenty of raw materials, with the exception of some little item—sulfur, chrome steel, brass, copper, of which, perhaps, only very small quantities were needed, but which were vitally necessary to the finished product.

Everywhere I went, of course, I found folks talking of the difficulties of railroad travel.

There was no complaining. I haven't, in all my recent travels over the United States, heard any sincere complaining, but wherever I went I did find an earnest desire to know why things were as they were. The great state of Missouri has cast its influence on all Americans; we are willing to sacrifice for the war, but we want to be shown.

"In union there is strength," is our nation's motto; but our household motto is, "All right—but why?"

In Washington, in the labyrinths of the scores of war boards, we find our answer. The great outstanding "Why?" is this simple but astounding fact, which it is well to keep in mind wherever you find things not going as usual.

One boat steams out of some American port on an average of every ten minutes every twenty-four hours of the day. Each boat carries an average of three thousand tons of American materials or American manufactures or American men. On a ten-minute headway—far better service, perhaps, than on your own home trolley-line—these ships, on war business, steam out of American ports onto the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

The once broken machinery of our ocean

The freight-car, and not the Pullman, is doing the nation's work to-day.

shipping has been repaired, even while it has been in use. By a system of time-keeping in Washington every second of waste time for ships, in port or out, is avoided. A ship captain must explain every minute's delay in port. By a scientific knowledge of American needs and of imports and exports, vast cargo space has been saved. This expert official knowledge is becoming astonishingly effective as the war goes on.

"We must have ships to bring our fruit to the United States," said a group of dealers in a certain tropical fruit to the masters of war shipping in Washington.

"What proportion of food value has your fruit to the necessary food-supply of the United States?" asked the officials.

"Our fruit is very nutritious food," said the would-be shippers. "It abounds in food values."

"Let us tell you just exactly how big a part your fruit plays in feeding the American people," said the import experts. "One whole year's shipments, filling the several hundred ships you need, would not equal in food value the potato crops of two of the smallest New England states, where potatoes are not generally grown."

The exact figures were given to the fruitmen and they departed, satisfied that some one knew more about their business, in a big way, than they did themselves.

The Answer

IT IS in such fashion that the Allies' broken-down shipping has been put to its fullest use. Six thousand ships are on the time-tables of the shipping experts in Washington; they are the units that make the ten-minute headway possible. With perhaps three thousand new ships to be built in the United States within the next year, and with another three thousand to be built in England and France, we will, even allowing for submarine losses, cut our ten-minute headway in half, and be able to bid Godspeed to some war-laden ship every five minutes during the day and night.

The combined suction on our resources of these ships is unprecedented. They form a gigantic vacuum cleaner, of our own voluntary making, which draws from the uttermost corners of our country and sends its pulling power into the very heart of our homes and lives. And it is a pulling power that is growing with every new ship that is launched.

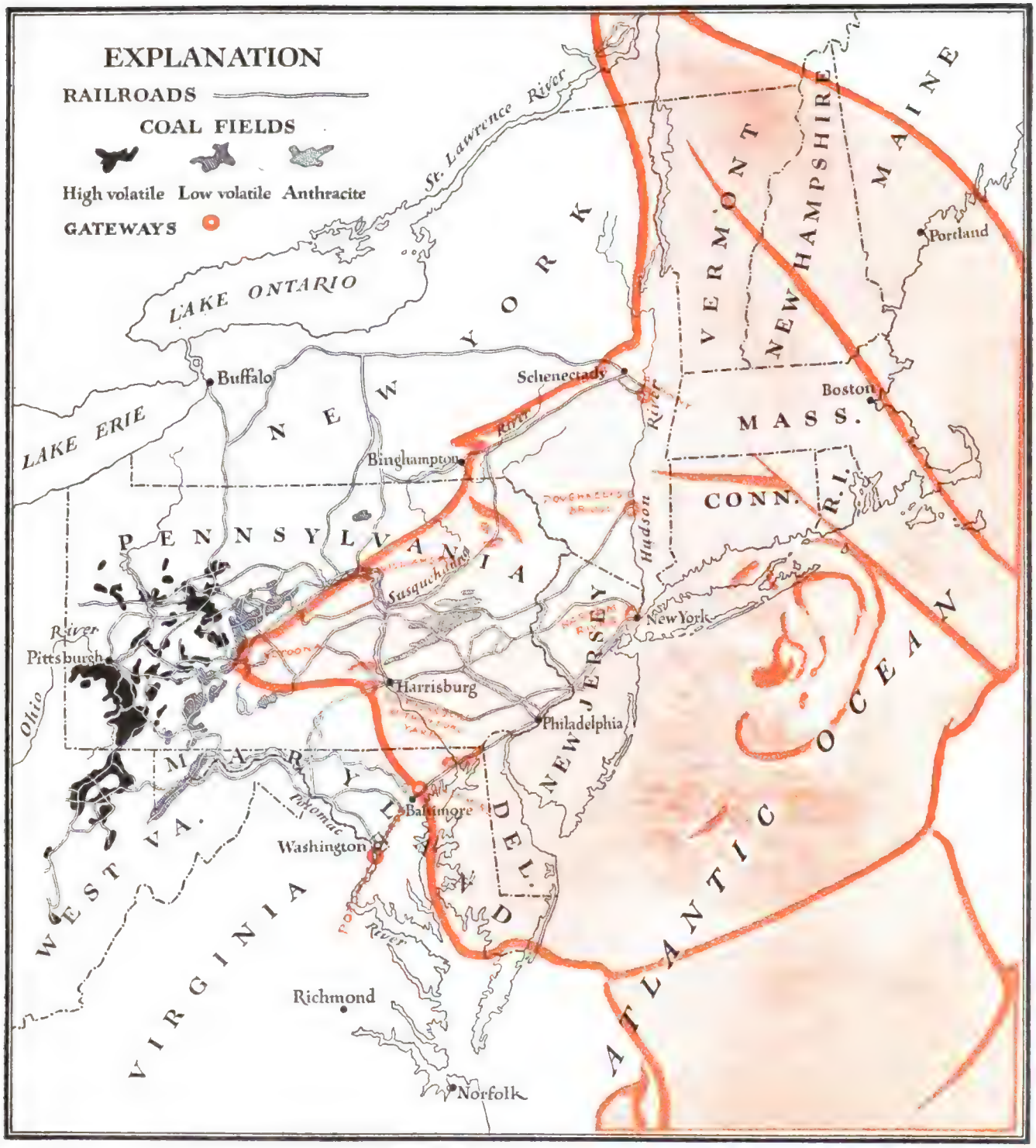
Starting from the piers where these ships are loaded and whence they depart, and working back through the processes of business, we can trace directly into our own individual home affairs and habits the need for leading lives in which we will demand that nothing shall be as it used to be, that nothing shall be as usual. Incidentally, the man or woman whose money is tied up in Liberty Bonds doesn't make demands on business that conflict with the cry of the great ships for cargoes.

For every one of these ships that sails there must be at least one hundred and fifty loaded freight-cars at the pier, in waiting. For every ship at sea, heading toward some American port there are locomotives puffing here and there all over the country at little wayside stations and in the network of great railroad yards, with cars that must be at some certain pier for the departure of that certain ship. The fact that these loads must be waiting for the ship and not the ship for the loads is important. Early in the war the ships did the waiting, with the result that it used to require five tons of cargo space to keep one American soldier in Europe.

By repairing our broken shipping machine, systematizing the freight movement and by knowing just exactly when each ship was going to sail, and by having the loaded cars ready for her, the ships have been so speeded up that to-day it requires only three tons of shipping to keep a man supplied in France; equivalent to increasing our shipping by forty per cent.

Our railroads were worked up to their limit before America went into the war; they were almost broken down, then, with the pressure of work. Our entrance into the war threw them into chaos. Jitney's car was no more demoralized than they. They broke down in a hundred places under the effort to meet the new and additional demands; to get our doughboy firemen to the fire as well as to keep American business running. With the aid of American business, itself, and in line with the new motto that one sees in so many offices in Washington these days—*"It Can't Be Done—But Here It Is"*—the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Crown Prince Barrier

There is a barrier of mountain and river, reaching from New York, down into Pennsylvania at Altoona and back to the ocean at the mouth of the Potomac, that is interfering with our progress in the war. The Hudson River and the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains seem to be in cahoots with the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Indeed, as these barriers appear on the map of the United States, they make a profile of the Crown Prince himself, with the tip of his thin nose resting on Altoona and his mouth biting into the United States right at Monument Square and the old Baltimore Club in the heart of Baltimore.

repairs are being made even while the machine is doing as much as it can of its new double job.

But the important part of that job, the part that is being done one hundred per cent. perfectly, is filling those ten-minute ships. Whatever energy remains, after responding to the suction of that great ship vacuum, is earnestly devoted by Washington and by the American business machine toward trying to run things as nearly usual as possible. It is a stupendous task from a railroad view point, to start a ship to sea, loaded with three thousand tons of goods, every ten minutes. In the first place the material must be ready. Twenty-one billion dollars' worth have gone over or probably will go over on this short headway schedule, in a year. And in our best years in the United States we do only a thirty-five-billion-dollar manufacturing business. Right there the ships have pulled away all but fourteen billion dollars' worth of our products which we can use for ourselves; that is if with our reduced man-power, we are able to equal our best productive years, which we, of course, are not.

These freight-loads are greatly varied. Each train is made up of cars that have come from various parts of the country, for these ship-loads must carry what are called balanced cargoes. It would be folly, for instance, to load a ship with shell fuses alone; its loss, by a submarine, would render useless in France a thousand ship loads of shells. If it were loaded with shoes alone, and were lost at sea, there would come a day when tens of thousands

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of American soldiers, well-armed and well-fed, might be turned into helpless babes for lack of shoes. Or, if it carried saddles alone, and no horseshoes or bridles, thousands of horses, as a consequence, would some day be rendered useless in France for want of full equipment.

As each incoming ship from Europe sends in by wireless the news of its near arrival to port, cars from scores of factories in many corners of the country begin to rush toward the port from which it is to sail. Woe betide the railroad man, whether he be a brakeman or a manager, who is responsible for any unnecessary delay in the movements of these cars! American officials are stationed at many points to prevent delays. Everything must be sacrificed to hurrying the trains along. Our railroads have carried spruce timbers a hundred feet in length across the continent at express-train speed because at a certain date a certain ship, in a certain convoy of a score or more of ships, must sail with spruce products to Europe. If the spruce were late and the ship were delayed, the great convoy, with all its cargoes of thousands of things needed by our soldiers, might be late. And yet if an engine had been removed from some passenger-train in mid-continent, to help speed this load of lumber along, the passengers, not understanding what was at stake, would have complained of the train service, not knowing that, under such conditions, train service could not be as usual.

Beef, to catch these ships, is more important than average travelers. Six-hundred-ton trains of frozen beef are carried on a thirty-four hour schedule, regularly, between Chicago and New York. An average of six freight trains a day, each carrying a million and a fifth pounds of beef or pork, are sucked like carriers in a giant vacuum tube to the Atlantic Ocean, at express train speed, by the inexorable pumping of this machine of ships. They crowd passenger trains out of service. Freight trains running from the East to the Pacific coast with turbine engines for newly completed ships have broken all time-table records. Wheat and flour specials have been run from Minneapolis or the Dakotas at record speed to meet some Atlantic coast sailing. It is the freight-car and not the Pullman that is doing the nation's work to-day.

Speed compensates, to a certain extent, for a shortage of cars, but, in the effort to get more cars so that the constant demands of the ten-minute ships shall be met, changes are being made in various lines of business that will, in turn, affect us most unexpectedly, as individuals, in our very intimate lives.

Hats *vs.* Hohenzollern

IT IS difficult, for instance, to see what the shape of a man's hat has to do with freight-cars. And yet, under the conservation department of the War Industries Board, hat makers are being encouraged to pack as many hats as possible in one box, instead of following the old custom of putting three hats in a box. The saving in space that was made by one firm alone in this way in six months, was three hundred and forty-nine freight-cars, enough to load two of the ten-minute ships. If the time comes when American men are asked to wear peaked derbies of the Mother-Goose type, so that they can be packed one inside another, ten or twenty in a box, they will do it gladly, realizing how they are helping the speeding freight trains to answer the call of the hungry ten-minute ships.

The careful citizen who buys his winter rubbers this year will be surprised to discover, perhaps, that the clerk removes a pair of rubbers from a pile on a counter, instead of taking them down from a shelf in a neat box. The chances are that the two foot-pieces will be tied together with a bit of string, as they used to be in grandfather's day. It will be interesting to know—for all these war changes are fascinatingly interesting when their reasons are known—that the

One boat steams out of some American port every ten minutes.

rubber overshoe manufacturers will save the use of two thousand five hundred freight-cars this autumn—enough to load almost seventeen of the ten-minute ships, by shipping their goods in bulk instead of in individual cartons. And, just while we're on the rubber man, we might add that the vacuum-like hunger of the ten-minute ships for sulfur, which goes into the making of rubber and for rubber itself, has caused him to cut out five thousand five hundred styles of rubber overshoes. Rubber buyers, this year, aren't finding rubbers as usual, any more than they find anything else as usual.

Women's stockings and blouses, up to this writing, were the latest objects that were receiving the attention of the car-space savers in Washington. They take up too much room, especially the blouses. A fine blouse, which can be crushed into the palm of one masculine hand, required, in peace-time shipping, almost a cubic foot of space, in its solitary box. Blouses are likely to come crushed, before the hunger of the ships is satisfied and the war is over. One-fifth of the box-car space that has been used by the firms that knit stockings and underwear and make dainty wear for women, aggregating several thousands of box cars, and scores of ships, will be saved by changes in packing now under way.

Space, and More Space

IF THE next cake of toilet soap you buy shows a lack of that soft, glistening polish which adds to the luxury of a bath, you may blame it, in part, to the desire for saving box-car space. Sugar is used, in the making of soap, to improve its appearance. In one army order for one hundred thousand pounds of soap, fifteen thousand pounds of shipping space was saved—one small box car—by leaving out the sugar. The change gave the soldiers fifteen thousand pounds more of actual soap, as well, without affecting its cleansing qualities.

Traveling salesmen have been asked to cut down the number of their sample trunks. The reason for this illustrates the unexpected intricacies in war arrangements. One firm, by giving each salesman only one trunk, instead of from four to eight, will give the Government eight baggage-cars a year. Whenever you see a troop train passing, you will note that the last car is a baggage-car, used for cooking. It is the train kitchen. Box-cars, perhaps, might serve as well for kitchens, but they are not made for passenger-train speed and thus, sometimes, hold back a whole troop train because of hot boxes. So the American traveling man has stowed away his trunks in the warehouse in order to help out the men who cook for the troops while they are on their way down to the sea.

The woman who goes to the milliner's these days, for instance, and complains because of lack of variety in hats would end her complaint if she realized that, by selecting from a smaller choice, she was helping some traveling man to help some cook feed a lot of hungry American boys on their journey toward France. By submitting without objection and by encouraging both the milliner and the traveling man with her acquiescence, instead of going to some other store in disgust, seeking a larger assortment of hats, she is helping the cook in the speeding baggage-car and is not lending her strength toward tearing any more holes than already exist in the closely woven texture which we call American business.

The interdependence of businesses is one of the astonishing discoveries that one makes in seeking an answer to the question of why we should economize in war. Business is an interwoven texture; no business can stand of itself. Almost every man, woman and child of us in the United States is a part of business, in some way or another. In peace times this was so, and in war times it is a flaming fact. With American business devoted to the war each one of us, as a part of that business, can do nothing less than take active part in the war. It takes four of us, back here at home, to keep one soldier on the job in Europe. With four million soldiers in Europe, sixteen million of us here must keep at work not to keep things going as usual but to keep the soldiers going in France. Four million and sixteen million make twenty million of us, working directly for war. As the man-power of the United States is only thirty-six million, this

(Continued on page 62)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Alfred Cheney Johnston. Courtesy "Famous Players"—Lasky.

Fred Stone's Becomingest Picture

By Peter Merritt

When Fred Stone was—oh, years under ten—a tight-rope-walker came to town. He was very wonderful and some spangles fell off his tights. Fred took them home and said, "Mother sew some tights on these."

And his mother said, "If you what—Freddy?"

And he said, "If you possibly can."

After that Fred practised so hard tightrope-walking in the back-yard, that next year, when the circus came, he was able to view it from the hole in the top of the tent, having walked thither up the guy-ropes. After a while the manager came out. "You'll break your neck up there, youngster," said he.

"Pooh," said Fred's playmates, "he kin do smarter stunts'n anybody in your old show."

So the manager asked Fred in, and then he offered him a job with the circus. And Fred's father let him go. But that was because his father was a snare-drummer. They make by far the best fathers.

The only catch was that they made Fred wear girls' clothes and a yellow wig to do his clowning in. He hated that. And he carried his costumes in a doll's trunk. Later on he acted *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (We should like to have seen that.)

The three other important dates in Fred Stone's lively life are: 1888, when he met Dave Montgomery; 1904, when he met *Lady Lunatic* in "The Wizard of Oz," who became Mrs. Stone and the mother of the three Stone daughters; and 1918, when Mr. Stone went into pictures, and millions of us who haven't seen just about the funniest and nicest person (he really isn't the handsomest—this picture flatters him shamefully) in the world can see him, and all the rest can see him some more.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Ethel Lavvander's Husband

By Ida M. Evans

Illustrated by Frederic R. Gruger

THE door was closed. Hard. As Ethel Lavvander came hurriedly down the narrow corridor toward it (all the corridors of the big State Street store's fourteenth floor were narrow), the black-lettered frosted-glass upper panel still quivered slightly from the slam of six minutes back.

But the transom above the glass, black-lettered *Manager-in-Chief*, was open. So the two voices sailed out; the one, booming, resonant, angry; the other, lower of pitch, less decisive, but argumentative. That was like hard-thinking, thoughtless George Crandley, Ethel Lavvander could not help reflecting absently, to slam his office door shut to insure conversational secrecy—and leave the large transom open.

But she did not smile as she might have at another time, or had another voice been the second. Her frown was quick and disturbed, and the clear pallor of her clever face took on—not a flush; in long, hour-crammed years Ethel Lavvander's face had learned capillary control—but a faint, almost imperceptible fire that was faintly repeated in her annoyed, clever, gray eyes.

She came to a swift stop as she caught the voices—ten feet from the closed office door. She stood there irresolutely. For the moment the corridor was empty.

Boomed Crandley angrily: "Am I manager of this store—or am I not?"

Lower-pitched, less decisive, but argumentative: "But as a matter of ordinary judgment, Crandley——"

She could visualize the two. Oh, perfectly. Crandley seated, long, heavy, brown cigar at mouth-corner, swivel-chair cocked back, shoulders well back, too, light cloth coat falling open, his full good-looking face flushed with temper, while at intervals he emphasized a point by a fist pounded on the dark mahogany desk that filled almost one-half of the small office. Kerry would be standing, one hip resting against the end of the desk, his long thin fingers playing with his black watch-cord, his dark cloth coat falling in at the hollow space between his shoulder-blades. And every time Crandley's fist, with its great emerald ring, pounded, Kerry's tapering brown eyebrows would nervously contract until they almost touched over the gold bridge of his eyeglasses, and Kerry's underweight form would twitch.

"Am I manager of this store—or am I not?"

And in the end——

In the end, presently, Kerry would deprecatingly give in, Crandley would give a super-magnanimous snort of triumph, take firmer lip-hold of his cigar, whisk his chair around to right angle with his paper-heaped desk, and Kerry Lavvander would quietly leave the room and take an elevator down to his own suboffice on the men's-furnishings floor.

Kerry Lavvander's wife turned abruptly in the empty corridor, and made swift way back to the elevator at the end. She had no desire to know the why or the wherefore of the argument; she strongly preferred not to know. Crandley's decision on the chiffon velvet evening coats' share of the coming Sunday's double-page advertisement for which a coldly clamorous ad-writer had phoned four times, she would get later in the day.

In her own office, on the seventh floor, a small, ornate, glassed-off space at the end of the imported-gowns section, she phoned to this effect. Whereat one Hennessy, on the tenth floor, adman, disgusted, shoved some copy paper in a drawer, angrily shoved a blue pencil behind his ear, and fumed: "Sufferin' Moses! The nerve of some mothers' daughters! For two busted cents, I'd call it a day 'n' take myself out 'n' fan for the White Sox."

Having mechanically hung up her receiver, Ethel Lavvander did not catch this censure and threat. But had the instrument still been at her keen white ear, it is doubtful if she would have heard, anyway. Her own thoughts had immediately plugged her hearing. She had pushed the desk phone back, propped an elbow on the neat-littered fumed surface, propped a coldly thoughtful face in a long, supple, clever palm.

A good-looking face that the long, supple palm propped, very good-looking—taking feature, color and contour. Ethel Lavvander wore her middle thirties as personably as she wore her heavy, light-brown hair or her smart-cut midnight-blue satin business-dress. But you looked at her twice to see just what her face lacked.

Nose was well-formed; chin of a firm curve; eyes oval and dusky gray; mouth red-lipped, well-shaped. Topping all, the clear, clean pallor of a city working woman who respects herself, her cold-cream jar and one Mistress Hebe. But presently, if you were observant, you located the blemish. Sometimes you got at first glance, if you were naturally shrewd or yourself initiated, the slight but unmistakable hardness of expression that overlay, like thin metal, the pleasant profile and the agreeable gray irises.

Three are the marked overlays that the human countenance, by much looking, may acquire: the ascetic overlay which comes from much looking for heaven; the fat overlay which comes from much looking at food; and, third, the hard, calculating overlay which comes from much looking through lean years—and which many after-years of plenty sometimes can not take off.

Time had been in Ethel Lavvander's life

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"But—I don't believe—that I included Kerry in the invitation."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when she stood outside the door of this same office, sullen-eyed, with one ten-cent cotton undervest to her scrawny twelve-year-old back, mustering courage to get her cash-running weekly two dollars hoisted to two-fifty. That time had long since passed—back of sullen eyes, above scrawny underfed back, was a purposeful, sharp young head. But in passing, it had left its mark, like a malicious beast. In very thoughtful moments, Ethel Lavvander's good-looking face was a trifle hard.

However, her life hadn't been the kind to make a tendency toward morbid or idle brooding. Now, after a moment or two, she deliberately put out of her quick mind the fragments of argument that had sailed out the open transom, and, with one efficient movement, took up her desk telephone and her memorandum pad for the day.

THE pad was finely written. She began at the top: called the floorman of the afternoon-gowns section and ordered an inartistically overloaded display-rack lightened of some dozen garments; called Mrs. Crepy, head-saleswoman of the evening-gowns section, and ordered a small, just-received shipment of latest gowns reserved for the choice of certain fastidious Lake Shore customers before being put out for the general buying public; called the superintendent of employees and asked that two superfluous silk-blouse saleswomen be transferred to the millinery section; called the head of the nouveau art section and tartly advised the removal from counter display of several dozen black-eagle medallions, this being no time thoughtlessly, accidentally, or intentionally, to hang forth any insignia of the partner of *Gott;* called a window-trimmer and ordered a next day's color scheme made orange and azure instead of the preordered apricot and cobalt; called the chief detective and inquired if two "lifted" charmeuse-and-filet negligées had been traced.

Betweenwhiles, her telephone buzzed. Others were calling her—the head of the ready-made house dresses to ask permission to substitute, for rack exhibit, some plentiful mauve percale instead of scarce blue gingham; the assistant head of the millinery to request meekly a share of Friday's single-page advertisement; a floorman to report horrifiedly that he had just O.K'd a counter-delivery of beaded chiffon blouse charged by a woman imposter; a silk-buyer to demand her congratulations on his having unearthed some blue serge in a remote jobbing-house; a jobber to offer her first look at some left-over lots of satin bridge-dresses; the under-superintendent of a men's-wear manufactory to ask the loan, for a few days, of the big store's power-machines, including operators.

This last was a most unusual request. Ethel Lavvander's well-kept eyebrows went up, but her voice took on a familiar note not used toward the other telephoners of the morning. She and the under-superintendent of the Textall Manufacturing Company, Joanna Coffy, had once stood hand in hand and scared, both eleven years old, from homes whose kitchen windows were framed in the same gaunt west-side tenement, and made cringing application for cash-running positions.

"Why—I don't know, Jo——"

"Ethel, you've got to! Say, this is the first time in my life I ever pulled the personal-friendship rope, but we're up against it." Joanna Coffy's nasal voice came surcharged with all the nervous energy that the years since that cringing application had demanded of and given to her. "Oh, it isn't a question of profits for the Textall Company. It's time—days; we're lagging behind on a Government order. Khaki shirts. And cantonments are waiting—— "

"Oh—Government work." Into Ethel Lavvander's crisp, careful voice came the subtly responsive tone that has become common to most American voices. "Why—that's different," readily. "That is—the power-rooms don't come under my management——"

"I know that," impatiently. "But you——"

"—and I don't know how busy they are. But we'd let any civilian stuff—custom shirts and such—wait. Naturally."

Over the wire came a little grunt that was thanks, relief, and regards. "And the rental—shall I call up Ryson? Not that it's material to us——"

"Oh, that'll likely be immaterial to us," promptly.

"Times have changed," observed Joanna Coffy. "Some—change." Ethel Lavvander, listening, smiled amusedly. She knew what the hiatus meant. Joanna had been obliged to pause to shove up—"shove" is the correct verb—with large-knuckled hand the mass of gray-black hair that was forever falling down her sallow, nervous, perspiring forehead; the under-superintendent of the Textall Company respected neither cold-cream jar, invisible hairpins, nor the rice-powder box.

"Time was," she went on briskly, "when the big store would have charged loan-shark rates for five-minutes' use of its rustiest bobbin. But—" Joanna chuckled; "time was when the Textall Company would have been boiled in oil before we'd have asked such a favor. And it seems to be my fault—this mess," abruptly glum. "Not Powell, the superintendent's. We've got the textiles—to the last yard and button. But I overestimated our machines' capacity for rushed output. Though I've a deep, dark suspicion"—with cold wrath—"that a dozen or more of our best operators are lagging purposely—for the 'fatherland.' Well—you'll arrange it with Ryson and Crandley?"

ETHEL LAVVANDER promised. Joanna Coffy expeditiously hung up. The telephone buzzed again—fast, repeatedly. Mrs. Crepy wanted advice on marking down some window-faded chiffon bridge-gowns; the lace-waist head wanted orders on marking up some rare silver-cloth panniers; the head of the coats wanted directions on pricing a batch of new duvetyn garments. Then she herself again began to call, a salesman in the silks for sales data, a saleswoman in the crêpes for buying data, a floorman in the chiffons for a rearrangement of counters for Saturday's sale.

The telephone system of the big store was bigger than that of many a fair-sized town of these United States; the plugs of its exchange board were many and intricate. And even in an establishment that ranked efficiency above the price of rubies or wisdom, sometimes a cog inefficiently slipped. One slipped now. A new phone girl pulled a wrong plug, and instead of the chiffon section on the third floor, Ethel got the busy wire between the office of Wack Kells, superintendent of employees, and that of Henry Ryson, assistant manager, and next to Crandley in real authority.

Came Kells's curt, oldish voice: "Well, Lavvander seems to think—" "Oh," Ryson's basso was brusk and disdainful, "what the devil difference does it make what *he* thinks?" "Well," Kells was casually contemptuous, "it doesn't make much, of course. But as a matter of ordinary judgment——"

The wrong plug was suddenly put back; the busy wire was cut off; the chiffon section was connected with Ethel Lavvander's office. But she had forgotten why she called the floorman; abruptly she cut herself off from all wires by hastily hanging up her receiver. Her gray eyes were aflame, black. Her ears were scarlet-tipped.

NOW, several times in Ethel Lavvander's busy, ambitious life, she had let slip the leash of a natural self-control and allowed pure primitive rage to possess her. Not many times—but several.

Once when, a scrawny thirteen-year-old cash-girl, she had been "fired" for no juster reason than a sandy-haired floor-walker's indigestion. Once when, a pert sixteen-year-old salesgirl, she had hungrily expended a rare thirty-five cents for a table d'hôte and got tainted corned beef and soured raisin pie. Once when a small-souled head-ribbon buyer, deliberately laid on her, under-buyer, the odium of an unwary order. Once when, as pretty, happy twenty-two-year-old Ethel Scotey and first wearing Kerry Lavvander's modest diamond ring, she had beheld a good-looking pompadoured little blonde at the glove counter brazenly give Kerry the come-hither-and-be-treated-nice look right under her—Ethel's—haughty, proprietary eyes. Once when an import jobber coolly offered her forty dollars to buy his line of shoddy ready-made serge dresses instead of a rival jobber's better stuff.

But these bad occasions had been weak, emotionally, compared to the storm of feeling that possessed her now. A storm the more dangerous that any one entering the small, ornate office would have seen no sign of it except the dark flaming irises and the scarlet tips of ears.

However, she sat very still, steelily still, till she had herself somewhat under control; till irises were somberly dark instead of aflame; till she had mastered the impulse to descend to her husband's department and pour out at him all the acid of resentment against him that had been accumulating, month by month, year by year, in her soul. Against his lack of marked ability, his inferiority to Ryson, to Kells, most of all to Crandley, even—she was not a pettily vain woman, but neither was she pettily modest—to herself.

That brusk sneer of Ryson's—Kells's casual contempt! How many saleswomen, office men, operators, heard that bit of talk—heard, often, other bits of similar trend—and smiled to themselves? At Kerry. At her. Ah, it was humiliating!

And now that for the first time she had actually admitted to herself this feeling of humiliation, a certain grim calm settled upon her. It was out at last—out clearly in her thoughts, this, her mental attitude toward Kerry. Kerry, who throughout the big State Street store was dubbed clever Ethel Lavvander's husband. Kerry, whom twelve years before she had——

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

3 "Isn't the fact that it's a Government order a reason?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Twelve years before she had been third under-ribbon-buyer in this store. Not a great nor a greatly remunerative niche. But a creditable one, considering the cash-running not many years back. And more creditable—in the opinion of some, herself included possibly—than Kerry's, her bridegroom at that time. Selling cigars to small outlying city stores is not, to the initiated, a madly important or promising job. It had been Ethel, smugly satisfied in her own success, who urged him to give it up, one week of small commissions, and come into the big store under the convenient shadow of her own fairly successful wing—a wing that she never even thought of letting the shears of matrimony clip to the confines of a home coop.

Henry Ryson was manager of the first floor then. He readily put Ethel Scotey's husband of three months into the haberdashery section.

"Glad to do it—for you," in his brusk, heavy voice. "Tell you what, Ethel, you're a good, bright girl. We need a smart fellow or two in that section. And I'm betting—" Ryson's laugh boomed low at his own acumen—"you'd pick a smart one for a husband, Ethel—I'll bet my best shoes no cheap, silk-socked sapling of inefficiency'd get your bright young heart—hey?"

Ethel, brightly tripping away, had laughed, too, not ill-pleased at the compliment. She remembered that even a bit of flattered pink must have shown in each cheek. Now—twelve years later—her gray eyes grew disdainfully cold at the recollection. Silly!

THE judgment of Ryson the astute had been fifty-fifty as regarded acumen. She herself had stepped from the ribbon-buying under-rung up—up. She had taken precedence of other under-buyers—of head-buyers—of under-managers—of managers——

She precisely knew how she stood now. The Big Four of the big store—so the other employees termed them: Crandley, Ryson, Kells, herself—Kerry——

True, he had not been addicted to silk socks ever. He was a quiet, seemly young man attired habitually in blue serge and neutral neckties. But at the start he had not cared for a department store as a place to spend his days in. So he said hesitantly. He disliked the time-clock and the narrow spacing behind the counters. To keep him in the big store the first year or so took all Ethel's composure and coaxing. But she was very composed, and she coaxed carefully. And—she reminded him once or twice that his commissions outside had been, some weeks, small. Smaller than her own weekly wage! He had flushed at this, once or twice, muttered that he hadn't intended, either, to sell cigars all his life.

For a period of years his thin, quiet face graced the haberdashery section. Counter clerk. Then, along with her, he advanced. Partly in the wake of her, she often reflected. Partly, she often suspected, Ryson and Crandley hoisted him to please her. At any rate, he was now—in name at least—on the managerial roster.

Potent word that, in department-store parlance—manager! But even managerially one can be merely "among those present."

As Kerry was. As she knew. As every one in the store knew.

There was worse.

Blunders in department-store management are like warts, or bunions. No amount of otherwise smooth surface of things can offset one ugly excrescence. And it seemed that whenever Kerry attempted to prop himself out of "among those," he blundered.

The time, for instance, that he held a big way-below-cost sale of medium-value madras shirts—a sale that cleared stock-shelves like a whirlwind a cornfield. And the next day the garment-makers went on a three-months strike, and ready-made shirts were scarcer than daisies on the Sahara.

She had never forgotten the contemptuous wrath in George Crandley's eyes when he knew. Contempt and wrath which were quickly veiled with consideration when he turned to her.

"Oh, well"—with assumed lightness he had said—"mistakes will happen in the best-regulated department stores."

"Some of the stuff's been on the shelves a good while," in some confusion Kerry tried to explain. "I didn't think of a strike causing a future scarcity, of course——"

Crandley had swung away, disdaining after-it-happened explanations.

Then—the time the second floor was subdivided—Kerry ordered a partition running north and south. But Crandley already had ordered one east and west. Two sets of carpenters met, argued, squabbled, shouldered tools to march away; Crandley phoned down angry adjudication. Observers had laughed——

Kerry's tapering black eyebrows had contracted nervously when afterward he talked the matter over with her.

"I certainly can blunder at times"—preoccupiedly. "But I was positive Crandley had left the matter to me entirely."

Her response had been perfunctory. She avoided his glance. But she had been strongly minded to inform him that she herself had climbed by a premeditated avoidance of blunders. Any one can blunder who doesn't take the keen trouble not to.

THERE had been other incidents. Many. Some big; some little but pricking, like a mosquito's bite. As the years went on, arguments, some bitter, some casual, between Kerry and Crandley increased. And as the years went on, she had seen the spasmodic irritation in George Crandley's eyes change to a cold, steady judgment, while Ryson and Kells—well, their attitude was less noticeable, but the overheard snatch on the chance wire was illuminating. Again the tips of Ethel Lavvander's ears turned scarlet. And to-day——

To-day Kerry and Crandley had again come to argument over something, and the outcome again—the outcome would be that again she would have to side, bitterly though silently, with Crandley, again have to wish in cold secrecy that Kerry—well, that she did not have to feel humiliation over her own husband.

She propped an elbow again on the neat-littered fumed surface of her desk, propped in long, supple palm a face over which, like thin metal, lay a hard expression. She wished coldly that Kerry would not tell her, though. She knew Crandley would not. A certain sense of gratitude for some time now had been growing in her toward George Crandley. He was considerate. He had never even attempted to "talk over" Kerry with her. And behind this considerate silence, she had felt, for a long time, a great kindliness toward her, as though she were not to blame—ought, in fact, to be compensated, to——

Her telephone buzzed. She did not pick it up. She glanced hastily at her watch—a glittering gold-and-gemmed wrist-affair which Kerry one birthday had given her. Too ornate entirely for business wear. Her acceptance and wearing had been conventionally appreciative. But it kept excellent time. Now she saw that it was one-fifteen. The morning had gone, and Kerry would be waiting for her at their habitual table in the tea-room on the eighth floor.

She picked up the still buzzing telephone. It was Kerry.

"Coming," she answered briefly. "Yes—order my coffee and salad."

PRESENTLY, as she crossed the tessellated floor of the tea-room, the merest flicker of a small, peculiar smile went across her face. She had caught, as she neared the quietly waiting Kerry, a whispered bit between an old waitress and a new:

"Yes—that's Mis' Lavvander and her husband. Real devoted—they al'ays eat lunch together, f'r years an' years now."

Devoted! Laughable; but she cynically felt that she ought to be thankful that not every employee of the big store was analytical.

Nearing Kerry, she coldly, appraisingly, observed him. He was much the quiet, thin man whom she had married. Older; with more than a few lines; a fleck of gray in his light hair. But being so light the hair hardly showed the gray. His tapering, brown eyebrows were contracted; he looked worried.

She hoped, sharply now, that he would not tell her why. And she wished, as she had half-wished often this last year or so, that she could break this daily mechanical habit of lunching together. Only long habit kept it up. She remembered, though, with a small, unpleasant feeling of amusement, that once she had maneuvered daily that their noon-hours might meet. And when they did not meet, the day was quite ruined. Wasn't there one day, long back in the years, when she, angrily appetiteless, sulked and left half-eaten her favorite pie à la mode because down in the haberdashery section a silly, foppish old man, who just as well could have hunted cravats later in the day or earlier, detained Kerry! And now——

Well, the law is change. Now she involuntarily neglected to nod at Kerry, quietly waiting until she had glanced around the room to see who else was there. Of the "Big Four," that is. Ryson, she glimpsed in a corner, expeditiously chewing his daily roast-beef rare—he was not a dainty eater. Kells was entering. And—Crandley. With faint feeling of cynicism, she absently recalled that once, twelve years back, on her way to the sixteenth-floor cafeteria for the lesser employees, she had glimpsed the three men making leisurely way into this lower, choicer eating precinct, and had vowed ambitiously some day to be making her own leisurely, satisfied way in with them. More absently, she now recalled that then Crandley had been merely one of the three, had not yet assertively pushed himself into dominancy——

(*Continued on page 63*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Those Homekeeping Hearts

Copyright, Byron Co., Photograph from Press Illu. Service.

Of course Norma Talmadge (to the right) doesn't belong on this good reactionary old page because she is wearing trousers, but the spirit of the picture is in keeping with what we were saying, which is that after the war is over we sincerely hope that women will return to the home, at the same time, of course, keeping up their outside interests as conductorettes and ticket-choppers and policewomen and fireladies, thus releasing us men for the hammock.

Select Pictures.

Now that all American women who are not driving handsome French and Italian officers around in the too, too becoming uniform of the Women's Motor Corps are earning fabulous salaries in a dizzy whirl of munition-making, our thoughts turn to the good old ante-bellum days when the antis kept saying "Woman's place is in the home" and got away with it!

This is a gentle tale of those olden days when the twentieth century was not yet in her teens, when she was care-free and gay and hadn't yet had to learn strange hard words like Hooverize and camouflage. Behold (above) Pauline Frederick humming "Poor Pauline" over the set tubs, as she demonstrates the truth of the immortal saying that everything (including war-time dyes) comes out in the wash.

Select Pictures.

Byron Company.

In the days to come, mothers will take their daughters on their knees and, just before leaving for the directors' meeting, tell them the unbelievable tale of how they once were happy the whole morning dusting the parlor and rearranging the bric-à-brac. Gladys Hanson is a young woman, but even she used to be "caught" by photographers "fussing around the house," which only shows that the world has never moved so swiftly as at present.

The fair Alice Brady used to be passionately domestic. She got up early to rearrange the attic and spent long delicious afternoons embroidering her initials on the dish-towels. The thought of an untidy bureau drawer was enough to make her cut a rehearsal, and a speck of dust once discovered on the piano almost brought on a nervous breakdown.

She was all wrapped up in her spotless gas-range "Benjamin," and often declared it would not act properly for anybody except herself. Right in the middle of a dress-making fitting or, far worse, an interview, she would dash off to see if her angel-cake was doing as well as could be expected. But now after work we venture to say that poor war-working Miss Brady eats at a push-cart or the Ritz or something. Those time-loving hearts! Where are they now?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

My Memories *of* Vernon Castle

By Irene Castle

THE gay figure who danced his way from obscurity into the youthful heart of America, and who commanded the enthusiasm which America has always accorded those who express its bonhomie and its love of life—how little we knew him, how little we cared about the real man who lived behind the dancer's mask!

To us, Vernon Castle was merely the master of our lighter hours, the pierrot of the minute, and when he unhesitatingly answered a greater call and gave his life for a deeper cause, we did not understand. Perhaps we did not try, for America forgets quickly.

Now comes this story of Vernon Castle, simply told by one who knew him best. We found in it, and we are sure every one in these times will find in it, revelation and inspiration. It began in the November number.—THE EDITOR.

SO WE sailed for Paris, with a great many good wishes, very little money, and accompanied by Walter and Zowie. Walter was an old negro who had been a servant in my family for a great many years. He went along as cook, valet and general utility. Zowie was an English bulldog, named after Vernon's part in "The Hen-Pecks."

The contract which had been signed with the French manager in New York did not include me, but it was thought that I might be fitted in somehow. As the manager had seen me in the small part I had in "The Hen-Pecks," it was not surprising that he should have made no effort to sign me up for his new *revue*.

We had an uneventful trip over, uneventful save for the deck sports. We traveled on the *S. S. Zealand* and arrived at Antwerp, where we were fascinated by the cathedral and narrow winding streets. I was particularly interested in the milk-carts drawn by dogs. We found them very serious-minded dogs that were trained early to attend to business alone. They passed all other dogs in the street without even turning their heads or showing the slightest interest. They did not seem to care to meet friends.

I did get some little Dutch bonnets that met with great success in Paris and afterwards were widely copied here.

As we were not due in Paris for a few days, we decided to see Brussels, which we found a baby Paris. There were more dog-carts—some drawing hay and wood or moving families from one house to another. In the lace-shops there was so much that I wanted to buy and so little that I could afford. I did get some little Dutch bonnets that met with great success in Paris and afterwards were widely copied here. But this was not till after we had appeared in "The Sunshine Girl" and at Louis Martin's. The lines of these Dutch bonnets even went one season into bathing-caps and motor-bonnets.

In Brussels we saw two or three *revues*, of which we understood no word; dined in a few dainty little restaurants; got fleeced by the usual highwayman interpreter in the hotel and at last, with a fast-thinning "roll," we boarded the train for Paris and our uncertain future.

Darker days and a period of great uncertainty lay ahead of us. We sensed this immediately upon arriving in Paris. I had taken over five hundred cigarets with me, not knowing that it was against the laws to take them into France. We also had some playing-cards and matches, which we learned afterward was almost as bad as to try and smuggle a bomb in now. The custom authorities seized our trunks and held them. Walter stayed at the station to watch our belongings, while we sat in our expensive hotel doing nothing. At last he came back with the bad tidings that the cigarets, matches and cards were to be confiscated and we must pay six hundred francs. Now six hundred francs was just about half of all the money we had in the world. It hurt to pay this, but it was useless to protest, as we could not speak French and did not know how to plead our case.

That same afternoon while trying to jam the cork into an *eau de Cologne* bottle by pounding it on a bedpost, the bottle broke, and all the cologne flew into poor Zowie's eyes, who was lying on the bed. It burned her awfully, and she nearly went mad trying to rub it out of her eyes on the carpet. We rushed her out to a drug-store and there they sent us to a veterinarian's, who was afraid that she would lose the sight of one eye, anyway. This completely disheartened us, because we adored her. I felt entirely to blame for my carelessness, and was picturing myself driving her around through the parks day after day—because she loved driving—to make up for the loss of her sight. We bathed her eyes constantly and watched over her until at last her eyes became entirely well again, but they were nervous, unhappy days for us and did not tend to lighten the gloom which had settled

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Walter, our only friend during our early days in Paris.

down on us since our days aboard ship.

As soon as we got in touch with the theatre for which Vernon had been engaged to do comic parts, we learned that the *revue* had been postponed and that it would be six weeks before any money could be expected from *that* source. The salary was less than in New York, because we had been told that it was much cheaper living in Paris than in the United States. In the making of theatrical contracts, this old gag has been worked many times. Now living may have been cheaper in Paris, but it was not so for *us*, as we did not know French and had no idea where to buy things cheaply. For the foreigner, Paris is probably the most expensive place in the world. We did find out, however, that the hotel was costing us more than it need have, so we moved to a small three-room apartment in the Rue St. George, half way up the hill to Montmartre. It was very small, on the top floor and the walls came in to meet you half way, as they do in those attic rooms. We had one bedroom, Walter, our servant, the other, and the third was dining-room and sitting-room all in one. There was a small kitchen in addition, where Walter cooked, when we had anything to cook, and a bath, a great luxury for a small apartment in Paris.

The management of the theatre promised me a small part and rehearsals began. Our funds were low and in order to pay our rent it was necessary to borrow two hundred francs from the theatre. The weather was frightful and we could not often walk to rehearsals. We dared not run the risk of spoiling our clothes in the bad weather. I had one suit, a dark blue one, which I wore every day, washing the white flannel collar and cuffs every night to keep it looking fresh.

Our evenings we spent playing seven-up with Walter—a game he had taught us and at which he always won—or walking with him through Montmartre to peek in at the dance-halls and cabarets. Night after night we watched the other people. Walter learned a few words of French very quickly and did all the shopping. The shop-keepers liked him, and he often brought me an orange or an apple that he had "worked" the old man for, who kept the shop on the corner.

When we arrived in Paris, we began the custom of keeping the big copper pennies in a little silk bag hung on the door-knob. They were so big that we did not want to carry them around in our pockets. Every night each one of us put his coppers into the bag, but it was not long before we had to make our "last stand" with it. We had borrowed from the management of the theatre till we were afraid to ask for more; in fact, we were very little helped by the money that we borrowed from the theatre, for it had to be turned over immediately to our landlady. She was a large, noisy woman, who was only amiable when "paid in full."

Every time we paid the rent, however, we had one good dinner and blowout. It was usually at some little restaurant on a boulevard. Walter always went with us, for he was the only person we knew in Paris, and we loved his company. We had champagne on these occasions and more than we wanted to eat, because there was so little left from the rent that it never seemed worth saving, and the glass of wine washed our cares away and kept our misfortunes from swamping us. We even used to order a whole steak for Zowie, to make it a big night for her too. I can remember Vernon buying me a petticoat and hat with one of our "rolls" of borrowed money. We had admired them both on our way to and from rehearsals, and I had looked so long and hungrily at the black-and-white-striped petticoat costing nineteen francs that, though we could ill afford it, Vernon insisted on buying it for me even before we paid the rent. By the time we had had dinner and taken a cab home, there was very little left to start the next day.

Felix, Paris.

Some of the Paris clothes I was anxious to show my home town.

Walter received no wages, but he was quite happy, and believed that our misfortunes would soon be over. We had sailed with such high hopes and good wishes from every one that we hated to admit that we were beaten at the outset. To have sent home for money, consequently, never occurred to us. We figured that we could hold out four days more if we lived on potatoes or milk along with our fried eggs. We could not have both, but then in four days the *revue* ought to open, though rehearsals did not seem very encouraging.

Walter came to the rescue at the end of the fourth day. He rushed into the room carrying many packages. He had taught the valet in the apartment below ours to play craps. By risking nine cents he had won three and one-half francs. To offset this good luck, the *revue* was again delayed, and after carefully looking over our possessions for something to pawn, the

Reutlinger, Paris.

Mrs. Castle and "Zowie" in Paris, 1912.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

choice fell upon a gold watch which had belonged to my great-aunt. It was a very fat, ugly one that my mother had loaned me with due ceremony to impress upon me its ancestral value. I felt very proud to be trusted with it, but now I parted with it tearlessly and forgot all of my promises to guard and prize it all the days of my life. Walter went out with it and came back with fifteen francs. He had sold it outright for the gold. That night was another blowout.

We had reached that stage in the rehearsals at which it was possible to tell what the *revue* was going to be like. It was shaping up, but not to our satisfaction. Vernon hated his part. He was to play *Duncan*, a Greek poet, and the long-haired wig, short tunic and sandals made him look quite ridiculous, more so than he appeared in any of the comic costumes of the Lew Fields shows. Moreover, the scene did not seem very funny. When translated into English the lines had no point at all. We thought that they might have some meaning in French, but as the audience never laughed at them, we decided we were right in the first place. Vernon was discouraged from the opening night. He wanted to give it up, but there was no turning back. We owed the company nearly one thousand francs, and there was no way to pay except by working it out.

In this whole adventure there was but one satisfactory side and that was the opportunity to do together a very pretty little pantomime called "The Lead Soldier and the Paper Doll." This was founded upon an old fairy-tale. It all happened in front of a fireplace. A singer stood near the footlights and told the story as we went through our little dance. Our costumes were lovely. Vernon had a tin-soldier suit, made out of silver cloth with the coat tinted blue and the trousers red. He carried a wooden gun. We both made up our faces in a doll-like way—with obvious eyelashes painted round our eyes, and big red spots in the middle of our cheeks. I wore a white taffeta dress with a tight bodice and full skirt hung with garlands of pink paper roses. My hair was done in stiff little curls round my ears and slicked down flat on top. The story was the usual fairy-tale—we came to life and the tin soldier, who had long been in love with the paper doll, tried to catch her in his funny stiff arms and tell her of his love. Being the usual coquettish young lady, she would have none of his attentions and ran wildly away from one side of the stage to the other, until he, finally, brokenhearted, threw himself into the chiffon flames in the fireplace. Whereupon the doll, finding life unbearable without him, followed him to his fate with a wild leap into the fireplace. I had always hoped to do this pantomime in America, and it will always be one of my greatest regrets that we were never able to show our friends here the one happy souvenir of our first appearance in France.

A favorite dancing costume.

In the last act of the *revue* we sang "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." It created a great sensation—not our singing of it, but the song. We followed this with a sort of grizzly bear dance. It was very rough, more so than any dance we ever did in this country. In later years we tried to get away as much as possible from the acrobatic style of dancing, but at just this period, it was the most popular. I wore a little short pierrette costume and carried a big white Teddy-bear. It was a sort of Texas Tommy dance. As this was entirely from memory of what we had seen Blossom Seeley do in "The Hen-Pecks," it was quite unusual. Then, too, Blossom Seeley had danced alone, and we were trying, both of us, to imitate her Frisco style. It was liked in Paris and we were encouraged to go on.

Vernon had come to Paris, however, as a comedian, and particularly to do the barber-shop scene. Though he was happy with the dancing, he hated the small part of *Duncan*, the Greek poet. Besides, the Olympia, where we were playing, was a dirty theatre, and unspeakably evil-smelling behind the scenes, so we decided to get out when the money we had borrowed was paid back. After deducting the money advanced, the theatre owed us about ten

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, Ira L. Hill.

Vernon in the days of our early success.

francs. We were not disturbed, for we had become used to living on nothing and uncertainty. It seemed a rash thing to do, but we quit!

Luckily, an agent we went to see suggested that we try out one night in the Café de Paris. This looked very good to us. Much to his distress (because he feared we might not land the job), I ordered a simple little white frock made. It was to cost sixty francs. We did some work rehearsing our grizzly bear dance, and wrote one other rough-and-tumble number to ragtime. Louis, the head waiter of the café, asked us to come the night before our try-out. We were to have supper on him and to size up the audience. I put on my wedding-dress and a little Dutch bonnet for this the most important chance of our stay in Paris. Papa Louis, as we came to call him later, gave us a good table and the best meal we had had since we left New York. During the evening he came to us and told us that a Russian nobleman, who was one of his good patrons, had sent him over to ask us to dance. It seemed that some one had seen us at the Olympia after all! At first we refused. I had a dress on with a train, and we weren't keyed up to the work as yet. But Louis pleaded with us. The Russian was one of his very best customers, so I pinned up my train and we resolved to do our best.

Fortunately that afternoon we had been to the café to rehearse with the orchestra leader. He was all prepared, and though we were not, we sailed out on to the floor. It was a trying moment, as we had not been dancing long enough to have great confidence. But once we had started, and Vernon had given me a little reassuring squeeze, nothing mattered. Perhaps it was the informality of our first cabaret performance, perhaps it was because the audience thought that we were guests, perhaps because we were new at the game; in any event, our little dance was much applauded. While we were both quivering with nervous excitement, for it meant so much to us after the weeks of discouragement, Louis came up with three hundred francs from his Russian friend. He asked that we repeat the dance. Vernon was most embarrassed and quite proudly insisted that we could not take the money. I stepped hard on his foot and "collared" the three hundred. I did not feel that we could refuse, primarily because we needed it so much, and then I thought that we might easily offend the Russian nobleman by doing so. This seemed to me an especially bad thing to do as it had been made clear to us that he was so great a friend of Louis's. I was right; it was the custom in Paris to tip all entertainers lavishly, and we afterward made much more from tips than through our contract. We danced our encore and went home very happy for the first time since we arrived in France. With this performance behind us, our try-out scheduled for the next night had no terrors for us. When we got home, we woke up poor Walter and flashed the three hundred francs in his face. It was worth the nick in our pride to see his expression of joy.

When we went to the Café de Paris the next night, we found that Louis had kept us the same table, which was a very good one. As there are only about thirty tables in the room, it was extremely generous of him to let us have it. Before this, cabaret entertainers had not been allowed to sit at the tables as if they were guests. They were accustomed to appear from the kitchen or somewhere behind the piano. They did their specialty and then made their exit as mysteriously as they had appeared. For the six months that we stayed at the Café de Paris, we had supper each night at Louis's expense, and never once did we give up our table. All this was a great honor and I feel that in many ways it helped tremendously toward the success we afterward obtained.

We were young, clean, married and well-mannered. The respect shown us by the management was mirrored in the attitude of our audiences. My clothes were simplicity itself, and I had no jewelry, which makes me think of the saying: "Nice girl —no jewelry." The Frenchwomen were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The card used to advertise our nightly appearances at the Café de Paris.

elaborately dressed and wore many jewels.

We had not been long at the Café de Paris before Louis offered us a six months' engagement. I decided it would be best to wait a week or two to find out if our popularity continued. If so, I knew we could name our own terms. We were able to do this and we continued to dance there for nearly six months. In addition we had many private engagements every week. We danced with many famous and important people and we gave two command performances.

From the bleak, dreary place that Paris was when we first arrived, it became almost enchanted for us. We went to the races, the theatres, the other cafés and restaurants. We saw everything and met everybody. But, through it all, we continued to live in our little attic apartment because we had become so attached to it. Incidentally Walter now received a salary.

Louis spoiled us. We could dance at any hour, and at any moment we chose, and only as often as we liked. Sometimes it was only one dance. But in spite of Louis's kindness, we were becoming anxious about New York. We were impatient to return and, though Louis begged us to stay on, we decided to try our luck in America. I had a trunkful of beautiful new clothes that I was anxious to show to people in my home town. So we sailed.

Of our work at home—both in public and private, at Louis Martin's, where we made our first success, at our own restaurant and on tour, as performers and as teachers of dancing—I shall tell in another article. This is the account of all our days in France—France, where we first succeeded, and France to which Vernon later went as an aviator.

We went back to the Café de Paris many times to dance and to see Louis. Once we danced a week for him for nothing. That was the summer we were to dance at Deauville. Louis wanted to engage us, but our price had gone up so much and his place was so small that he couldn't possibly pay us what we had been receiving in America, so we decided to give him a week in an effort to repay somewhat his many kindnesses to us. Poor Louis! He was so disappointed that we couldn't stay all summer, but we had agreed to dance in Deauville for the month of August, and we had literally outgrown the Café de Paris. The dancing space there was so small and our dances had expanded so much that we were hampered. But in that week that we spent with Louis, we were very happy. The café was filled with happy memories of the year before and it was so pleasant to be with Louis again. He watched us go through our different dances, night after night. If a waiter so much as rattled a plate while we were dancing, he would fly at him in rage.

At Deauville we were to be one of the attractions that were to help rival Trouville. We were to dance every night in the Casino at dinner-time. We were guests of the hotel, and everything, even our cigarets and champagne, was provided for us. In addition we had three hundred francs a day. In that happy summer it didn't seem worth while to save this money, so we gambled it all away each night at baccarat and *petits-cheveaux*. We were both atrociously unlucky and not, like Walter, capable of teaching new games, but it was great fun. My mother was with us, and I can remember one night when Vernon had "dropped" our three hundred francs in particularly short order. He came back to mother and me to beg for more money with which he was perfectly certain of winning this time. I never fell for those stories, but mother was touched and gave him another hundred francs to run off and play with. Of course that went the way of the first three hundred. We could soon tell this by his crestfallen look when he returned to us. He was such a child about gambling as in everything else. He never won anything in his life to my knowledge, but he never lost faith in his luck.

He might even have lost his life in a wager that he made in Texas shortly before his fatal accident. Some one offered to bet him that he would not stand on one of the wings of an air-plane when it was up. He agreed he would not do so, but that if some one would put up five hundred dollars, he would run his machine through a hangar, come out and go over the second, turn down quickly, go through the third and then, coming out, go over the top of the fourth hangar. This bet was not taken up.

Another summer we were at Deauville, the next one, and things were very different. We had arrived in Paris in July and there were ugly rumors of a war. No one seemed certain, but there was an undercurrent of something unusual. Louis, who knew every one, all the important people, was sure that war would somehow be averted, and so on the last day of July, 1914, we went once again to Deauville.

Our contract called for our appearance on the first of August. We had told an American friend who was spending the summer in Europe that we would be at Deauville and that it was an amusing place in which to spend August. He was sitting disconsolate in the lobby of the hotel when we arrived. There were practically no guests, and those that were there were leaving by the score. We had passed hundreds of cars streaming down the road toward Paris as we neared Deauville. We went to the Casino where we were to dance. We wanted to talk things over with the orchestra leader. The deserted place on that summer afternoon was a picture I shall not soon forget. The great room was empty save for one or two hangers-on, and the orchestra was playing the "*Marseillaise*." I have never heard anything more stirring in view of what was impending and the fact that they were playing for the last time together and all would leave to join their regiments in a few minutes. It made my heart stand still. Now we knew there was to be war. When they stopped playing, the orchestra leader spoke to us sadly, then he hastened away.

It occurred to us that we might as well try to get away, as we learned it was the last day one could sail for England without a passport—there was a refugee boatload going out that night. Our contract had been canceled by what is termed an "act of God," though I do not believe any one except the Kaiser is willing to believe that God had anything to do with this war.

The waiters were lined up in a long line that ran snakelike for many blocks, receiving their pay and starting as fast as they could for their mobilization points. All

"Tell," Vernon's police dog, whom he rescued from France in the chaos of war.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the baggage-men had gone, so piling our trunks, hat-boxes and hand packages as best we could into an old cab which supported a very ancient horse, we galloped through Deauville with flapping side curtains to get a boat from Trouville to Havre. We had arrived almost penniless from Paris and were unable to get any money in the hotel, though we pleaded for at least one day's salary to get us to England. They merely showed us empty cash drawers and shrugged their shoulders and said: *"C'est la guerre,"* a phrase all of us have had to hear so often since. Finally, one of the clerks told us that he had some Belgian money and we exchanged some perfectly good American Express checks for Belgian money which was worth just about nothing then.

We managed to get on a boat for Havre. Fortunately, in purchasing our tickets, one of the Belgian notes was mistaken for a French note. We had Tell, Vernon's police-dog and one of my little Belgian griffons with us. We did not have the proper papers to take Tell out of France, nor the quarantine papers necessary to take him into England. He would not be allowed without them on the Channel boat. We dashed madly about Havre trying to find a place to leave him. At last, we found a veterinary who agreed to keep him, after having looked over two other boarding kennels which did not satisfy Vernon as a clean or safe place in which to leave Tell. After giving instructions to the man to look after Tell as though he were his only child, and promising him a fat reward if he did, Vernon told Tell to go into one of the large straw-filled cages at the end of the room. Poor Tell, though looking very disturbed, obeyed perfectly, as usual, and walked into his little prison without a murmur. Vernon was heartbroken. He hated to leave him, but it was the only way.

The Channel boat that night was hideously crowded. People stretched out on the decks with scarcely any space between them. Ordinarily the boat only carried about three hundred and twenty-five passengers—this night there were over six hundred. I slept, or tried to sleep, on the bench in the smoking-room, concealing my small Belgian griffon under my coat. We were held up four times by destroyers and coast-guard boats. Officials came on board to examine the passengers, then our course was altered because of mines, and instead of getting in at seven or eight in the morning, we did not arrive until three-thirty that afternoon.

Poor Vernon's heart was not happy, and after about three days he set out with some honored gold, which in those first days of the war would perform miracles, and a paper from the Board of Agriculture permitting Tell to be brought to England for quarantine. All the boats to Havre had been discontinued and it was necessary to go to Calais. There he learned that he would have to go to Paris first and there take a train to Havre. He also learned that he would not be permitted to go on without a passport. It was too late to have a picture taken, so he filled out the necessary papers and stuck on a picture of some one else (that he happened to have in his pocket). It got by and he caught the first

Copyright, Ira L. Hill

The Castles early in their career as dancers.

train for Paris. In Paris and everywhere along the line he met Americans looking for their families and friends, and American and English people clamoring to get back to England. Paris was like a crowded theatre in which some one had shouted "Fire!" People seemed to have lost all judgment and balance.

Poor Vernon childishly forgot that he had been told not to go out on the streets at night. He tried to go to see my mother, who was stopping only a few blocks away from his hotel. A serious-minded soldier who had completely lost his sense of humor, stopped him before he had gone fifty feet. In his agitation Vernon forgot mother's address, so when asked where he was going, stammered and stuttered and could not tell. Not that I think the soldier would have understood the French he spoke, in those days, anyway. He was escorted back to his hotel.

He prevailed upon some officers to let him take a hitch down to Havre on a troop-train. With difficulty he found the place where Tell had been left on that hectic night. Somehow Vernon managed to smuggle him back to England. Tell was such a large dog that it seems impossible to have done so, but the generally upset conditions which marked the beginning of the war, and a few gold pieces, helped this project along greatly.

Vernon was very serious on his return from France. He wanted, at that time, to enlist. I fear I was responsible for his not doing so. I was sure from what I had heard, that the war would soon be over. It didn't seem possible in those days that it could last and I did not want him to go to war when it was only a matter of a few weeks and we had important contracts to fill in New York. I prevailed, but my victory in this matter was only for a short time.

He was resolved to go to war from the time he came back from France with Tell.

The January instalment of Irene Castle's story tells of the rise of the modern dancing craze, the Castles' part in it, and their great successes in this country.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It's a pretty low-down thing to do, but I suppose it's fair.

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

The Kindergarten

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

THE entry of the United States into the European war may be likened to the entry of a large and enthusiastic boys' school into a strange bathing-pond. There was a great leap, a monstrous splash, much laughter, many whoops of joy, a few yells of consternation and a considerable amount of spluttering. The experienced swimmers who were already in and were not finding the water any too fine, had been through exactly the same process before they learned the art of natation, and neither criticized nor sneered nor grew greatly hilarious, realizing that in time the hubbub would die down and there would be some desperately good swimming going on and that some of them would have to battle hard to keep abreast of the new material.

They were not all amateurs, these new arrivals. There were some who could do fine breast strokes and wonderful overhand movements and there were others who floated quite nicely. These were the "old contemptibles" of the American Army, those wise and wicked men who had sneaked away to Europe disguised as Frenchmen, Canadians, Englishmen—any old thing that gave them the right to enter the war zone.

Among the *voertrekkers* in the field of honor was a very considerable body of American gentlemen who were formed into a flying squadron attached to the French army and did truly wonderful work, being by nature adventurers. They earned world fame and deservedly so, for they did famous deeds which were chronicled in American newspapers and so fired the imagination of youthful America that when the big splash occurred, a large number of the swimmers made their way in the direction of those instructors in that peculiar form of warfare which is waged between the clouds and the stars.

A volume of recruits flowed into the American aerodromes to learn their business, but there was nevertheless a steady trickle of youthful talent toward France. Americans who were wintering in Egypt, Americans who were observing Paris or amusing themselves in London, very naturally directed their steps toward the American headquarters in France. They thought, and there was reason for it, that they were losing time by going to America and taking unjustifiable risks from submarines. Moreover, they were most anxious to finish the war before the other America came in, and so they filled the anterooms of the American military attachés in various cities of the world and armed with imposing passports and divers documents, they made their way to a town, which we will call Bonville, where there had been established in the twinkling of an eye the nucleus of an American Air Service.

The older men taught them the game—the stunts they found out for themselves. They did things which no reasonable and well-conducted airman should do, but everybody seemed to agree that under the circumstances those extraordinary departures from convention were wholly justified.

Tam of the Scouts was sent on a swift single-seater to make certain observations

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of the country which extends from the back of the British line to the sea. He was discovering landmarks whereby hostile airmen could find their way to a certain naval port. Wherever these landmarks were too conspicuous they would be camouflaged; even the course of a river, which helped a bombing squadron at night, might so be changed in appearance that it would not serve for guidance.

He reached the sea, circled over the port and headed back for his aerodrome. He was ten minutes' distance from the town, that is to say, some fifteen miles, when he was attacked in the air by a large formation which when he approached it had been orderly and regular in its appearance, but which broke and broke unpleasantly when he came within rifle-shot. Two of the machines took no part in the attack. Their pilots were firing strangely colored lights with every evidence of agitation, but the remainder came upon him like a swarm of hornets and Tam was compelled to nose-dive into the middle of them, letting off his Lewis gun and very narrowly escaping a collision with a large and old-fashioned biplane which seemed to suffer from some chronic aeronautic affliction which caused it to loop the loop involuntarily.

Tam planed down to within a thousand feet of the earth, fluttered and ruffled. It was not his business to fight people and certainly not his business to take on fifteen hostile airplanes single-handed, and as he had the foot of his enemies, he had no difficulty in shaking off all except one pursuer, who chased him back to the aerodrome and when he landed, plumped down within a dozen yards.

Tam walked across to the pilot as he was hastily unbuckling the straps about his middle and addressed him sadly: "Sirr," he said, "can ye no' tell a Hun when ye see him?"

The flushed young man who had jumped from the chaser shrieked with laughter.

"Gee," he said, "this is one on us! We thought you were a Heinie."

It transpired that Tam had butted into the kindergarten, the boldest kindergarten that had ever learned the C-A-T, cat, of aviation.

Later came Captain Bredwell of the United States Army, a teacher of the new idea and a veteran of war. He was very apologetic.

"Training a set o' pups is child's play compared with teaching these kids not to hit anything they see running loose. I tried to call 'em to heel and just as well might Noah have whistled for the dove after he had got well on his way to Ararat. I am very sorry."

"Not at all," said Blackie. "Tam enjoyed it; didn't you, Tam?"

"Weel," said Tam, "A'm no' so sure. A'll be coming over your way to-morrow, sir," he said to the American officer. "What time do ye take your young gentlemen up?"

"From eleven till one, if the weather's good," said the other.

Tam nodded.

"A'll be coming about two," he said, "and ye'll recognize me by the fact that A'm wearin' a red rose in ma buttonhole and carrying the *Scotsman* in ma right hand."

"The kindergarten is pretty difficult to handle," confessed Captain Bredwell over the luncheon-table; "you see, we haven't had time to ground them in the fear of God and military history. They are young, they are keen, they are full of spunk but they haven't got the hang of this military business."

He shook his head reprovingly at the boy who had chased Tam back to the aerodrome, but the youth was at that moment in a heated discussion with Lieutenant Curten on the relative merits of British and American motor-cars, both, strangely enough, being the sons of men who had grown rich in exploiting the public passion for speed.

" 'Tis no' discipline that young Rain-in-the-Neck wants," said Tam—he had a trick of applying the nomenclature to be found in the works of his favorite authors to those who pleased him. " 'Tis a little machine-gun practise. He was on ma trail a' the time and didna get me—Mon, that's inexcusable."

"What really happened, Tam?" asked Baxter, and the babble of noise which accompanied every meal in the Umpty-fourth hushed to silence.

Tam looked over his audience as an experienced lecturer might.

" 'Twas a fearfu' experience," he said. "Wingin' ma way homeward wi' no thocht o' danger, wi' a blaw sky o'erhead an' the gay green airth beneath, A was thinkin' o' you young gentlemen an' the veecious practise ye've got into of smokin' cigarets that produce anemia, palpitation, hairt disease an' cold feet, when ma attention was attracted by the appearance on ma

"Gee," he said, "this is one on us. We thought you were a Heinie."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

starboard bow of a graund aggregation of talent that would have made Buff'lo Bill tairn in his grave.

"At the moment A did not realize 'twas the United States Airmy practisin' for bluidy war. Ma first thocht was that 'twas a party of French bairdmen that had been celebratin' the feast of the Moulin Rouge."

"Say!" chuckled Captain Bredwell loyally, "that's rather tall—I guess the formation wasn't perfect, but——"

Some one whispered to him and he sat back with a grin.

"Whilst ma mind was occupied wi' givin' the merry pairty a wide miss," continued Tam, "the—what you might tairm for want of a better word—formation broke up an' the ghastly truth dawned on me."

He paused.

" 'Twas a Wild West show," he said solemnly, "yes sirrs! There was buckin' broncos, an' shairpshooters, an' lasooers, an' wild Injans an' the pairformance started promptly—there was no waitin'. Whilst I was attacked on the right by Sittin' Bull an' on the left by Denver Dan, Mexican Joe dived from above, utterin' the war-cry or totem or what-not of his fierce clan. Alkali Ike tried to ram me—or tried not to ram me, A don't know which, but the result was nearly the same. The Colorado Kid caught ma controls a swat wi' his sixty-six shooter—an' A was chased to ma old log cabin by Rain-in-the-Neck howlin' for the blood of the paleface."

Tam's acquaintance with the technique of the classics was an extensive one. He went on in his singsong tone.

"Of the rest of the story there is na much to be told," he said. "Tam, the indomitable scoot, is noo an auld man wi' gray hair, an' may be seen, leadin' his grandson to the scene of his great ficht, pointin' oot the place in the sky where he was nearly straffit. Denver Dan ended his evil life in a low drinkin' shanty, Rain-in-the-Neck is a Bug Hoose, whilst the Colorado Kid got releegion an' made money."

There was terrific applause when Tam finished—loudest of all from that same Rain-in-the-Neck (in private life Cadet Cyril Vanderberg).

THE story of Tam's encounter with the kindergarten became public property. From Dunkirk down to Belfort hundreds of messes recounted the story with such embellishments as fancy dictated and in a remarkably short space of time it came to the ears of Captain Fritz von Stoffel, and naturally von Stoffel was greatly interested, for he was chief of the Baby-killers' Circus.

It must be said that the babies he killed were mostly Germans. He was a disciplinarian of the fierce and fiery type. He never spoke, he barked. His lightest whisper was something between a rifle-shot and the explosion of a pop-gun. He had never raided London nor had he raided any of the villages that lie between the Kentish coast and the metropolis. Indeed he had never crossed blue water. He earned his title of Baby-killer because his specialty lay in the strafing of rest-camps, hospitals, unprotected artillery bases and observation balloons. He took few risks and in consequence endured very few casualties in air fighting; indeed, the heaviest death-roll resulted from his practise of sending nervous young pilots aloft in a high wind.

Now, most circuses are sporting. They are out looking for trouble and when they find it they get as close as they can and stay as long as it is safe, but everybody knows that von Stoffel's circus never did anything which could be exaggerated into recklessness. It so happened when the news of Tam's adventure came to the gallant captain that he had received a hint from the head-quarters of the corps to which he was attached—one of those broad Prussian hints that left a scar—that his cautiousness was developing into a vice, and it was suggested that it might be necessary to ask him to take a long leave for the benefit of his health and hand his command over to his junior.

Von Stoffel spent an evening in his stuffy and airless dugout grappling with "A Plan." That plan, set forth with much detail, was delivered into the hands of the corps commander and by him transmitted to Highest Authority, retransmitted to the corps commander with certain hieroglyphics of approval scrawled upon its margin and by him forwarded to von Stoffel, who did everything but kiss the aforesaid hieroglyphics in his ecstatic happiness.

TAM of the Scouts was ordered one fine day to take a flight into Darkest France, and pursue investigations concerning the transportation of German troops westward. Two of his machines developed engine trouble and returned and Tam went on with the two that remained and had a most exciting morning. For though his machine was a scout and not of the bombing type, he carried four bombs for exactly the same reason that the average Western citizen carries a gun in his hip pocket, and passing over a seemingly deserted aerodrome he dropped a couple to discover whether anybody was at home.

He had hardly observed the bursts before his machine was ringed with well-aimed shrapnel. Whereupon his two companions, who were quite out of the danger zone, very naturally closed into it and one of these secured a direct hit upon a building which Tam surmised must have been the private brewery of that aerodrome, for he and his companions were immediately attacked with unparalleled ferocity by the owners of the aerodrome, who had been out hunting and approached their home behind the cover which a stratum of cloud afforded.

Whereupon the three British airmen decided that it was getting very late and streaked westward, all out, losing a little height to increase the margin which lay between them and their pursuers. They passed over the line, disgracefully deserted at this particular moment by fighting craft, with six machines still in pursuit.

Now, no airman, in whatever distress of mind he may be, will fly from an enemy over his own territory, even should the enemy be overwhelmingly stronger, and in conformity with the unwritten law of air fighting, no sooner had the zigzag of trenches been left in his rear than Tam signalled "Engage" and swung round to meet his enemies.

Two modern air-planes separated at a distance of four-hundred and fifty yards approach each other at such a speed that they pass in the time that you can count six. In three of these seconds the decisive battle is fought. Either you "get" your enemy, your enemy "gets" you, or you "get" one another.

In a flash as they passed Tam saw the enemy pilot drop, and as he himself had no inclination to drop, he knew he had won, unless the enemy observer had escaped and was using the dual controls.

Imagine these two machines passing each other on a parallel course and a second later a third machine dropping from the blue and missing the tail of the attacker by inches. Picture a second British machine falling after this bolt, his gun shooting vertically earthward, along the nacelle of the diving German; imagine two other enemy machines banking over and shooting sideways and indiscriminately at Tam and his assistant—a roaring, whirling mix-up of air-planes bucking and jumping, slipping, climbing and diving, and suppose that all this happens in the space of some twenty seconds, and you visualize an air battle at its most intense period.

Tam looked down as the second machine fell in flames and began his glide to earth, for he did not need to see the remainder of the enemy flight wheel eastward to know that the battle was over. One of his own machines was going down in circles. Tam saw this and wrinkled his nose—that was the only sign of sorrow he ever showed—and there was reason enough, for that easy spiral which was bringing a dead pilot and a dead observer to earth would end in a crash.

Tam's report was almost uninteresting by the side of another report which was being flashed along the wire to Headquarters Intelligence. It was the report of a young and keen intelligence officer who had sat by the bedside of a dying German air-man, one of those whom Tam had grounded, and had listened to the unconscious man as he talked of his home in Darmstadt and his mother and the fishing on the Moselle, and how splendid it would be to go to Marienbad this summer and other things which had made the intelligence officer lean over the bed, listening intently and scribbling notes in the little book he whipped from his tunic pocket.

THE air-man died before he said very much. If he had died sooner he would have saved the German army quite a number of casualties.

Tam was roused from his bed at midnight by the entrance of his superior.

"Sorry to wake you from your beauty sleep," said Blackie, putting no hint of sorrow in his voice, "but there's the greatest stunt on."

Tam sat up in bed blinking at the electric light.

"Take an interest, you sleepy devil," said Blackie.

"Oh, aye," said Tam. "A'm awfu' interested. A'm speechless wi' it."

Blackie sat himself on the bed. "The Hun is going to strafe the kindergarten to-morrow," he said; "you butted into the Baby-killers."

"You don't mean it," said Tam, wide awake. "It was no' von Stoffel?"

"It was von Stoffel," nodded Blackie, "and you interrupted a practise attack. I have always said the kindergarten flies too near the line for safety. I don't think they will after this. It is a pretty low-down thing to do, but I suppose it's fair.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The telegram transmitted to the kindergarten mess, where they were entertaining the noisest bunch of guests that had ever assembled, embellished the end of a perfect day.

Von Stoffel is taking big flights to-morrow and intends swooping down on the kindergarten and there shall be a great slaughtering of innocents, according to the plan. Intelligence found it out and you are for the stunt," he shook his head mournfully. "You are a lucky beggar," he said; "I don't mind admitting that I asked to go in your place, but my life is much too valuable."

"What is the stunt?" asked Tam.

Blackie chuckled. "The kindergarten will remain in school to-morrow," he said, "their places in the air will be taken by the aces. All the squadrons in this part of the world are to send one. You are the representative of the Umpty-fourth."

Tam swung his legs out of bed.

"There's no need to get up," said Blackie, "the stunt isn't on for another nine hours."

"Mon," said Tam, unbuttoning his pajama jacket, " 'twill take me that time to learn the American language."

At five o'clock in the morning two specially chosen patrols flew to the region of the kindergarten's aerodrome and began

(*Continued on page* 86)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

At his touch she turned to fight him, primitive woman defending herself against primitive outrage.

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
(Continued)

TIME Malatesta spoke. Foot by foot her gentlemen were moving forward toward him, anger running through them electrically as shoulder touched shoulder, as a fire smolders among built-in timber, and will leap into blaze when an effort to cut into it lets in a current of air, so the wrath that possessed them might transmute into action now at any moment, loosed by a word, a gesture, a look. All the hell mixture of brute courage and love of sheer cruelty that were woven together and through every fiber of Malatesta's nature tingled with the pleasure of his intention and the peril of it. There, waiting to burst upon him, a storm of hate and anger, and serenely watching it swell, he joyed to think that he could hold it all in leash, could tame it as he chose. He did so, rising to his feet, scanning them all with half-shut eyes, not lifting but dropping his voice, till, for that they could not well afford to lose a syllable, they must stop their moving, their shuffling of feet, and strain in dead silence to catch his words.

"Chatter, chatter, chatter, gentlemen, and you, Count; I see you smiling to yourselves at this womanly outburst, this very natural outburst. I say smiling, because whatever sentimental approval your hearts may feel disposed to give, you are well aware as men of the world, that no man, however rash, unless completely tired of life, but would think twice of drawing sword in response to this whimsical appeal." He smiled, gently, pityingly, on the Duchess. "For, gentlemen, you are aware, I take it, that I have eleven hundred men in the market-place of this town, and a hundred inside this building. You do not need to think twice to realize that every street in the town, every passage in the castle, is held for me, and that I have but to frown, and within an hour there would not be left in city or castle man, woman or child to tell one smoking street from another." He paused. There was dead silence through which their hard breathing could be heard. They knew he spoke the truth. They looked, hesitating, at one another and at Malatesta. He stepped on the instant from speech that chilled them to the deed that mastered them. He raised his voice

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He had his knee on the man's chest and his own knife lying ready, vicious and bare, on the arteries of the throbbing neck.

to a snarl, his face, his figure taking on most marvelously in the fraction of a second an aspect of such ferocity, that merely to glance at him sent a man's eyes earthward.

"I say you laugh—or at least you do not frown. Dares any man frown?"

Suddenly he stood up from his chair, ran down the steps and was among them with the speed and threat of a tiger, loosing its dread body among a herd of deer, such concentrated fury and passion of conscious mastery in his voice that they broke apart and let him among them. "Does any man frown? Does any man frown in Malatesta's face?" He pushed them aside, frenzied, seeking opposition that he might strike it dead. "Count, do you frown?" He pulled up in front of Amati, and peered in a very insanity of insolence into the young man's face.

Amati could scarcely catch his breath. There, breathing into his face, was Malatesta, bareheaded, an inch or two of neck showing—and the young Count's hands lay flat, fingers spread, one on dagger, the other on sword-hilt. It wanted but a second, the loosing of his body's energies into sudden play, the swift withdrawal of his knife from sheath, upward slash or downward plunge, and the thing was done. Yes, but with that knowledge mingled the certainty that the way was useless. Malatesta had stated the position quite fairly. There were but a handful of his men in the room, but there through the open doorway more were visible, and the string of men stretched out, away through the main hall, out into the courtyard, through and about the open gateway, to where, massed in the marketplace square, were the body of his men—how many?—eleven hundred, he said, and no doubt truly. Enough to do all he had hinted at; there was no blinking the fact. He had them. City and castle were his, to do as he pleased. Their lives were in his hands.

The thing was not to be done. So, red-faced, panting, trembling at the knees in helpless rage, Amati looked away at the wall opposite, anywhere, so long as his gaze did not meet the yellow-gray eyes of the old fiend that sought to engage his. Malatesta burst out laughing.

"He frowns!" he shouted. "By God, here's an intrepid young man! Ha, ha, ha! Well, well, Count, since this affair undoubtedly presses somewhat hardly on you, you have our permission to frown. Bah! Take it not to heart, man. Get you back to Astoretto. Seek there a bride where you will not cross Malatesta and his fortunes." He turned his back on Amati, and came back to his seat, well pleased, not so much at his own courage, as at the nicety of judgment that had correctly chosen the moment to crush them. "Come, my son, press her, court her. All our hearts here go out to you. Maybe out of decorum her gentlemen restrain the full tide of their enthusiasm, but if they check that too much, count on their docility at least."

Guilielmo, grinning like his father, walked toward the Duchess. Ada and Francesca made as if to gather her to them. She pushed them back, and faced Guilielmo. Her eyes were blazing. He stopped.

"What, Duchess, shy still?" Malatesta's hated voice, in sheer deviltry of enjoyment wringing out for her the last drops of bitterness. "Come, no coyness! The priest is at hand, the happy hour strikes, and to-night the sweets of married life are yours."

She answered him steadily, eyes like coals of fire in a face of marble, body rigid, tense with a resistance he could not break.

"Not yet. I am still Duchess of this city, and not sunk so low as to bear this insult tamely. Oh, beware, Malatesta! I have kept peace. I am a woman, and I dread war, and God knows I have striven to keep things quiet; but I tell you that the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

streets of Siona shall run with blood again before you shall work your will with me."

She turned passionately to the group of men behind her. "Gentlemen, I ask you—I call on you. You will save me? Gentlemen, you will not see me treated thus? I ask you, I call on you all, my friends, my counselors! What, not one?"

They stood downcast; not one met her gaze. Alas, she had no power to lift the weight of dread Malatesta had laid on them. The terror of him lay over them all. She trembled. A terrible feeling of the inevitable oncoming of doom came over her. Her head swam. She grew giddy, she panted, her voice failing, and yet taking on in its agony a passion of appeal that wrung them. "Oh, God! What, cowards? All?" She turned to Amati. "You, Count? Will you help? Oh, Amati, boy, yes, boy as I looked upon you, if a drop of the blood of your house runs in your veins, draw sword for me now."

It was irresistible. He stamped. "Oh, saints—!" He laid his hand on his sword-hilt, and on the instant two hands gripped his wrists from behind. In his ear Pedro's voice was whispering: "Patience. Let pass." He desisted, his hands dropped from his side. The dread of Malatesta, which the girl's cry to him had lifted from his soul for a second, descended again upon him. It was useless. He spoke to her dully, ashamed, eyes not daring to seek hers, but roaming the ground. "Lady, what can I say?"

She flashed at him. "Say? I asked you to do. I wanted to see if there was manhood in you—if there were a man in this room. I see there is not"—she struck her bosom in an agony of despair. Her eyes wildly roving, caught the inscrutable glance of the man who stood behind the Count. In a last desperate effort she addressed herself to him.

"Unless you be one." Amati stepped aside; she looked at Pedro, lifting her face, with eyes pleading, tears now gathering in them and yet held stubbornly back. Terror was in her gaze. She knew she had come to her last hope. "You, you!" she panted. "You said things to me—last night—that made—my heart glow. You spoke of perils, of how a brave heart may face odds and win through. Now, help me, help me!" Her voice was scarce more than a whisper, horribly strained. "You made me believe in you. Let me believe in you now. Yes, I do believe." She laid her hands on her wildly heaving bosom. "Draw a sword for me. Fire the hearts of these men as you fired mine last night. Oh, I confess it. Make what you will of my words. These men are soldiers, they need but a leader. Be brave, Pedro. Pedro, save me." She slipped, half fainting, to her knees, her face turned up to him, her hands resting on his breast. "See, I kneel. I cannot suffer this—I beg, I entreat." She sobbed dryly.

BUT for that sob there was silence in the room. On the throne Malatesta sat, sphinx-like, unmoving; to him this whole scene was a chalice and the woman's agony a draft of pleasure so intoxicating that he grudged the passage of time that drained it for him second by second. Guilielmo stood by his father, uncertain, the thing frankly beyond him. Bartoldi and the men-at-arms stood stiffly still—the ladies still—the gentlemen of the court still, all there rigidly in their places, staring and staring at the group in the center of the room, the girl on her knees, the wild indignation that had throbbed through her defiance of Malatesta now melted into an appeal in voice, words, attitude, that should have drawn succor from the very stones of the walls; and above her Pedro, face expressionless, baffling eyes looking down at her, neither pitying nor contemning. They saw his motionless figure. They could not gather a hint of the raging flood that flowed through and over him, suffocating.

Then Pedro spoke. The hands of the Duchess were gripping his sword-belt. Her face, fallen forward on her arms, was hidden.

"Lady, forgive me if I disappoint you!" He licked his lips. The words were hard to get out. "You treated too seriously my words of last night. I am sorry. I spoke of valor—men will do that—knowing that that's the shortest road to a woman's heart, and chance has played me a sorry trick to put me to the test so soon." He put his hand on hers, gently disengaging them, and shrinking from her. In the silence they heard the broken drawing of her breath. "Give me pardon—you must not ask too much of human nature." He contrived even so much as a little laugh. "Duchess, I must live, though all the pretty women in Italy stood with hair down in the moonlight, charming me to tell them the lies they love to hear. Therefore, rise, lest my lord Malatesta, having doubts of my good sense, make all certain with his knife."

HE DROPPED her hands. She covered her face for a second, then slowly she rose, drawing a deep breath, and rallying herself to speech with such evident pain that she wrung them with a last sense of pity.

"Was it but lying? Was it all lies? I knew the world was vile, but I never thought it so vile as that. God spared me the knowledge of the words in which I should tell you what I think of you. Read them in this."

With an indignant gesture she raised her hand and in an infinity of contempt she struck him across the face. The blow was not hard, more symbolical of overwhelming loathing than of any instinct of wounding but to all there it seemed a marvel that the man she struck did not shrivel. She turned from him, head drooping, shoulders stooping, and passed up the room among her women. They gathered her to them, some crying loudly, all in tears; she alone tearless. From her there streamed through the room the sense of hate, rebellion, loathing—all crushed, overmastered; raging, yet compelled to ineptitude.

Malatesta's damned voice broke out.

"And now, the lady having protested her reluctance with every propriety, let us have done with this pretty shyness, and get on with the business." He raised his voice "Pass in the priest."

"Pass in the priest," called the sentry at the door. "The priest," echoed through the corridor, and presently the priest came in, and with him a young soldier helping with his load of table, book, candle—the bread, the wine.

Remote from the others, shaking, confused, striving for mastery of himself, stood Pedro, fighting to grip, to master, to realize fully, to bring into proper utilization, the new fact that had suddenly slipped into the whirl of his vain calculations.

The soldier, a young officer, accompanying the priest was Francis.

Pedro's heart stood still for a moment. What was it, what was it? God, give him light! Through the gloom, the hopeless darkness that had clouded his brain, he felt a shaft of heavenly daylight streaming. A short wordless prayer struggled from him. And then, in instant response, came the gleam.

IT FLASHED on him, like the wild glare of lightning in a night of storm, the breaking of day into a man's lifelong prison, when suddenly the door of release bursts open. Clear as crystal, complete in every detail, so easy, so simple that he nearly broke into a wild and rapturous laugh of delight, there danced through his brain the Scheme, the Plan, the Way, for which during the last hour his wits had striven in frantic and vain quest. Oh, the rapture of that moment! She had knelt, she had pleaded, poor lamb, helpless in the hands of the captor. Her hands had sought his pitifully—and he had put her away, jesting, gibing, to hide the agony in him. She had struck him—the skin of his face was tingling yet, not with the weight of her blow, but with a strange sense, a deliciousness of thrill, that sought to perpetuate itself, the seal of her contempt, to him a very glory, an exultation beyond all bounds.

And now it was his turn. Oh, Malatesta, gloat; exult, feast your fill, for the moment arrives!

So with exultation he stood, unmoving, eyes drinking all in. The placing of the table, the spreading of the cloth, the arranging of the book, the bread, the wine—all meetly and in order, the priest, stooping gravely and solemnly at his task, the young soldier very reverently assisting, as if serving him at mass.

There was nothing more for Francis. He looked toward Malatesta as if for further orders, was vouchsafed no sign, so retired, making his way to the door. Four paces from it, a hand fell on his shoulder. He turned. Pedro was there, dark-faced, cager, busy-lipped, hurried. "Francis, greet me as a friend and recommend me to Malatesta."

Time for that, and no more. Time just to hear, barely to grasp the words' meaning, yet grasp it he did. And in that second Malatesta's voice, raised, threatening.

"What whispering there? Who plots with my man?" He was up from his seat, down the room and on them, ere Pedro's grip was scarce loosed from the lad's shoulder.

Swift, but the boy's quick brain had realized Pedro's first intentions at least, though all else might be dark. *"Greet me as a friend, and recommend me to Malatesta."*

"My lord," he began, a little hesitatingly, not wishing to make any mistake. "My lord, this is an old friend."

Enough. Pedro could take charge now, and he struck in, easily, with an ingratiating smile, deferential, half confident, the smile of a man with nothing to conceal, yet properly dependent on the great man's mood.

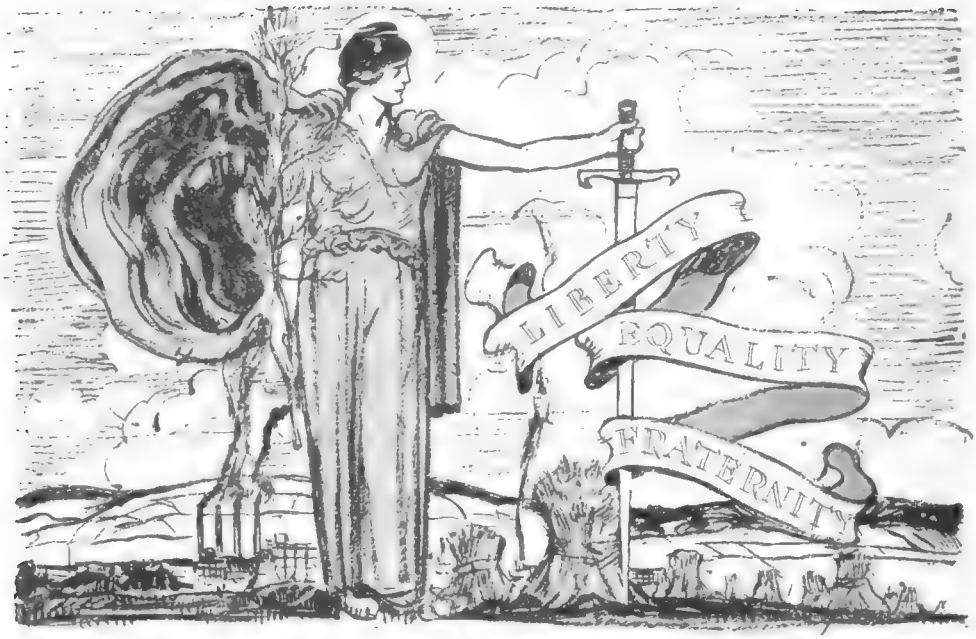
"—And an old enemy, Malatesta," he saluted. Malatesta stared. "I served against you, under Foresi, at Guerrada, where you got the best of us. This young lad and I, both wounded, fell in with each other afterward and we made shift to tend

(*Continued on page 90*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

4 "Beatrice," he sought to say, "Beatrice," yet made no sound.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Decorations by C. B. Falls

AFTER THE WAR—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?
What will the war do to man?
What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?
What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations? Write us your opinions frankly.

Machinery—Servant or Tyrant?

By Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War

TO THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S:

Generation after generation has passed through this world during its flat and uninteresting times, and has gone out into the unknown by the billions believing that Earth was a dull and almost useless place. And, at other times, generation after generation has come into a world that was full of darkness and misery and ignorance and cruelty and injustice and has gone out feeling that Earth was a hell they did well to leave.

But we, it chances, who occupy this planet to-day have come upon tremendous times. When I was a boy I remember that I used to look at the men who had been in the Civil War and think how wonderful it must have been to be born in such a time and to take part in such events. I rather commiserated myself that I had been born in a flat and uninteresting period of history. Yet, how different it is!

We find before us this mighty task of subduing by force of arms a hideous influence that has grown up among us to wreck our civilization and to undo the gain which mankind has slowly and painfully made during the ages. It is a task on which we must bestow every waking thought, and we can not rest from toil or sacrifice until it is accomplished..

But the winning of this war is only a part of what lies before us. This war will not be over when the fighting is over. When the treaty of peace—whatever it is—however it is made—is signed, there will still be heroic tasks to be done. The waste and destruction which have gone on in the world will leave reconstruction to be done.

There will be before us the task of holding the mental and moral balance of the world straight until this reconstruction can be done and until civilization can struggle to its feet, learn to walk again, and start off for the high goal it has sought.

There will be lessons for us to learn and to carry out. Is it not possible that not the least of these will be the lesson of what human progress really is?

Has all this mechanical development of recent years really advanced us? Has this great civilization of ours, built up on machinery, really meant our refinement? Have all these great inventions of manufacture, conquest of the air and sea, of distance and even of time itself, been of real benefit to us? Using all these great inventions, mankind suddenly set about the task of slaughter. Indeed, is it not possible that we shall see, after the war, that machinery was not our servant, but that we were its slaves?

America will have gone into the war to holy purpose if, after the war is ended, she shall help to bring about a new and better day for mankind by insisting that all of the mechanical inventions and all of the ingenuity of mankind is to be used to produce and keep a permanent peace, is to be used in the making of better conditions for all men, women and children to live under and find the highest development of all their powers, unobstructed by unholy national ambitions.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Chance for Every American

By Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior

To the Editor of Everybody's:

Into the province of the Department of the Interior fall two major problems having to do with reconstruction.

The first of these is to provide farm lands for the returning soldiers.

The second is the problem and the duty of Americanization.

The America that can spend fifteen thousand millions of dollars in a year of war is the same America which has complacently suffered the knowledge that it contains five and one-half millions of people who can neither read nor write, seven hundred thousand of whom are men of draft age.

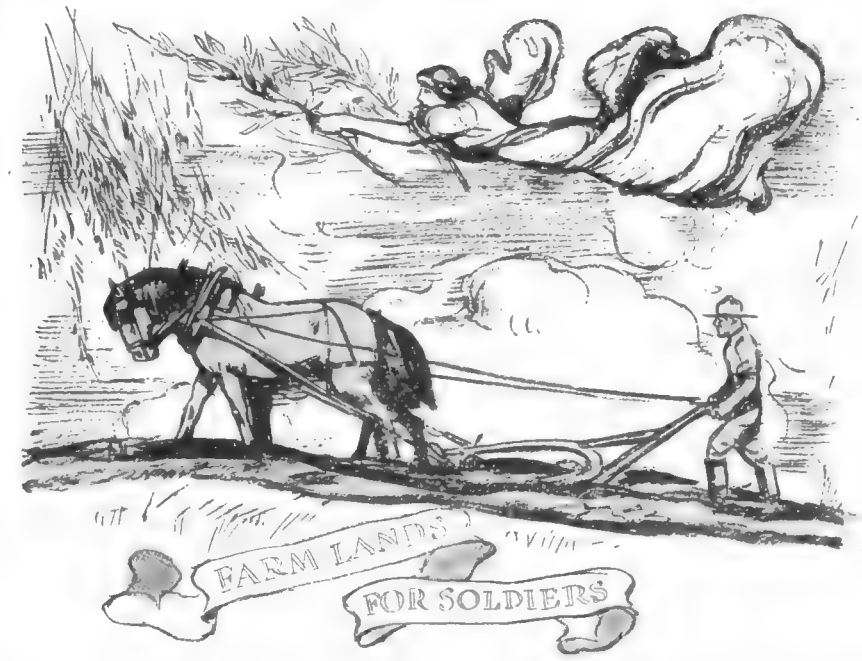
After the war we must have all those who live in the United States identified with the spirit of the United States. They must be made to understand, accordingly, what the spirit of the United States is, and to make them understand, is to be, as far as the Bureau of Education can make it be, a work of education carried on in the public schools of the country. We want no illiterates. There should be none; that there are any at all indicates that we are behind the Hawaiian Islands, where for more than forty years there has been compulsory education for all, carried on, moreover, in the English language, so that there are no illiterates. Two years of compulsory education here in the United States would result in there being no Americans who could not read the newspapers to learn what their Government is doing, what America and democracy are, and what they are not.

Democracy in this country does not mean that property should be held in common; it does not mean that no man shall have distinction; it does not mean that all the natural abilities of the ablest men are to be brought down and put on a level with those of the lowest, the least thrifty. Democracy essentially means that a man shall be given his chance—first, his chance to get an education; second, his chance to prove himself in making himself by character and by ability economically independent. Our competitive system between individuals must continue if the race is to improve. We must make clear that in democracy men do not fall down to a common level, but constantly rise by only having to prove that they are better in character and ability than others; we must make clear that in democracy there can be no interfering sovereignty or race or caste or aristocracy, that no wall shall be put up which a man can not scale or overcome by character and ability, and also make clear that democracy does not mean the abolition of all social lines, because those are based largely upon common tests, artistic, for instance, or social.

Democracy, at bottom, means justice. We arrive at justice through liberty. That is what we mean when we say that this country is essentially a land of liberty. Men of all times have striven for justice and have found that they could get justice only through liberty, and that they gain liberty only through the exercise of manhood suffrage, and through trusting in the courts of law to settle disputes without favoritism or prejudice.

Americanism means, as the soldiers and sailors offering their lives to preserve it know, courage, self-reliance; not disorder, laziness or wilfulness, by which men fall, but purpose, faith; not belief in the mysterious working of a slothful fate, but supreme belief in the mysteries wrought by work and will.

The philosophy of American democracy



—that no man need endure military, financial or political force without moral limitation, and that men can care for themselves if given opportunity—we must impress on the soul of the youngest child that is brought to this country or is born in this country, so that children will grow up with an ever-present sense of what our institutions mean to mankind. We feel, therefore, that a larger proportion of time in our public schools should be given to the teaching of these principles, for which we are fighting abroad, and in accordance with which we should begin now to see that no injustice shall befall our returning soldiers.

American boys and girls should be taught entirely in the American tongue, be made to think in American terms, to judge by American standards, to contribute to the American idea, by learning to know our history, not as a series of incidents, but as the development of a philosophy, by making every boy so passionately devoted to our form of government as a growing expression of the love which men have for justice and liberty, that he will be willing to fight for it and make himself able to fight. To do that, the work of the teacher must be elevated in public esteem. The salaries of teachers must be raised. The profession must be made to draw to it men and women of superior kind, for teaching is the most important of all the professions.

The campaign we are making, for which the cooperation of the entire nation is required, is one that is being expanded so that it will affect directly every American, in school and out of school. We have been carrying on this campaign in a limited way in the past few years, but under the impulse of the war and with recognition of the problems that are to come in reconstruction, it must be greatly increased in intensity in all the schools, and in the colleges, where the spirit of democracy and the zeal to protect it always burn. The college is the full-grown man; the elementary schools are, in a sense, its children.

In order that every man shall have his chance, that every man who returns from the war crippled or intact shall preeminently have his chance to prove that he can care for himself if given the opportunity, it is simply in consonance with our American principles of freedom, liberty and justice that we look to the close of the war and begin now to provide for the returning soldiers.

Every country has found itself face to face with this situation at the close of war. From Rome under Cæsar to France under Napoleon, down to our own Civil War, the problem of what should be done for the soldiers mustered out of military service has risen.

To the great number of returning soldiers, land will offer the great and fundamental opportunity. The experience of wars points out the lesson that our service men, because of army life, with its openness and activity, will largely seek out-of-doors vocations and occupations. This fact is recognized by our Allies.

At the close of the Civil War we faced a problem somewhat similar to the one we now face. Fortunately at that time the public domain offered opportunity to the returning soldiers. The great part the veterans of the Civil War played in developing the West is one of our national epics. It was the era of transcontinental railway construction. It was the period of rapid development of towns and communities and states. We have not now the matchless public domain which the Homestead Law, signed by President Lincoln in the second year of the war, made available to millions of veterans.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

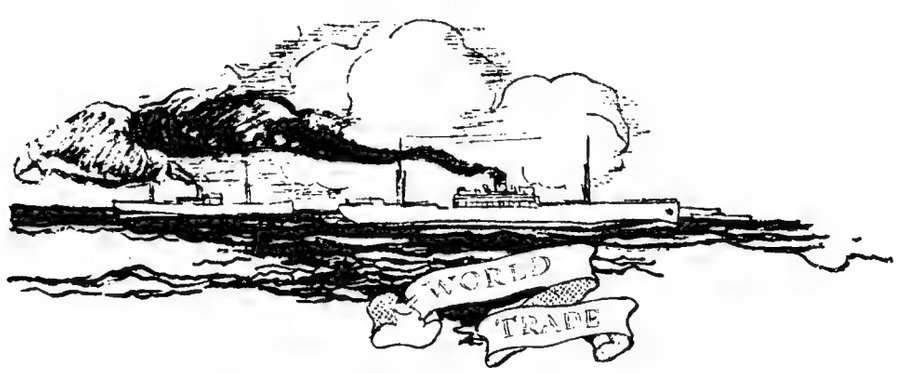
But we have, still, nearly one hundred million acres of land—irrigable land, swamp-land, cut-over land with its heavy timber cleared—which can be turned into farms, for cotton, for corn, for alfalfa, for fruits, or for grazing.

The difficulty is, at present, and I have taken up the problem therefore with Congress and the President, that we have no adequate survey of this land. We do not know just where it is located, what hindrances there are to its fullest use. But we do know that it is "no-man's land" until it is reclaimed, that each plot of it offers a problem in itself, and that the solution of all the problems is no new thing, for, certainly, the admirable achievement of the Reclamation Service in reclamation and drainage is abundant proof of what can be done. Looking toward the construction of additional projects, I am glad to say that plans and investigations have been under way for some time. A survey and study, by the Reclamation Service, of the Great Colorado Basin is nearly consummated. That great project, I believe, will appeal to the new spirit of America and would mean the conquest of an empire in the Southwest of more than three millions of acres of arid land. The great remaining storehouse of government land fit for reclamation is officially estimated at more than fifteen millions of acres.

The total amount of swamp and cut-over land in the United States which is available for farming has not been determined accurately and most all of it has passed into private ownership, so that an extensive program to be worked out between the Government and individuals is one of the problems which, with legislation, we shall undertake. Of the total amount of swamp-land there are, it is estimated, between sixty and eighty millions of acres which can be reclaimed and be made profitable for agriculture.

The era of free or cheap land in the United States has passed. Aside from Alaska there is no longer any American frontier, but Alaska, itself, as is not commonly known, offers remarkable agricultural opportunities in its short but prolific seasons.

In each instance, I believe, the work other than the planning that is to be done so that there will be no unemployment problem in the United States after the war, should be done by the soldier himself. The dam or the irrigation project should be built by him; the canals, the ditches, the breaking of the land and the building of his house, should, under proper direction, be his occupation. He should be allowed to make his own home, but be cared for while he is doing it and be given an interest in the land for which he can pay through a long period of years, perhaps thirty or forty years.



The Fight for Trade

By George E. Smith,

President, American Manufacturers' Export Association

To the Editor of Everybody's:

There is danger that America is doomed to disappointment in the coming commercial struggle, if she finds herself as unprepared for it as she was for the military struggle in which she is now engaged. In this coming struggle there will be no Allies to hold the commercial situation intact while we get ready. The nation was not roused to the necessity of military action until that necessity became acute, and there is a possibility that commercial America will not rouse to the need for the development of its export trade and the inauguration of broad policies and definite measures looking toward world commerce until that same immediate necessity arrives.

The nations of Europe have already secured a long headstart in preparations for trade after the war. Our Allies are preparing, our enemies are preparing, for what they foresee to be a gigantic competition for world trade.

The American business man and manufacturer has not been an exporter. Foreign trade has previously affected a very small part of American commercial life; I mean that it has intimately touched but few manufacturers and merchants. It has indirectly touched many and has had its influence, to a certain extent, on all of American life, but it has not reached into the offices and factories of America as it has in France and England. There has been no national appreciation of the importance of export trade in America. But our present position in world affairs, which has changed America's situation politically, will open up for the United States, when peace comes, a place in world trade just as it has in the world's political affairs.

Lloyd George has said that any one who expects to find himself, or the world, where it was before the war, is doomed to disappointment, and that in the plastic condition of affairs after the war, the strong nation and the strong man will immediately mold things for the future. America will need, at that time, her ablest and biggest business men as counselors and leaders; and it is encouraging to find that these men already have their prototypes in Washington in the persons of Charles M. Schwab, John D. Ryan, Frank Vanderlip and the others who have stepped in to meet our war emergencies.

The recognition of the need of these men is the most encouraging augury of the future. Business men of this character will, no doubt, be called in, not only to assist in determining the terms of peace, but to safeguard, guide and develop America's future commercial relations with the rest of the world.

The machinery which has been used for war purposes, such as the War Trade Board, the War Industries Board, and the Shipping Board, will, no doubt, be converted to the needs of the times, and the present usefulness of these government instrumentalities points to their successful use when diverted into peaceful channels.

We have not been a paternalistic nation. Among ourselves, success has come to the individual who was best able to fight his own battles and to handle his affairs without governmental assistance. But in world commerce this old order of things must pass. Whether the change in America will bring us to the same point that will be reached by governments which have always operated along lines of centralized control is doubtful, but we shall have need of, and shall have, more governmental cooperation.

American business men must learn, as they are learning through the war situation, to cooperate with their Government, and the Government must effectively cooperate, as it is now learning to cooperate, with its manufacturers and merchants engaged in export trade, if we are to be in a position to compete successfully in the world's markets.

But government cooperation, favorable laws, the ability to extend credit, and shipping facilities are the form and not the substance. America's commercial position in the world must be won and held by the right kind of goods, sold by the right kind of men through the right kind of methods.

Sentiment will play a smaller part in world commerce than it does in war. World trade must inevitably go to those who make the best goods and the best prices and employ the most effective sales methods. It will be won for us, if won at all, by Yankee ingenuity and aggressive salesmanship.

Unless individual efforts are intelligently directed, however, by men who know their markets and understand their business, invaluable time will be lost.

America's future position in the foreign field will depend, as every nation's position has always depended, upon what her business men know about the conditions which they must meet.

After the war we shall have on our hands a vastly increased working force which will have grown doubly efficient through the high pressure of war work. This working force must be used. To use it, manufacturers must develop new products, and to develop these, new markets must be found. The development of a rich export trade is our greatest safeguard against the dangers in the labor situation after the war.

(*Continued on page 85*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Few Who Are Chosen

By William Atherton Du Puy

BY WHAT strange process, would you say, has the threshing-machine of time sorted from the straw of the hundred million those men who are to perform the work of the nation in the great emergency?

Why is Hoover Hoover and House House, and why is it not you or I who is leading the American expedition in France instead of General Pershing?

To be sure, we are all products of the great democracy, with virtually even starts in the race of life. Twenty or thirty years ago these men of present prominence would have seemed to have no advantage over us. But of the many called they are the few who miraculously have been chosen. We wonder why. Down Washington way individual stars in the firmament of war activity who have known each other before, who have previously revolved in the same orbit, are meeting again. When hands that have not touched for twenty or thirty years are again clasped, there is a flash of the old life as compared with the new—the past and present of two men stand forth in silhouette.

Charles H. McNary.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

When Bill and Tom compare notes in a quiet corner—when it is recalled that Bill flunked in school and Tom failed in business; that one had a weakness for poetry, while the other's hair would not pompadour—they wink slyly and say each to the other, *sotto voce:*

"You won't show me up, will you?"

For they themselves have no theory of the principles that control the strokes of public-service lightning.

There is the case of Howard E. Coffin, for instance. Mr. Coffin is credited with being the man of vision who first foresaw the advisability of coordinating industry and the Government, out of which grew the Council of National Defense, of which he is a prominent member. Furthermore, he is the legitimate paternal parent of the Liberty motor, an automobile engineer of distinction, and a man of millions.

Fred C. Kelly writes pieces for the magazines and recently went to interview Mr. Coffin.

"Your face is familiar, Mr. Coffin," said Kelly as the interview progressed. "I must have known you somewhere before."

"Where are you from?" asked Coffin.

"Indiana," said Kelly.

"Nope," said Coffin. "Where did you go to college?"

"University of Michigan," said Kelly.

"When?" asked the engineer.

"Fifteen years ago."

"Where did you live?"

Kelly gave the address.

"I was your postman," said Howard Coffin.

John Beaver White is a member of the War Trade Board which tells the neutrals that America will not keep their ration up to ninety per cent. while her ally, France, is getting but sixty per cent.; that they can't get bunker coal unless the cargoes they haul are helpful to the Allies.

Copyright, G. V. Buck and Underwood & Underwood.

When Herbert Hoover first plunged into the task of feeding Belgium, John Beaver White was at his elbow. White got ships and pledged his own fortune in payment that there might be no delay. For twenty years before the war he had been building steel bridges in South America and Siberia and Australia and had finally settled down in London to move the pawns of his industry over the map of the world.

Not long ago John Beaver White strolled idly through the Capitol Building of Washington and stopped at a little stand beneath the dome to buy a *Congressional Record*. Behind the counter was a stout, roly-poly man with a bald head—a modest employe of Congress whose name is Harry Gwynn.

"It's Fatty White!" yelled Gwynn as he recognized the other and grabbed his hand across the counter.

"And can this be Hank Gwynn?" said White, slowly recognizing the other.

Thirty-five years ago these two men had gone to a little red schoolhouse in the country districts of Pennsylvania. John Beaver White, who now is tall and angular and tense like a fiddle-string, was then the fat boy of the school, while Harry Gwynn was the crickety little chap who made his life miserable. The wheel of destiny had flung the one in eventful whirls that looped the world and left the imprint of history-making accomplishment wherever his fingers touched. The other had spun hummingly as a top, satisfied with a narrower environment.

The new Senator from Oregon, Charles H. McNary, used to know Herbert Hoover when the latter was a general-utility boy in a real-estate office in Salem, Oregon. McNary lived in the country and after having driven through the alley back of Main Street and peddled butter and eggs to the Chinese restaurants, used to tie his horse and buggy in front of the office where Hoover worked.

Hoover was two or three years older than McNary, and when the latter went to Stanford University he found that his townsman was an upper classman. Hoover worked his way through school, chiefly by spending his vacations as an underground miner. Thus he came to be wise in money matters and chairman of the finance committee of the student body.

Senator McNary tells a story of the efficiency of the Food Administrator in those days in augmenting the funds of the student body. There was then no high board fence around the baseball grounds and consequent difficulty in collecting fees for seeing the games. Hoover appointed his committeemen, however, and stationed them at strategic points to demand quarters for admission to the bleechers.

One day Andrew Carnegie, who was a celebrity even in those days, visited Stanford and went to a college game. He was held up by a committeeman who asked for a quarter. The transaction did not look regular to the canny Scotchman, who refused to disgorge, shouldered his way past and took his seat.

Chairman Hoover witnessed the incident and demanded an explanation of the committeeman. Getting the facts, he followed the steel magnate into the bleechers, insisted on having the quarter and got it.

The Senator and the Food Administrator often dine together in Washington now and chuckle together over their youth in the West.

"What did you used to get for eggs in Salem?" Hoover asked McNary on one such occasion.

"Fifteen cents a dozen," was the reply.

The stars of Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, and William B. Colver, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, which makes the investigations that lead to such action as fixing the price of coal or of a loaf of bread, have swung into the same orbit this year, after a divergence. Twenty years ago they first met for a moment's contact that may have been responsible for the fact that the former mayor of Cleveland is now in the constellation of first magnitude in the operation of the great war.

John B. White.

Paul Thompson.

Newton D. Baker, as a youngster, was private secretary to Postmaster-General Wilson. Late in that administration, which ended in 1897, he was sent to

Digitized by Google
Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Europe by his chief on a mission. The trip was pleasant, but there was on Baker's mind the weight of a knowledge that on March fourth, following, he would be without a job.

On the boat returning from Europe young Baker met Martin A. Foran, a Cleveland lawyer once in Congress, and

Herbert C. Hoover.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

felt that gentleman out for an opening in his office, and got it. Thus he came to Cleveland in 1897.

It was a year after this that Tom Johnson won a notable victory at the polls and gave a great party in celebration thereof at his brand-new one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house in Euclid Avenue to which all politicians of importance in his party were invited. This reception was a notable event in the political life of Cleveland of that day.

The same evening destiny was setting the stage for young Newton D. Baker in another part of town with a newspaper reporter by the name of William B. Colver as the presiding genius.

The lesser political workers of the Johnson organization were meeting for a celebration at the Kennard Hotel. The news of this meeting was of little importance and Reporter Colver was much peeved when assigned to cover it. He was but a cub in those days, however, and had take what came his way.

The meeting passed off in such a deadly dull routine that, by ten o'clock, all the reporters but Colver went home. There were many lesser politicians who made speeches. About eleven o'clock a smallish-sized, boyish stranger was introduced. He made the speech of the evening. It was full of meat from introduction to final climax. Reporter Colver got out his pencil and began to make notes. Gems of oratory were falling from the mouth of this slight stranger. So good were they that they got into the paper next morning and Newton D. Baker was thus introduced to

Newton D. Baker.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

Cleveland. Likewise were his political qualifications called to the attention of Tom Johnson, who immediately gave the youngster work to do and advanced him until, in the end, the mantle of the man who gave Cleveland three-cent fares fell upon him.

The reporter, William B. Colver, came to be the editor of an important newspaper in Minnesota and had attracted national attention because of the incisiveness of his journalism, before his call to Washington a year or so ago. He and the Secretary of War are both pure intellectuals and reformers with much in common. They are much together while doing their not unimportant bits toward winning the war.

"See that finger," said Frank R. Darby, as he held up a hunchbacked and decrepit middle digit for the inspection of the Rear-Admiral. "You are responsible for that."

They had just met for the first time since 1892—Mr. Darby a railway magnate of Pittsburg, Rear-Admiral Sam McGowan, Paymaster-General of the Navy.

The latter gentleman opened his eyes in reminiscent astonishment. Then the picture of the old-time scene came back to him. They were on the baseball-field of the University of South Carolina, fighting a desperate game with a hated rival team. Darby was on second base and McGowan was catching. A man of great strength was the embryo Paymaster-General. The man on first tried to steal second. The catcher drove to the second baseman with all the might of his strong right arm. The ball went true. The second baseman held it and touched the runner. He was out.

But the second baseman was also out,

Edward N. Hurley.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

for that catch broke his middle finger. He was exhibiting it to the man who maimed him. And they were comparing notes on the intervening years. The railroad man had been drawn away from the southland by the call of industry, had won success in Pittsburg and was now in Washington looking for war work which he might do.

Rear-Admiral Sam McGowan had become a paymaster in the Navy, had lived upon all seas, many ships, had climbed the ladder to that post at the top of the service where he directs the buying for the entire Navy in this, the nation's great crisis.

A bonny job of shopping it is, too, as witness two items that have just been purchased. The sugar famine was on and the Navy liked its pastry. Admiral McGowan was in the market for sugar. These paymasters know all the ports of the world and the supplies there docked, so the Navy looked covetously upon eight hundred thousand tons of sugar that languished in Java because of a lack of ships to haul it. In the Philippines there were German ships being made ready for service. Two of these were sent to Java and laden with eight-cent sugar at four cents a pound. The Navy was thus assured of its sweets.

At the same time there was difficulty in getting wool for uniforms, and the Paymaster-General knew that the British had great stores of it in Australia, also without ships to haul it. This wool had been bought a year ago when the price was thirty-three cents a pound, while now it is sixty-five. Admiral McGowan convinced the British Government that it would be neighborly and in accordance with the principle on which we are selling our allies steel and copper, if we should be allowed to take a shipload of this wool at what it cost the British. So another repaired

Howard E. Coffin.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

German ship was sent from the Philippines, stuffed with wool and brought to America at a saving of three million dollars on wool purchases.

The Paymaster-General is trying to break the fingers of the Kaiser with these drives for supplies which the German Government is unable to duplicate.

The plants of Henry Ford are working night and day on parts for the Liberty motor and Mr. Ford is himself spending much time in Washington with the Shipping Board in attempts to develop a standard ship that can be stamped out like pennies from a strip of copper.

The other day he met A. G. Batchelder, secretary of the American Automobile Association, who is much exercised because interned Germans are not put to work on the public highways.

The meeting called up a crossing of paths fifteen years ago. The first Vanderbilt Cup race had just been held out on Long Island, and Henry Ford, a modest mechanic with a shop in Detroit, had brought one of the first twenty cars he had ever manufactured down for exhibition. Batchelder was the editor of an early automobile publication, and the man with the new machine was much honored when the editor agreed to ride with him from Garden City to New York.

The mechanic was a man who saw a vision. He told the editor of the miracle he was to perform in cheap cars for the people. The editor yawned and listened and believed not. At least he was saving car-fare into town by listening to this spinning of a web of fancy. The little car

William B. Colver.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

was a bit jiggly, but the driver was skilful and they were getting on toward New York.

They met again the other day in Washington.

Austin, Texas, is bisected by a wide street of the exact dimensions of Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. At the head of that street rises a magnificent hill on the top of which perches the Capitol

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

building of this great state. The hill is like unto that at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue and the building follows the architectural lines of the structure in which the national Congress meets. The thoroughfare is called Congress Street.

Half way up the street is a narrow, dignified, gray little building designated as the

Vice-Admiral William S. Sims.

Paul Thompson.

House Bank. A decade and a half ago I used to see a quiet, precise gentleman go in and out that little bank, drive about town in his dignified phaeton, sit of summer evenings on the veranda of his hospitable home on the hills near by. The man was Edward M. House, called "Colonel" as a term of endearment of the Southland. His townsmen spoke of him deferentially, his position was one of solid strength in the community. But his name was not often heard. Austin never thought of him as a man of any peculiar latent possibilities.

Colonel House's chief point of contact with his fellow citizens was through the medium of dinners he was fond of giving. About his board in those days used to gather a most earnest member of Congress, Albert Sidney Burleson, who lived in Austin; David Franklin Houston, who was in charge of the Texas College of Agriculture near by; Thomas Watt Gregory, an active attorney of the town; and, occasionally, Charles A. Culberson, formerly governor of the state (by the grace of Colonel House, it was said) and later United States Senator.

There may have been something suggestive in the ground plan of the town, Congress Street with the capitol on the hill. At any rate, every member of these dinner-parties occupies a high place in the administration of the affairs of the nation in the time of the great war.

Colonel House is the man whom President Wilson calls "friend." His task is the coordination of nations, laying the foundation upon which a world structure of nations may be built when the war is

General John J. Pershing.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing.

over. Albert Sidney Burleson is Postmaster-General and sits in the Cabinet circle of the President when great policies are being determined.

David Franklin Houston has a place at the same table and, as Secretary of Agriculture, is attempting to make the nation's production of foods the greatest possible that the world may not go hungry. Thomas Watt Gregory is also a member of the President's official family and, as Attorney-General, is enforcing the nation's laws in such matters as that of preventing its injury by the alien enemy of the cause of these United States. Senator Culberson still holds his place in the upper house of Congress.

The scene here shifts to the coast of China in the days immediately following the Spanish-American War. There are American and British ships in Chinese waters and two naval officers, one from each of these countries, meet ashore. They are both men of enterprise on whom the inaction of this eastern service palls. They require an outlet for pent-up energy.

So they take their bicycles ashore—Lieutenant William Sowden Sims, U. S. N., and Captain Percy Scott, of her Majesty's service. They ride over half of China, always with a weather eye out for facts that may be to the interest of the navies they represent. But incidentally they compare notes on problems of the service, particularly on gunnery, in which both are specialists.

The great difficulty in developing efficiency in gunnery was the expense of target practise. Captain Scott developed a device to attach to a gun which would thrust a pin into a pasteboard target at the

Edward M. House.

Copyright, Paul Thompson

muzzle at the time the trigger was pulled, thus recording the result that would have been obtained, had a shell actually been fired. It was the basis of reform in target practise in the British and American navies. Lieutenant Sims became the father of modern gunnery in our Navy because of his work with Captain Scott.

To-day these two men are in London together. Sims, now Vice-Admiral, is in command of the American destroyers that have turned the tide in the warfare against the submarine. Admiral Scott is in charge of the anti-airplane defenses of London. Both men have attained to their present positions because of gunnery upon which they compared notes on bicycle trips through China.

When Brigadier-General John Joseph Pershing was in Washington last summer, preparatory to taking command of the expeditionary forces in France, he met Charles E. Magoon, one-time member of the Panama Canal Commission and later American Governor of Cuba during the reconstruction. The two men had been buddies back in the early nineties when Lieutenant Pershing, just back from service in the Indian country, was military instructor at the University of Nebraska. Magoon was then a young lawyer in Lincoln, a graduate of the university and prominent in its social activities. Elmer J. Burkett, later United States Senator from Nebraska, formed the third in a triumvirate of intimate friends.

Pershing studied law while instructing the cadet corps. The three talked long over the discouragement of an army career now that the Indians were all put away and no other activity in thirty years. The time for fighting was past, they decided. Pershing was wise in studying law and would be wise to leave the army. Otherwise

Admiral Sir Percy Scott.

Paul Thompson.

there was but the routine of an army post stretching monotonously ahead.

But despite his law Pershing stuck until the Spanish-American War came. Then he stuck for Philippine service. He was still sticking when Villa raided Columbus, so he again led the American forces on foreign soil. Now his law is making him a fitter man in France, where his administrative duties are large.

Withal the triumvirate is willing to admit that its judgment of the fighting ahead in 1892 was a bit in error.

When Edward Nash Hurley, as a boy of twenty, worked the night shift as fireman of a switch engine in the railroad yards of Chicago, he little thought of the coming of a time when he would preside over the destiny of the program of a nation in building ships in a race with an enemy country intent on sinking them, and with the destiny of the world hanging upon the result. Yet such is his task as chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

Senator George E. Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate committee on military affairs, the one man most responsible for the great quantity of advanced war legislation passed last session, found his way to the top in the work of the great emergency, from the modest post of grocery clerk in Natchez, Mississippi. Secretary William Cox Redfield, of the Department of Commerce, was a traveling salesman; Franklin K. Lane of the Department of Interior, a newspaper reporter; Harry A. Garfield, of the Coal Administration, the mere son of a President of the United States; Woodrow Wilson, sometime spoken of as the first

Rear-Admiral Sam McGowan.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

figure in the destinies of the world, had failed in law at the age of thirty and been forced to the necessity of teaching school as a means of a livelihood.

All of which, though it may not solve the riddle of why, does seem to indicate there is democracy at the top among those who are working for the safety of the world.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Family that is a Whole Show

By Anne Herendeen

EVERYTHING depends upon the time of day you see the Van Dressers. If it is in the morning, why, they are just a happy, busy New York family, concerned with the mundane matters of getting to school, and keeping house, and earning war bread and lots of butter. But when the shades of evening fall, they are "THE VAN DRESSERS," a sure-nuff theatrical company, gaily giving their bit to liven up the evenings of the U. S. soldiers quartered about New York. Mrs. Van Jassmine Van Stone Dresser stops thinking about the roast she should order or the novel she should finish and becomes a leading lady; Mr. William Van Dresser stops working on his painting and his magazine illustrations and turns into the leading man: the two young Van Dressers, Cleland and Peter, throw their schoolbooks under the sofa, and in their places are two regular actors. And that isn't all! Emma, who roamed up from the South some years ago, to see that they all were properly fed and waited on, fluffs up her pompadour and becomes a comedy woman. Naturally, there is nothing left for Patricia Connaught (the lady with her head in Cleland's lap) to do but to stop worrying the cat and transform herself into the rest of the cast.

"Do you think Patsy knows she's a dog?" says Peter, apropos of whether Patsy shouldn't be made to say her prayers, too. "What if she does? That's nothing to feel bad about," says Cleland in "Eight-Thirty Sharp."

Then they all pile into the machine, tuck some "props" in among them and dash off to a waiting audience at Fort Hamilton, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Fort Slocum or whatever booking their engagement-book may show. "The Van Dressers" played to three hundred soldiers recently at Fort Totten and Mineola, and to six hundred at Pelham Bay Cantonment. Mrs. Van Dresser writes the plays for the company, snappy one-acters, with fat parts for everybody and plenty of action for Patsy—excuse us—Patricia Connaught. The repertory includes such thrillers as "Dorothea Gets Breakfast," "The Rejected Drawing," "Junior's Flexible Flyer," and "Eight-Thirty Sharp."

"Dorothea Gets Breakfast" deals with the wear and tear involved in getting a family up and breakfasted and sorted out and hustled off to its appointed places in the well-known early morning. If you have ever brought up a family, or belonged to a family, or lived near a family, you laugh till you cry at "Dorothea Gets Breakfast."

"It's the simple things, the ordinary things of family life that seem dramatic to me," says Mrs. Van Dresser. "Sometimes I wonder how people who don't look upon upset cream-pitchers, muddy paws, and 'Mother, can't I stay up just five more minutes' as dramatic material ever stand the strain. I am sure I couldn't."

"I wrote 'Eight-Thirty Sharp,' for instance (which seems to be the most popular of our little skits), straight from life. It certainly is one of these situations that 'would be tragic if it weren't so funny.'

"Mother has induced Father to get tickets for the new play that every one is discussing. Very well. He gets them.

"That evening, Mother, divided between her own toilet and acting as general arbitration board between Father and his collar buttons and tie, is horrified to hear scuffles issuing from the boys' bedroom. With their new boxing-gloves on, they are having a tryout, with Patsy acting as referee. Father goes to quiet them and becomes so interested in coaching the littler fellow that he forgets the theatre-party entirely. Enter Mother in a dreadful state.

"'Father, whatever are you doing?'"

"'Trying to separate these two boys, my dear,' says Father, at which parry the overwhelmingly masculine audience roars approval."

The other day down at Camp Merritt, when the Van Dressers were entertaining a thousand soldiers, they came to the place in the piece where Cleland says, "There's the bell. Some one is at the door." Only you see, Peter, loafing in the wings, had forgotten to ring the bell. So "Ting-a-ling-a-ling," said Cleland, just as bell-like as anything, and then went on: "There's the bell," etc. That got an extra laugh out of the hilarious house. After the show, which contains a great boxing scene between Cleland and Peter, none other than Mike Leonard himself, who supervises the boxing at Camp Merritt, came back and showed them a few points.

"But it's a great life," say the Van Dressers as they creep into their beds after a large evening's work. And "it's a great show," say the soldier audiences who have seen "THE VAN DRESSERS."

That there are outs about a family making a show of itself Mrs. Van Dresser laughingly admits.

Emma, for example, has become far more interested in her art than in peeling the potatoes. There are some things sacred from the prowlings of interviewers, but I can imagine the mistress of the house at about 7 P.M. remarking to the cook: "Isn't it almost time for dinner to be on the table?" and Emma replying: "Why bless your heart ma'am, I was so taken up with practisin' that there *tour de force* in "The Rejected Drawing" that dinner jus' naturally done slip my mind."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The EYES of the BLIND

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

WITHIN twenty-four hours, Robert Deems, reporter of the *Record,* has the following strange experiences:

At midnight, a man dies in his rooms. A beautiful woman searches them. De Grecque, disguised, tries to bribe him to leave the country. He escapes death twice. Later, he meets Gryce, owner of the *Record,* de Grecque, and Lydia, whom he recognizes as his nocturnal visitor.

He has an interview with her before he leaves the house, and she accuses him of having conspired with Rogan—the dead man—to deceive her about a piece of paper which she claims Rogan had left with Deems, and ends by herself offering Deems one hundred thousand dollars and immunity.

Very much mystified, Deems returns to his home to find Rogan sitting in an easy chair.

Rogan discloses the fact that he belongs to the Secret Service, that he has lost a mysterious and valuable paper wanted by a band of spies, and that he suspects Gryce and his daughter of treason. He induces Deems to join him, and Deems, as "Curtiss," attends a meeting of the "Booklovers' Club," where he finds an apparently innocent gathering, mysteriously suggestive of intrigue. He applies for membership and is accepted through his friendship with Heinrich Graffe—an *alias* of Rogan. Among the club's members is de Grecque, then absent. After reporting the meeting to Rogan, Deems goes to the room he has engaged under the name of Curtiss, to find that Lydia has been there and has again searched his effects. He goes off to tell this to Rogan, and as he nears the book-shop—where Rogan does business as Graffe—he sees a woman resembling Lydia emerge. A few seconds later the German woman, clerk of the book-shop, becomes hysterical over a bomb that has been left there, apparently by Lydia. It does not explode, but one left later at Deems's new quarters blows that house to ruins.

That evening, Lydia has two callers—the first, Randolph Fallon, an ex-reporter of the *Record,* now a taxi-driver, who claims to have driven her that afternoon to Irving Place, and to the book-shop. His object is blackmail, and he is successful in obtaining a check for ten thousand dollars. The second caller is Deems, who desires to have his suspicions allayed. Notwithstanding the incriminating evidence, he comes away still believing in her. Later on, he seeks Fallon, and discovering Lydia's check, takes it from him. Then, in the moment when his last hope of her innocence has vanished, Deems knows that he loves her. That same night, Lydia is awakened by the butler, who announces important visitors. They are policemen who have come to arrest her.

Previously, Lydia has heard the plots of the Booklovers through a dictaphone in a room adjoining their rendezvous at the Royal Restaurant. Henig, a waiter, assists her. He falls a prey to de Grecque, who compels him to disclose Lydia's identity. Rogan—as Graffe—is present and plans to capture her. He is successful, but, finding her really loyal, allows her to escape. Meanwhile, Deems, worried and unable to get word of Rogan, on his way up-town accidentally saves Gryce from assault by the occupants of a taxicab. Earlier in the evening, de Grecque has charged Gryce, who is a pacifist but not a traitor, with treason, and draws a revolver, which Gryce tears from him. De Grecque escapes, and it is he who is responsible for the attack. Deems goes home with Gryce and is there when Lydia telephones that she is safe. Just as she is telling her location the connection is severed.

The scene changes, and Fallon, deciding to disappear, takes his available funds and starts. On the way he discovers Lydia, follows her and is thinking how to see her, when he is attacked and robbed. In the meantime, Deems discloses to Gryce his identity and his love for Lydia; and his fears that de Grecque has captured her. This seems true, as they discover that the house is surrounded and the telephone controlled by him. Fallon, who has been stunned, comes to in the police station, tells his suspicions of Lydia to the captain, who disbelieves him, and is released by an apparent order from Gryce over the telephone. He is now penniless, but goes to Lydia and demands another check. Just as she is refusing, Rogan is announced—but it is de Grecque who enters the room.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Overtures and Threats

A FEW feet away from the girl de Grecque stopped. His rolling eyes seemed to do more than travel over the surface of her body; they seemed to penetrate. She was suddenly conscious of her negligée. For there was something more in de Grecque's eyes now than the menace that had been in them at the moment of his entrance. Something indescribably base, something that made her realize, as she had not realized when Fallon alone was threatening her, that she was of the feminine sex. Almost unconsciously she drew closer about her throat the folds of the silken scarf that she had added to her hasty toilet.

"So," said de Grecque. "You are found at last, ma'm'selle? There will be a reckoning, perhaps, of the debt due me, or the payment due you."

She had nothing to say. Fight as she would against any sign of weakness, she shivered.

Again the rolling eyes of de Grecque went up and down her body.

"You have nothing to say, eh? Well, that is as well. For it is a woman's place to listen when a man speaks." He utterly ignored the presence of Fallon. For all that de Grecque knew, Fallon was armed; yet so contemptuous was he of the other man that he paid him not the slightest heed.

And, indeed, Fallon seemed hypnotized. After his first speech, quelled by de Grecque's glance, the taxi-man stood like an image, save for his eyes that wandered from Lydia's face to the face of de Grecque and helplessly back again.

De Grecque leaned against a table. For a moment his eyes left Lydia's face while they wandered about the room. It was a pretty apartment; taste had made the small room cozy, charming.

"A nest," said de Grecque, "wherein two persons might find happiness, eh, Miss Gryce?"

His meaning was unmistakable. Lydia colored.

"You have business with me?" she said. "Please get it over with."

De Grecque laughed. "You have courage, Miss Gryce. Get over with our business?" He shook his head. "There is but one end to that, Miss Gryce. Why not—postpone that end?"

"I do not understand you," she told him.

"No? And yet you have a quick wit, Miss Gryce. You *do* understand me. You know that your country and mine are at war."

"Since when have France and America fought?" she asked innocently.

He waved the question aside. "You and I are not children, Miss Gryce. Let us not play at a game. My country is Germany. You know that. And our countries are at war. At present Germany, as represented by me, has an advantage over you, who represent America. That advantage is but typical of our countries: Germany, in the end, will crush America."

For answer she smiled mockingly.

"You think not, eh?" he cried. "Listen, Miss Gryce. The Allies have no truth in them. They decry the great things that Germany has done. And yet, in their hearts, they know that they are beaten. Your Government knows it, too. But politics rule, not common sense. But you—you have common sense. You will be guided by it. You will join me."

"You say so," she rejoined.

He lifted his shoulders. "You are not the type, Miss Gryce, to be upon a losing side."

"You mean that I have not the resolution to suffer?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He smiled deprecatingly. "I would not pay you so poor a compliment, Miss Gryce. But—you are ambitious—greatly so. You have risked everything to serve your country. A woman takes risks, not as a man does—because it is part of the game—but because she is ambitious."

She shook her head. "I'm afraid that you Germans misunderstand us, men and women both," she told him.

"Perhaps. Yet we have spent years studying you, and we Germans are good students."

"I believe you studied Belgium, too," she retorted. "And England. Those powers would not fight!"

His eyes were malevolent. "There is no Belgium now," he answered. "There will be no England."

"And yet, greatly to Germany's discomfort, there is an England just now."

"It will be crushed, I assure you, Miss Gryce. But we wander too far. Argument is not needed now. I have the winning hand, Miss Gryce. You will now do exactly what I tell you. And yet, why should threat pass from me to you? I am a man, Miss Gryce. You are a woman. Between men and women threats are unnecessary. You are ambitious. You would achieve things. But what is achievement if there is no reward? And America can pay no reward; America is doomed. She will be a German province when the treaty of peace is signed. And to those who shall have earned Germany's good-will, no reward shall be too great. Miss Gryce, why not gratify ambition? Why waste it in a losing cause?"

She stared at him: something of her father's expression when politicians, mean politicians, made bids for his support of venal measures, crept into her eyes.

It was a curiously detached look, thoroughly impersonal; it was as though the living, breathing de Grecque before her were the creation, the grotesque creation, of some vulgarly comic artist. There was even mirth in her contempt.

"Are you seriously proposing, Herr de Grecque, that I turn traitor?"

He avoided her glance. "Why use unpleasant words? Miss Gryce, a German viceroy will sit in the White House. I could name him if I chose. To be his wife——"

He paused, smiling. Slowly his smile vanished. The girl made no direct reply, but de Grecque read his answer. His whole manner changed. Suavity left it; he was no longer persuasive, ingratiating.

"I have made an offer, Miss Gryce. You have rejected it. There will be no more offers. Germans never sue for anything; they take that which they want. I make demands now. And yet, I would not be too harsh with you. Your life is of some value, yes? Suppose I give you it. Germany owns it; it is forfeit a dozen times. And yet; the life of one woman is of no great importance. You have been working against me, Miss Gryce. I would know for whom."

"I should think that the keen German mind could guess," she mocked.

He bowed. "The keen German mind does not guess, Miss Gryce. For your country. But the person—the person who suspected me, who told you to block me—I would have his name."

"But you do not really expect to get it from me," she said.

Somewhere down in his heart lurked a love for the land that

Again he bowed, and there was less of mockery in it.

"I honor your great courage, Miss Gryce. And yet—I do expect that information from you. Listen, you are young, and it is the young, oddly enough, who place least value upon life. The old, who should be wearied of this world, wish to remain in it. You might laugh at threats against yourself—but your father?"

"You can not harm him," declared Lydia.

"No?" De Grecque laughed. "You have a telephone here? I may use it? I thank you."

He picked up the instrument on the desk and asked for a number. "Connect me with Gryce's number," he said a moment later.

Lydia's eyebrows raised. De Grecque had not asked for the number of the Gryce mansion; he had called up another number and asked whoever answered to connect him with her father. She began to understand, now, why she had been so suddenly cut off as she was telling her father, from the up-town lunchroom, of her escape. She had thought that Central had made a mistake, at the time; but she realized now that de Grecque had tampered with the line.

"Gryce? This is de Grecque talking. A while ago you were quite deaf; perhaps you are less so now. You have not dared to leave your house, eh? It is as well that you do not, Gryce. And you defied me to produce your daughter. Gryce, I have found her. She will talk with you."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Lydia.

"You will be quite careful what you say, my dear. And, if you love your father, and would ever see him again, you will advise him to abandon whatever plans he may have made against me."

Lydia walked to the telephone. A moment she stood in thought, hardly hearing her father's anxious queries. Then, swiftly, she spoke:

"In the desk in my room, father; in the lower right-hand drawer! The long, flat envelope——"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had given his ancestors refuge, and—Fallon died for that land.

De Grecque's hand upon her shoulder tore her away from the instrument. As she reeled against the wall something glowed in the eyes of Fallon, something that had not been there for many years.

De Grecque snatched up the receiver. "It doesn't matter, Gryce," he cried, "what your daughter just said. You will have no chance to do anything with it, whatever it may be. But you have a chance to save her—and yourself. Gryce, you know that your house is surrounded; that your telephone is cut off; that you can not summon help. The end is near, Gryce. Will you be a fool, or will you play the game as I would have you play it?"

At the other end of the wire Gryce listened. His clothing was suddenly damp, damp with the perspiration that nervous horror had brought. But his voice was calm.

"Put my daughter on the phone, de Grecque," he said. "Have her tell me that she wishes me to sacrifice everything decent, and I'll do it! . . . You can't get her to do that, eh? Then, de Grecque, bring on your 'end' and watch me play hob with it."

De Grecque hung up; he looked at Lydia. "Your father is a fool," he said slowly. "Also, he is a poor father to put anything before your safety."

"Did he do that?" asked Lydia.

De Grecque misread her excitement. "He has no feeling for you," he declared.

Lydia laughed. "Then I'm proud of him, and I forgive him for bemoaning so often that I was not a boy. Why, you German thing, do you think that a real American will put even his women above his country?"

De Grecque sneered. "You might almost play heroine in one of your Broadway melodramas, Miss Gryce. I wonder if, when I take you, you will be so brave? I have offered you, Miss Gryce, place and power. You will not have it. Suppose, Miss Gryce, I offer you nothing but—myself?"

Once again the look that frightened her appeared in his eyes. He came nearer to her. And then Fallon's voice stopped him. Petulant, almost whining, was th voice of Fallon.

"Say, lookahere, people. While you'r playing this little game, don't forget abou me."

De Grecque stopped his advance. In considerable thing that Fallon was, Fallor nevertheless, was the man who had led hir to Lydia Gryce. He eyed the drunkar appraisingly.

"YOU were at Police Headquarters making some sort of charge against Miss Gryce?" he asked.

"Yay-ah," said Fallon. "She tried t kill a guy named Deems. Put a bomb i his room——"

"Named *Deems?*" De Grecque wa frankly surprised.

"Yes. Called himself Curtiss, but——

"Called himself *Curtiss!*"

"That's it. And a man named Graffe runs a bookstore on Lexington Avenue she tried to bump him off, and——"

De Grecque turned to Lydia. He stare at her. He looked again at Fallon. "Yo are sure—" he wet his lips—"that this ma Curtiss is really named Deems? N Deems of the *Record?*"

"That's the guy," said Fallon. "I use to work on the *Record;* that's how I kno him."

De Grecque reached out his hand; h seized Lydia by the arm.

"This Deems—does this man tell tl truth? Was it a man named Deems th you tried to kill?"

She tried vainly to wrench herself fre Once again something glowed in the eyes Fallon.

"I do not understand," she said. ' tried to kill no one."

De Grecque released her. He studied h a moment. "Somewhere," he said, "I ha seen—you know Rogan? But of cour you do. You admitted me because I se in his name. . . . Deems." His voice di away, yet his lips moved. Then his voi was audible again.

"I begin to see much," he said. "I beg to understand. . . . You will come wi me, Miss Gryce. And you will come s lently. If you raise your voice——"

She shook her head. "I shall not lea here," she declared.

He smiled. Again his hand reached for and seized her. He shook her. And f the third time the queer light glowed in tl eyes of Fallon.

"Quit it," he said.

De Grecque dropped the girl's arm; l turned upon Fallon.

"Well, my blackmailer gutter-rat?"

"Let her alone," snarled Fallon. I looked, for all the world, like the thing Grecque called him, the thing that Capta Farley had called him not an hour ag And yet, sodden, disreputable, brok though he looked, he met de Grecqu blazing eyes squarely.

"Let her alone," he said again. "Gettii the coin—that's O. K. But this handli her—she's a lady, you damned German

"Damned Ger—" De Grecque echo Fallon's epithet. Then he laughed.

"Miss Gryce," he said, "I congratula you. You are a leader of men. You i spire them. Even this gutter-rat rises your heights. Tawdry heights; heights melodrama, but—heights." Then the h mor left his voice. "You will be ve careful, my friend Fallon, that you do n

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

anger me. You will be careful of the language you address to me. You may be useful to me, and so—it is forgotten, but—" He beckoned to Lydia. "You will come with me," he stated.

"No, she won't," said Fallon. Through bleared eyes he looked at de Grecque. Painfully he spoke. "I'm what you called me, alright," he said slowly. "I'm a rat. But I'm an American. Miss Gryce, what's this man's game, anyway? Treason, or what?"

"Treason," she answered. Into her eyes sprang hope. Fallon was strong-looking of frame. If he had the courage. . . . And Fallon had it. Rat-souled he was; blackguard, scoundrel, blackmailer, drunkard. But once he had been decent; decent people had been his associates; good blood ran in his veins. The Fallons had furnished no informers in the old generations in Ireland, nor any traitors to America among the new generations.

"I don't stand for that," said Fallon. He drew himself up and glared at de Grecque. It was the glare, undoubtedly, of a drunkard, the glare of the weak-souled. It was the sort of look that would be bound to draw laughter from the lips of the strong. And de Grecque was strong.

"You don't?" de Grecque laughed. "Don't interfere here, Fallon. There is more money for you——"

"Money? I don't want that kind of money. I'm a crook, but I'm a clean crook, not a German crook. Miss Gryce, I'm going to take you to the police station, where you can tell what this bird's been trying to do, and——"

Even when de Grecque drew his gun, Fallon did not falter. He must have known that de Grecque meant business; but he must also have determined to die as he had not lived—well. Brave deeds are not always the outcome of plan, of thought, of determination. History is full of paradox. Fallon the rat-souled, was lion-hearted now. Head up, facing de Grecque's bullet, he charged. Honor, decency, self-control—these meant nothing to Fallon. But somewhere down in his heart lurked a love for the land that had given his ancestors refuge, and—Fallon died for that land. Half an hour ago Fallon himself would have willingly admitted his cowardice, would have admitted that he would not face death for his country. But this was half an hour later, and he had seen a girl threatened; had seen a girl smile at the threat of death.

De Grecque fired only once; he was too sure of his aim to look long at the prostrate body of Fallon. He was too busy muffling the scream of Lydia.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Made in Germany

ON THE threshold of the room Lydia stopped. De Grecque released the shoulder by which he had half led, half pushed her from the limousine that had conveyed them from her Forty-seventh Street refuge to this old-fashioned house a few doors from Bryant Park.

His eyes did not roll now; they were steady upon her. Rogan, in the room, his arm in an improvised sling, felt his heart grow chill. His lips did not move, but his eyes were a pleading prayer. But it was a prayer unseen, unheard. Over Lydia's face spread contempt.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Rogan," she said. "To sell me out——"

De Grecque was at her side. His finger, shaking with excitement, pointed at Rogan. "So that—that is—Rogan?" he cried.

The girl turned and stared at him. "Why, of—" She stopped. She saw her error. De Grecque knew the name of Rogan, knew what that name stood for, but—he did not know Rogan's identity. She had been wrong, then. He had not turned her over to de Grecque. He was loyal to her, and—she had betrayed him.

For de Grecque had brushed past her into the room. At a signal from him two men leaped upon Rogan. His revolver was pulled from his pocket, and he, unarmed, helpless, was hurled into a chair and held there by his captors. And over him stood de Grecque. Smilingly for a full minute de Grecque stared down upon the heavily breathing Rogan.

"AND so, at last, we meet again, Rogan," he said slowly. "You have been Heinrich Graffe, you have been many people, many things, Rogan, but—we meet at last."

Rogan shrugged his shoulders. A moment ago his eyes had held a prayer, but now they were cold, icily defiant.

"The many things that I have been seem amateurish with the things that the Graf von Schoental has been," he said. "Also, though the Graf von Schoental may think differently, honorable men will consider that I have played clean parts."

De Grecque frowned. It was with difficulty that he hid a start as Rogan called him by his real name.

"You know too much, Rogan," he said. "You understand?"

Rogan smiled. "I understand—fully, von Schoental. Let us hope that you too, understand. You are a shrewd man, von Schoental——"

"Why do you call me that, Rogan?" interrupted de Grecque.

"Why not? It is your name."

"And you learned it—how?"

"A moment ago I said that I hoped that you would understand," answered Rogan. "Why waste your time and mine asking questions?"

De Grecque raised his eyebrows. "To waste *your* time? You have little time, Rogan, unless——"

Rogan slowly shook his head. "There is no 'unless.'"

De Grecque pursed his lips. "Who can be sure of that? Rogan, as I have said, you know too much. There are things that need explanation."

"And yet," smiled Rogan, "they will never be explained. You will go to your firing-squad, von Schoental, wondering how—why."

"Perhaps," said de Grecque shortly. "Just now, Rogan, I am not bothered by the thought of firing-squads. There is an adage—catch your hare."

Rogan nodded. "That is true. But the hunters are close."

"Possibly," assented de Grecque. "But the first hound—he does not bay to tell them where the quarry is. Listen, Rogan, a game is attractive so long as one is a player, or when one has a wager on the winning team."

"There speaks the German," sneered Rogan. "An American sometimes prefers to back a loser. But, as it happens, America is backing the winner this time."

"We will not argue it," said de Grecque. "At least, it must be quite apparent that you, individually, have lost."

Rogan was nonchalant. "You have not won, you know."

"But I shall." De Grecque was calmly complacent. "Rogan, you fooled me. I thought you were dead. My compliments; you are a clever man; but not quite clever enough. For God is with the German cause, and that cause can not lose. Why balk at the inevitable? Be sensible. Germany can use a man like you——"

Rogan looked from de Grecque to Lydia. He smiled whimsically. "The German mind. Behold its workings, Miss Gryce. They can not understand decency." He turned to de Grecque. "Suppose you assume that I'm a maniac, bent on self-destruction, and let it go at that?"

"But listen," said de Grecque. "What have you to gain? Who is going to know that you died for America? No one. Always, in the records of your State Department, the name of Rogan will be written down as one who, for money, betrayed his native land. That record can not be erased. If it should become known, I could understand your refusing now, while there is yet time, to cast in your lot with Germany. But to die for a country that will never know your sacrifice——"

"I'll know it, won't I?" demanded Rogan.

De Grecque laughed. "You are one of those intellectual infants who believe in a life after death. That would be scant comfort to me, Rogan. The life after death is the memory one leaves. And only the memory of the great or the infamous endures. Yours will be the memory of the infamous. No matter what you have tried to do now, there remains only the knowledge that you sold your country's secrets five years ago."

"Not the knowledge—the belief," corrected Rogan.

"A quibble. A belief that is firmly enough fixed becomes knowledge in time, Rogan. Listen! You are not, have not been accredited by your Government. Because you wished to remove a stain from your name you have tried to oppose me. You have failed. The stain remains. Why not be sensible and gain from me, from Germany, the regard that your own Government withholds from you?"

ROGAN simply smiled. But de Grecque would not be put off.

"You took from me a paper, Rogan. It was a valuable paper. It assured to me the support of Stephen Gryce. Rogan, I want that paper."

Rogan shook his head. "I haven't it."

"But you know who has it. Will you give me his name? Why not? If you don't, Deems will. But reward will be paid to but one. Shall it be you, or shall it be to Deems?"

"I suppose you can produce Deems, eh?" questioned Rogan.

"He will be found," asserted de Grecque.

Rogan yawned. "Well, suppose after you've found that young feller you come around and talk with me again."

De Grecque glared a moment at the insolently smiling Rogan. Then he faced Lydia.

(Continued on page 76)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What! My Car?"

"Yes! skidded—and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through. You'd better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters."

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

Weed Chains are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA; DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"NOTHING AS USUAL"

(*Continued from page 28*)

would leave only sixteen million of us to keep things going as usual. Even with five million women added to the list of American workers—and twice that number is needed to-day—we would have a man-power devoted toward keeping things as usual that would fall short of demands.

I have kept my explanation as simple and plain as possible, up to now, because the inner mazes of this machine devoted to winning the war, which we call American business, including the railroads, are staggering. Even the experts in Washington are only blazing a trail, as yet, for this analysis of the social service called business, which is being attempted in Washington these days, has never been made before in any country on earth.

The Web of War-Business

EVERY manufactured article that is rushed to these ten-minute ships, and all the raw materials, have required the toil of America's millions of men and the movements of scores of thousands of freight-cars before they were sent on their last freight journey to the sea. Every man who has worked on the making of these things, whether they be flour, saddles or chewing-gum, has been a war worker. Just to the extent that what he raised or mined or manufactured went into these ships, he has been taken out of the business of serving American civilians and put at the job of winning the war.

There is no object lying near you, as you read this article, that does not afford a study in war-time economy, and prove that nothing can be as usual until the war is over. Without putting you to the trouble of extending your hand for such an object, consider the magazine you are holding as you read this. Hold this magazine in one hand, and in the other hand place a chunk of coal that will equal the magazine in weight. It required just that much coal to produce the paper in your copy of EVERYBODY'S, ounce for ounce. This does not count the coal that was consumed in bringing the wood to the pulp-mill or in making the saws that cut the wood or in making the steel that made the rails over which the wood was carried; that is a complexity too remote for our consideration.

The Government has decided that magazines and newspapers are a vital necessity of war-time life and that the paper industry itself must be maintained. Seven and a half million tons of paper will be made in 1919. That means that seven and a half million tons of coal must be brought to the paper-mills, and this in spite of the fact that coal is used in making the most vital necessities of war. Here we have, between the paper and the coal, use for fifteen million tons of shipping. It is a trade fact that, for every ton of paper that comes out of a paper-mill, two tons of material must enter the mill. This gives us another fifteen million tons for the paper industry—thirty million tons in all.

But now the complexities only begin. Copper is required in the making of paper; it is also required in almost every article used in war, in one way or another. Yet copper must be found somewhere for this paper. It may come out of the nails in your next pair of shoes or out of your wife's next hatpin. Sulfur will go into the making of this paper, sulfur which is carried long journeys in precious freight space from the district of eastern Texas. Sulfur is used in the making of many articles of war. Shall it be taken away from war purposes or from the matches with which you light your pipe or cigar as you read this article? The very fact that the manufacturer who made the matches in your pocket and the manufacturer who made the paper in this magazine had to vie with each other, as you may be sure they did, to get sulfur that would go either into your matches or your magazine, is only one of the myriad of instances of the complexities of American business that have been revealed by the war.

In order to keep the paper business alive the Government lent its aid to the paper-makers.

First, the coal must be secured. The coal controllers arrange their supply to meet the need and allocate sufficient coal to the pulp-mills, at a certain price. Next, the freight tonnage must be secured. The shipping control makes the proper arrangement, so that the pulp men may be sure of having cars when they need them.

The "Crown Prince Barrier"

THEN, next, comes the gateway problem. There is a barrier of mountain and river reaching from New York down into Pennsylvania at Altoona and back to the ocean at the mouth of the Potomac that is interfering with our progress in the war. The Hudson River and the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains seem to be in cahoots with the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Indeed, as these barriers appear on the map of the United States, they make a profile of the Crown Prince himself, with the tip of his thin nose resting on Altoona and his mouth biting into the United States right at Monument Square and the old Baltimore Club in the heart of Baltimore. Through the mountain barrier there are only four gateways by which all the railroad traffic must pass. They are at Baltimore, Maryland, and Shippensburg, Altoona and Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Over the Hudson the gateways are two bridges. They are all narrow necks, assisted in some instances by tunnels, but through them must pass as it can most of the shipping to the Atlantic. The officials who keep the paper industry alive must see to it that freight-cars being used in paper manufacture are not set aside at these crowded gateways.

Thus by constant watchfulness, by taking away something from less necessary industries, by crowding aside, here and there, affairs that do not have to do directly with the winning of the war, enough paper to meet our necessities—but not enough to box our blouses, our stockings, our hats and our rubbers, not to mention hundreds of other things—will be secured.

That this "Crown Prince barrier," as it is called in Washington, this arrangement of mountain and river, should affect the war-time existence of Americans who reside on both sides of it is another astonishing fact of war-time preparations.

The Alleghanies and the Marne

ANTHRACITE (hard coal), which the people of the West can not have in full quota this winter, is all mined on the eastern side of the "Crown Prince barrier." The gateways are too busy to permit their being used for sending the full supply of hard coal westward. On the other hand, the high volatile soft coals that are needed in manufacturing in the East are all mined on the western side of the barrier, right under the tip of the Crown Prince's nose. This coal must be carried through the gateways to the East. And when one hears of a coal shortage in the factories of the East it does not mean that there is not enough coal of the proper sort mined, but that the "Crown Prince barrier" gateways have been too crowded to permit of easy coal transportation. When freight bound for the Atlantic is jammed in these mountain gateways or on the bridges across the Hudson River there is a corresponding shortage some day along the river Marne or in the mountains of the Vosges.

As matters stand, this winter, nothing can be as usual. And this will be even more true as the year passes and we prepare for the great effort of 1919. Then the ships will not be ten-minute ships; they will be five or six minute ships. Their vacuum-like pull on our resources will be twice as great as now. And it will not diminish, but will increase until we win the war.

The day of dilettante sacrificing because it is good form has passed. The day of necessary, enforced sacrificing is grimly upon us. The war has come over here, at last, and the wise man or woman knows it and will conduct his business and his home accordingly.

American business and American labor are splendidly repairing the broken machinery even while the machinery is functioning. For instance, with thirty per cent. reduction of man-power in the mines, production of coal has been increased twenty per cent. But it can not do its double job, the new one and the old. The usual one will be scanted. And the sooner we realize this fact as individual citizens, the sooner we stop trying to live as usual.

The sooner we enter with a mighty voluntary rush into the "Nothing As Usual" spirit, the sooner victory will come.

Mr. Shepherd is at the Washington war-front for EVERYBODY'S. He tells why on page 24. Other articles by him will appear in later numbers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ETHEL LAVVANDER'S HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 34*)

"Busy morning?" asked Kerry politely.

"Oh, yes. You?" Then she bit her lower lip, as though to bite back the dangerous query.

He frowned. "Oh, not exactly busy. Unpleasant things came up, though——"

With almost rude haste, she picked up the noon newspaper which the obsequious head-waitress always saw was placed on her and Kerry's table. "Any new war news?"

"Guess not," preoccupiedly. "Something about which Crandley and I differ. Of course, it is more his store than mine. But as a matter of ordinary judgment——"

The same phrase that she had caught earlier—twice. She was annoyed. She did not want to hear. "Why, yes, here's a bit," unfolding the paper. "Another explosion in a factory——"

"He's using his authority——"

"And here's a paragraph about the enemy's lack of morale——"

"But authority or no authority, I——"

"This casualty list is longer than yesterday's——"

Whereupon Kerry Lavvander, after a steady, perplexed look at his wife, lapsed into silence.

And in comparative silence they finished the meal, in silence left the room and separated, to their respective departments.

In her office, the telephone was impatiently buzzing. She took it up with a sudden feeling of rebellion at its interminable demand of her. She felt a sudden distaste for the day and its routine—for all her days.

For they were alike—all. Crammed, rushed, important; but, in a way, savorless. Morning, luncheon with Kerry; afternoon, dinner and evening with Kerry—between whom and herself this bridge of diversity was being surely built—as surely as the fumed-pine panelings out there separating the women's-wear section from the house-furnishings. And to-morrow—morning, luncheon with Kerry; afternoon, dinner; and evening——

HOWEVER, habit and an innate urge of energy take small account of the savor or lack of savor of one's immediate day. When an hour later from the tenth floor came a coldly clamorous appeal for a decision some time before Judgment Day anent the disposal of space in the coming Sunday's double-page advertisement, she was energetically apologetic.

"Hennesy! I'm so sorry! It slipped my mind! Wait! I'll call Crandley this minute——"

But, with her hand on the receiver, she set back the desk instrument. Crandley stepped into the office.

"That?" He was briskly decisive. "Oh, cut 'em out altogether——"

"Altogether? Not Tuesday's sale—" objectingly.

"Can't help it," he regretted. "Need the space to feature the khaki stuff—khaki bags, khaki caps, khaki Bibles, khaki-covered photograph-frames, khaki house-slippers, khaki kits."

"I see."

"Khaki occupies the world's eye just now, more than chiffon-velvet evening coats," he crisply went on. "Sorry to spoil your planned sale," regretfully.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," readily; "that is, I'd counted on that sale ridding me of some passé stuff. But I understand——"

"That just now everybody has to trim their sales to the wind," with a cordial smile and a shrug.

"And it's a big wind."

"Cyclonic."

He discussed some other minor matters; then turned to leave the office whose ornate smallness his brisk personality and broad form, apparently broader because of his light clothes, seemed to fill. She picked up her receiver, to inform the coldly waiting Hennessy.

But again she set the instrument down, unused.

CRANDLEY, hand on door-knob, had turned back. His expression was unusually purposeful. A faint frown held itself back in Ethel Lavvander's gray eyes. She hoped—annoyedly—that he had not turned back to speak of Kerry and this latest dispute.

But he had not. His query was casual: "Doing anything to-night?"

"Nothing especial."

"Like to motor out—" still casual—"twenty miles to a North Shore inn? I've been working like a horse lately—I'd like to break a speed law or two."

Ethel Lavvander's long, supple fingers, resting easily on the desk telephone, continued to rest there easily. Her waiting gray eyes holding the faint frown, continued to hold it—introspectively. Through the open window came up the street noises. At seven floors high their shrill discord was blended to a sullen harmony. Ethel Lavvander seemed absently to be listening to them.

But finally she spoke. Her expression, as she spoke, was careful—as though being a woman accustomed to look ahead concerning many matters, she had some time ago looked ahead and preheard some such a query as this—from this man. And looking, had prepared for the occasion and query an assortment of answers—from which assortment she now carefully chose one.

"I don't—know—if Kerry has an engagement to-night."

There was a moment of silence. Over George Crandley's good-looking, brisk face flitted a small smile—as though, being alert of wit, he now alertly guessed that the answer had been cautiously culled from an assortment.

"But I don't—believe—that I included Kerry in the invitation."

There was another moment of silence. She carefully avoided his eyes. But, finally:

"Not—to-night."

Crandley, still with the faint smile, looked down at her. "Some other night, then?"

She took her hand off the telephone, and with both hands began steadily to sort a heap of papers. With that careful, thoughtful expression, over which, like thin metal, hardness often lay, Ethel Lavvander had often kept jobbers, undermanagers, saleswomen, importers waiting while she came to deliberate decision. Crandley waited, with an air of perfect patience. Finally——

"Perhaps," composedly.

An order-girl, with the inevitable sheaf of order-papers, suddenly entered. Ethel Lavvander, more curtly than she was wont, told the girl to leave the sheaf. As the girl went out—she was inquisitive-eyed, with an offensively up-to-date marcel—she closed the door rather ostentatiously. Whereupon Ethel Lavvander frowned in annoyance.

Then the telephone buzzed—some one was looking for Crandley. Whereupon he frowned annoyedly. But, going out the door, he said calmly, "Some time then."

The telephone buzzed again. A head-saleswoman had clashed on a point of authority with an under-manager. Again. Wack Kells wanted to place a new sales-girl in the women's wear. Again—again.

Very composedly, very attentively, Ethel Lavvander listened, conferred, ordered, advised. It was not until the afternoon had buzzed to its end, till her gold-and-gemmed wrist-watch showed five-forty, that composure and attention dropped away from her eyes and face, leaving a certain restive inattention visible.

And this expression was still on her face when, having waited for her as usual, her husband accompanied her down in the elevator, walked quietly beside her the length of the big store and thence to the bus.

IN COMPARATIVE silence they rode home to their apartment; in comparative silence they sat down at the dinner-table. And from Ethel Lavvander's restive inattention, or from Kerry Lavvander's quiet, almost moody preoccupation, few observers would have guessed that some dozen years back the two had sat, arms about each other's eager neck, in two dingy rear light-housekeeping rooms, and dreamily discussed their prospect of ever owning just such a handsomely subdued-toned whole apartment, just such a silver-and-white-and-hand-embroidered-linen-and-mahogany dinner-table—instead of a two-by-three, cheap-clothed kitchen pine. Though once or twice during the quiet meal, there flashed into Ethel's eyes a certain unkindly gleam of amusement—as though she, at least, might be of good memory.

But this was only a brief flash or so. As the meal went quietly on, Kerry still preoccupied, her thoughtful glance began to take on a recurrent gleam of something like rebellion. And it was about the same rebellious gleam that a shabby sales-girl, standing sulkily behind her ten-hour counter, turns on life in general. For monotony of days is monotony, whether the day is spent on the housetop or in the sub-basement. And down in every human heart there is a latent opinion that sticks up its angry head when one's days are savorless. Wealth we can do without; and, at a pinch, health, serenity of soul or the fair word of our fellows. But savor for our days—we feel opinionatively that such is our birthright. Having it not, we sulk angrily that we have been cheated by some Esau-God.

When the telephone in the living-room buzzed, she started—sent a little side-eager glance after the maid answering it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But a tradesman was verifying an order merely. Her glance came back to her dinner-plate—came back perhaps a trifle disappointedly, as if possibly she regretted being taken at her tentatively cautious word of the afternoon.

Kerry did not seem observant of her. Still preoccupied, he now raised his head, however, and was about to address her, she knew—frowned faintly as though to frown back his coming recital.

"Busy this afternoon?" was his polite prelude.

"Oh—yes." She examined her coffee-spoon.

"Our department was rather dull."

Silence. She finished her coffee.

He finished his. He examined his coffee-spoon. Then: "By the way, I believe I mentioned at noon something about a dispute between Crandley and myself."

She was silent—impassive.

He glanced at her briefly, glanced back to his coffee-spoon with which he now traced a circle on the embroidered cloth.

"It's rather a serious dispute."

"Yes?" In spite of herself, she did not keep quite out the little ironic inflection.

"Yes. Glance still down, he continued to trace the idle circle. "I want to get down early in the morning—and settle it." He spoke rather stubbornly.

She cast her eyelids down—in polite endeavor to hide boredness.

He went on, reflectively it seemed: "As a rule, Crandley manages somehow to be—or appear to be—on the most logical side—in a dispute. But this time, as a matter of ordinary judgment——"

"Oh—" But she checked herself after the little ejaculation of distaste.

Her husband glanced thoughtfully at her. "As a matter of ordinary judgment, if the Textall Manufacturing Company wants to borrow our power-machines and operators to get out an order——"

At this, she was interested in spite of herself. "Oh, Jo Coffy telephoned me about that." And, in regret, "I quite forgot——"

"Did she? Well, Powell asked me several days ago," quietly. "And——"

But his wife cut in: "Just where," and her voice was crisply forcible to insolence, as though she were suddenly impelled to discussion against her will, "just where does any dispute come in with Crandley over such a matter as this?"

Kerry Lavvander again glanced at her thoughtfully, then glanced away from her. He had laid aside the coffee-spoon, and his long, thin fingers slowly drummed on the cloth.

"WELL, it's rather an unusual request."

"These are unusual times." She spoke warmly.

"But it's really the Textall Company's funeral—not ours."

"But it's government work." Ethel Lavvander was making a hard effort to remain cool—and courteous.

"They took the contract—they should have been sure of their capacity for output——"

"Joanna thinks that she didn't overestimate—that some operators are purposely lagging." Anger pulled hard at the leash of control. Her eyes were hard on her husband.

"Yes," slowly. "Powell told me the same."

"Are our power-machines so rushed?" she inquired contemptuously. "I was under the impression that, with more than a million men withdrawn from ordinary trade channels, the making of custom shirts, for instance, was not an excessively crowding matter!"

"No," he said slowly, "our machines aren't rushed. We have some orders, but many of our operators are on half-time." He seemed to be particular not to look at her.

But she looked very straight at him. And all at once she sat up very straight on her dining-chair, as though to be in proper physical position to strike out bitterly.

"Then why not help out the Textall people?" Her voice was dangerously unsteady—for a woman whose voice was habitually steady. Her gray eyes were dangerously black—aflame.

HE REPEATED, carefully it seemed, "But it's the Textall people's affair—not ours. There's really no reason why we should help them out. We're under no obligation to do so."

"Isn't the fact that it's a government order a reason? What has obligation to do with it?"

"Is that the way you feel?" he enquired thoughtfully.

"Is that the way I feel?" Her voice was rising high. "Do you mean to say you don't! Kerry, do you mean actually that you could dispute with Crandley—or any one—the advisability, the reason, the obligation, of helping these people out on such an order—at such a time? Oh, this is too much! This is——"

Her quiet husband interrupted, still without looking directly at her: "Ah! But it happens to be Crandley who disputes with *me* the reason—and the advisability—and the obligation—of helping out the Textall people in this matter. I have been urging upon his consideration some such arguments as you have just voiced." Kerry Lavvander's tone was even but dry.

"What!"

At the astounded exclamation of incredulity from his wife, he raised his eyes at last, though his long fingers continued to drum meditatively on the table-cloth, and looked at her. "Even so," quietly. "Like you, I found it hard to believe."

Now, in her life, Ethel Lavvander had blushed burningly several times. Not many times—but several. The time, for instance, she allowed a patronizing buyer, dining her, to learn that never in her young life had she heard that canned caviar differed from fresh. The day she married Kerry Lavvander. The time a jobber "stung" her, palming off on her inexperience some machine-made lace waists as real *bébé* Irish. And a few other times. But all those times were long past. She had learned not to care greatly for either fresh caviar or canned—or for buyers' attentions, and there lived now no jobber who could inform her anent the origin of a lace article. And her married days had been many. She had thought that she had quite lost the knack of blushing red.

But now it fairly scorched her skin, that brilliant blush, flaming its way down over clever, dismayed face, clear under the low, rolled collar of her blue satin blouse, though whether it was at her own blunder, or at the quizzical, thoughtful look in her husband's quiet eyes——

He went on evenly, dryly, as though not noticing. "Yes, I found it not only hard to believe, but upsetting. I can't say I've ever loved Crandley," with a small wry smile. "You see, as a matter of fact, he has rather a forcible way of using his authority to bolster up his opinion, and cover up his mistakes."

As he said this, he again was not looking directly at his wife. But she shot a sudden, startled glance at him.

His long fingers drummed absently on the table. "But I've always felt that, after all, I didn't have much real right to stand up insistently and stubbornly against him. Because, you see, he pays the big store the compliment of all his enthusiasm."

"You mean—" For the first time in many years, Ethel Lavvander's voice was perplexed, uncertain.

"A compliment I never could pay it," regretfully Kerry went on. "I've—oh, the work's always dragged at me, you know. Oh—" his fingers began to beat a restive tattoo—"I don't know as I would have done better in any other line—I'm not indulging in any post-mortem over buried ambitions. But," he smiled dryly, "I mentally conceded Crandley the right to bluster—even when I remembered positively he had told me (I am sure he forgot) to run a partition any direction I preferred. Or when a garment strike that no one could have possibly foreseen, dropped on my unfortunate head." He smiled dryly. "For, after all, the partition—and the strike—were actually of more moment to him than to me."

"Ah!" slowly said Ethel Lavvander.

"BUT this matter with the Textall people," again the voice took on a stubbornness that the woman opposite heard oddly, "well, this happens to be of moment to me. And so, I'll have to insist to-morrow morning that Crandley gives in—for once—to me."

The blush had faded somewhat from Ethel Lavvander's face, leaving behind it a certain curious pallor. She was regarding her husband curiously, too; almost as though he were a stranger, or at least not the man whom she had been picturing to herself for several years.

There was silence for a while.

Ethel Lavvander continued to regard the man across the table. And an expression that had held very assured, almost hard, possession of her clever face for a long time, wavered, as though doubting its right to its place. Her blush had quite faded away. But presently the pallor that had replaced it seemed to be taking on a certain soft fire.

"At—at any rate," finally said Kerry Lavvander, looking at her with a faint wistfulness of expression, "I'm glad that you and I—feel alike—on this one matter."

From the clever depths of her gray eyes there shot up a little flame, something like the starting flame of an old affection newly fueled. Across the embroidered cloth she stretched an impulsive, long, supple hand. "So—so am I," said she unsteadily.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIVE BALLAST

A Little Epic *of the* War

Reported by Irving Bacheller

Author of "The Light in the Clearing," "Keeping Up With William," etc.

This is one of several sketches written by Mr. Bacheller for EVERYBODY'S about his observations and experiences abroad. He recently returned from a long visit to the Western front, where he saw the war at close range—so close indeed, that he was wounded by flying shrapnel. The next sketch to appear is called "Red Hours of Battle."

WE HAD sailed out of the danger zone. Still, even now there was danger. Any outcry or unusual sound brought the undercurrent of apprehension to the surface. We had had a good dinner and now made our way through the dim corridor above the dining saloon and around the light screens to the open deck. It was as dark as a pocket there. This thick, friendly blanket of the night gave us a sense of comfort and security. We groped along the deck. I bumped against a watchman and apologized and went on. We felt our way through the little maze around the smoking-room door.

Inside what a glow of light! Parties were forming at the tables for cards or conversation. There were British and American officers—of the land, sea and the air—bent on sundry missions; Canadians and Australians, fresh from the hospitals or the battle-front, going home on leave. Here every evening the history of the great war was being told by men who had lived in its most thrilling moments. I have sat down to try to reproduce a little of the vivid and priceless color that was being wasted on the smoky air—color of Homeric battles on the earth and in the skies above, and in the waters beneath—colors, however, of which Homer and Virgil and Stephen Crane never dreamed.

In my party were two British army officers—one, whom I shall call the Major, was born in Harlem, of a German mother—and there were two old sea-captains now of the British navy. The Major was a tall, vigorous, athletic Harvard man with a rumbling voice and a just sense of dramatic values. It was a joy to hear him tell a story and see the glow of his eyes and that heavy hand of his coming down upon the table at the right points. He opened the session with a vivid tale:

"We watched for hell one night in the fall of 1916, and plunged into its biggest kettle, as ye might say. They had too much fire under it. The old thing boiled over and spilled us out—that's the way I think of it. We tumbled over the edge, all more or less cooked, and landed on both sides of the river Jordan. While I was lying in a hospital trying to get well, I saw this in a London newspaper."

The Major took out his wallet and found a clipping and passed it to me and I read aloud the following item:

"It develops that the body found, badly crushed, in a coal-bin in the backyard of No. — Lansdowne Road on Friday last is that of a corpulent German of middle age. Papers found on his person indicate that his name is Fink and that less than ten days ago he received letters at the post-office in Stuttgart. As yet the police have no clue to the mystery."

"I know what it meant," said the Major. "I saw old Fink when he began that journey to the coal-bin. He took the shortest way to it, you bet your life. I take off my hat to that man. He was game to the core. It's a cute little story—

"I had been in Germany for about a year. I was selling agricultural implements and working hard twelve hours a day and making good money. That, however, was not the main reason for my being there. I was really trying to keep up with the Zeppelin game for the British Government. I had been fooling with aeronautics and hitting the high trails, more or less, ever since the balloon races out of St. Louis.

"A friend in Holland had given me letters to some good German people. Among the letters was one to a famous commander in the Zeppelin fleet. One evening at his table I told him the story of my air adventures. He seemed to like it. A week or so later he invited me to take a trip with him. I had not expected that so soon. It looked like a piece of good luck. The trip was as free of excitement as a ride in a spring wagon. But I got the plan of the ship. I wondered why they took so much duffle for a trip of two and a half hours, but there were many things I didn't know then and there are almost as many now.

"Fink had been driving me about in the country for months. He was the most decent German I ever knew except my mother. He hated the Prussians and never believed in the war but he loved his fatherland and was no traitor.

"We had a spell of fine weather, and one beautiful morning this note came by messenger from the *Herr Kommandant*."

He produced another document and thus translated it:

"'I am making another and a longer trip this evening and take pleasure in inviting you to be one of the party. As we may need his help, I suggest that you bring the motorman, Fink, with you. We shall be leaving here at six if the weather is favorable. You will need warm clothes.'

"I was not keen to go, still I went and Fink went also. As we climbed the ladder and took our seats in the car the *Herr Kommandant*, with a bland and innocent smile, asked me to lend him my revolver. He got it. Of course; it was his Sunday-school picnic and that was my cake. We were in a car suspended amidships. There were also chambers aft in the great keel where engines and engineers and guns and gunners were housed. The propeller was on the end of this keel.

"It was dark before the earth began to back away from us. It went fast when it started and right away the wind was blowing down on us and whistling in the stays. In a minute winter had come. You can get a taste of the four seasons in about as many minutes on a Zep. Fink sat beside me. There's no sociability in a trip like that. You've only yourself to converse with. That roaring monster above your head does all the talking. The human voice has no chance. It's like the purring of a thousand lions, although I confess, right now, that I have never heard any such concert of lions. The roar of those high-power engines has beat the dictionary and silenced all opposition. There are no words that can express noise enough to describe their racket.

"AFTER we had been riding for an hour or so, I rose and looked over the edge. Far below us I could see a path of light as straight as a plumb line. It widened gradually and in one part of it I saw the gleam of water. I saw it lift and hang in the sky like a long-tapered pendulum of gold. Then it swayed like a mast in a heavy sea as it groped the sky. Suddenly it splashed full upon us. I say splashed because, for half a minute, it seemed as if some one had thrown a bucket of water into my eyes. Then you would have thought the sun was shining on us, from below, through a great hole in the darkness. The light streamed around us washing the blackness of the night off the sides and bottom of the great shell above. It seemed as if we could see every bolt and rivet head.

"The *Herr Kommandant* got excited and began to signal. A lot of ballast went flying over the side. It was quite evident to me that he feared it was an enemy warship. Right then I knew that we were off on serious business—on our way to England probably. The engine began to speed up and the light faded fast. That long beam was now stretched very thin, reaching for us. We kept running in and out of it. Suddenly it lost us and gave up the chase and swung back into the dark abyss behind. There might be other birds of prey hiding in that black shadow between the stars. They hadn't fired on us but I knew that unless we turned back, we'd get it soon. The wireless would be warning the ships ahead and innumerable batteries on the coast.

"The cold began to sting my face and my mustache had frost on it. I could feel the quickened strokes of my heart,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STEGER

The most valuable piano in the world

AMERICAN homes know the Steger Piano for its supremacy of tone and beauty of design.

The recognition it has gained in musical colleges and conservatories and among thousands and thousands of music lovers commends it to you.

Proved artistry gives assurance of musical excellence and reliability. The Steger is beautiful in tone and finely balanced in touch.

Write for Steger Style Brochure and convenient terms. Steger dealers everywhere.

STEGER & SONS PIANO MFG. COMPANY
Steger Building Chicago, Ill.

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Dr. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play-Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free
Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 347, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

BE A C.P.A. **ACCOUNTANCY**
The Highest Paid Profession taught thoroughly in a few months of home study by new system.
FREE BOOK International Accountants Society Dept. 612 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

pumping. There was a throb and sting in my ears as if some one were driving pins in them with a small hammer.

"We were probably fifteen thousand feet up. That's nearly three miles above good walking you know. There's only one kind of real sport up there—that's the standing broad jump, and most any one who wants to try it can equal the record.

"In a few minutes I could see the rivers of light flowing into the sky ahead. They were too anxious. They should have held them back until they heard us. More ballast went over and we veered to the south and got by. But a flood of light touched us faintly and we heard the booming of guns and two shells screamed in the great empty cavern and burst far below us. I could hear these sounds above that of the engines. Away down I could see lights ahead as thick as flowers in a meadow and we steered around them.

"They were expecting us in London that night. Maybe you know what it is to be expected in London, but that is different. A large delegation came up to meet us and —talk about a brass band! That would have been a Quaker meeting compared to what they handed out to us. Hell was three miles deep and running over with noise above the old city that night. Searchlights were flashing up through it and sweeping all over the great dome. The big birds of war were flashing across these long, golden broom-handles close to our level. More and more of our ballast went over the side. Guns and torpedoes and bombs were racketing on the distant floor; shells were screaming like fiends below us and bursting on all sides into haystacks of smoke and lightning. The searchies had caught us. It was almost as bad as being hit by lightning. We sailed in a moving acre of daylight. It turned us into a big bull's-eye for thunderbolts and say, they were shooting well—too damned well!

"About a mile off our port side I could see another Zep caught in the lights. The long sloping beams seemed to be bracing and supporting it. I saw her take fire when a shell burst alongside her—I saw her settle slowly by the stern. Then her bow reared straight up all afire—a tower six hundred feet high, I should guess. She spun around like a top, nearly spent, and down she went, the flames streaming far above her in a long, red winding sheet. From where I stood it was a pleasant thing to see.

"I knew that we were in a raid and likely to get ours any minute. We got it. It came from above. Our engines had stopped. We heard it coming—what a devil's screech the thing had! We heard it go through the aluminum hide overhead and pass and burst below us. If it had burst two seconds quicker I wouldn't be telling you about it—that's a dead sure thing. We should have tipped up and gone down with a tail of flame a thousand feet long lashing the air behind us.

"All our dead ballast went over then. We could feel her going up. You can always tell by the way the wind blows. We seemed to have got up to the level of that egg-dropper and were pumping away at him with our guns, and suddenly in the darkness, off our starboard side, we saw long jets of fire leaping at us and heard the continuous popping of a machine gun. Right away we began to go down and rather fast.

"It was then that poor Fink got his. The *Kommandant* came to where we sat and said:

"'You two are all the ballast I have left.'

"I've seen some talking in my time but that was the meanest bit of gab that ever came my way. My ears kind o' wilted for a minute.

"He drew his revolver and, leveling it at Fink's head, commanded:

"'Jump overboard, quick man, you may save the ship.'

"Fink rose and saluted and shouted—

"'I die for my fatherland.'

"Without a second's hesitation over he went. For a breath I heard the rush of his body and the flapping of his coat below us. It gave me a touch of nausea—that sound of his flapping coat.

"The *Herr Kommandant* clapped me on the shoulder and said, very sternly:

"It will be your turn next."

" I understood now. They had begun to suspect us and had brought us along for ballast. We were to be *spurlos versenkt* in the upper deep. We were just going to be dropped out of life.

"It was my turn next. That was a pleasant prospect, but I didn't get excited. I made up my mind to fight and muss the place up a little before I went.

"Just then a shell tore through the great envelope above us. We were rushing downward. The gas had caught fire somewhere above. I looked over the side. We had not far to go. No use trying to save the ship now. Every man scrambled up on the side and looked for a landing. I tried the air-pressure on my face. It was pretty strong. I suppose we were making fifty feet a second. A frantic Dutchman, who had seemed to go crazy at the sight of the spreading flames, jumped. That helped a lot. We tossed our overcoats and every movable thing over the side and our speed slackened. A great flake of fire dropped on my shoulder and my cotton coat began to flame up. Her bow was tilting up. It was horizontal car work from then to the finish. We slapped into a tree-top and were cruising over it. I dove into the foliage and fell tumbling into that tree-top and grabbed a swaying limb. The leaves brushed my fire out. I hung there and the old Zep went on a thousand feet or so and hit the ground, with flames lashing the air about her. I had a little high trapezing to do, but I got along with it very well and found my way to the tree trunk and—well, here I am gentlemen, a bit wiser if not as beautiful, for I was to learn from papers on the *Kommandant* that my pass on the Gravitation Express had been written months before."

AFTER THE WAR—?

SECRETARY BAKER, SECRETARY LANE and GEORGE E. SMITH, President of the American Manufacturers' Export Association, contribute to this month's forum of representative American thought on reconstruction problems.

In the next and following issues will appear contributions by SECRETARY LANSING, SECRETARY WILSON, SAMUEL GOMPERS, EDWARD N. HURLEY and others.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

POETRY *of the* WAR

The Marines

By Will Thompson

WE HAVE groped our way in the blackness,
The blackness that harbors death;
We have tasted the hells of the bursting shells,
And the gas-bomb's poison breath.

We have lain in the mud at twilight,
And passed round the old canteen;
When the night grew cold have our feet patroled
That shell-riddled stretch between.

We have entered the heat of battle
When the curtaining flame fell near;
We have played the game of a world's acclaim,
And scoffed at the shapes of fear.

We will never abandon duty,
Or shirk in the deadly fogs.
We will triumph for right in the splendid fight,
For we are the devil-dogs!

The Letter

By L. E. Copinger

OUT here, I was sick of the fighting,
Mud and blood, dirt and death,
Death
And despair, everywhere;
A whole world of fighting.
Then it came. Just a few lines of writing—
The kid's passed this year;
Sis's got a new beau;
Mother's well, full of cheer;
Hot biscuits for supper;
It's been a warm spell;
The white perch are biting—
Oh, Dad, if you knew!
Just those few lines of writing—
Like a breath of God's air
In the gases and stenches,
Came that letter from home
To your boy in the trenches!

Shells

By Ralph Linton

Private 668, A. E. F., France

MEN called us by strange arts from earth and air,
Shut us in urns of steel, and set thereon,
Lock to our prison, cabala and sign
More potent than the seal of Solomon
That bound our brethren once in jars of brass.

Long lay we, brooding vengeance; now we leap
Swift to our freeing, while, with bated breath,
They crouch before the herald voice that cries:
"Make way! Bow down! Room for the Lords of Death!
What man shall look them in the face and live?"

The moment comes, our prison walls are rent;
Blind with old rage, our hearts a swirl of flame,
We roar and strike with far-flung metal claws,
Tower in darkness, vanish whence we came,
Spurning the broken things that once were men.

To the Girls We Left Behind

By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson

Author of "Carry On"

EACH night we panted till the runners came
Bearing your letters through the battle smoke.
Their path lay up Death Valley, spouting flame,
Across the ridge where the Hun's anger spoke
In bursting shells and cataracts of pain,
Then down the road where no one goes by day,
And so into the tortured, pockmarked plain
Where dead men clasp their wounds and point the way.
Here gas lurks treacherously, and the wire
Of old defenses tangles up the feet;
Faces and hands strain upward through the mire,
Speaking the anguish of the Hun retreat.
Some nights no letters came; the evening hate
Dragged on till dawn. The ridge, in flying spray
Of hissing shrapnel, told the runners' fate;
We knew we should not hear from you that day—
From you, brave girls we each have left behind,
Who, while you smile, struggle with sobbing breath
And write your souls on paper to be kind.
To know you love us takes the sting from death!

Reprinted with the permission of the New York Times Book Review.

The Women Who Laughed

By Mary Carolyn Davies

THERE were women who wept when the troops went out;
They were brave, as our women are,
But when they were wounded—who is not now?—
They couldn't help showing the scar.
There were women who wept; they were brave, no doubt,
As our women have always been;
But the women who laughed when the troops went out,
Are the women who helped them win.

There were women who waved, then held the white
Small handkerchief to their eyes,
And wept, at the end, in their soldiers' sight.
They were loving, but hardly wise.
But the kindest of all were the women who
Were gay till the troops departed;
Till the sharp ordeal to their men was through,
And the crowded train had started.

When out on the plains of Picardy
Your soldier thinks of you,
You'll be proud if he says—to some pal, maybe—
"She's nothing but grit, clean through!"
For he sees that the hardest war that's known
Is the war that the women fight;
And he's glad that the woman who's all his own
Will be keeping his home-fire bright.

There are women who weep—and they're brave, no doubt,
As our women have always been;
But the women who laugh when the troops go out,
Are the women who help them win.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 17*)

when they went away; they demoralized workshop and factory by shouting the "Lion of Flanders" at the top of their voices. And we began to hear the story of this triumph which, when it did not cost them their lives, left them broken, ruined men.

About seventy were returned from the camp of concentration at Soltau, released because they were ill. They were transported in a cattle-car which was attached to a freight-train, and in this condition they spent three days and three nights before they arrived at their destination, although express trains cover the distance in from six to eight hours.

At Soltau they had received as food at six o'clock in the morning a concoction made of acorns, with nothing else; at midday, half a liter of soup, principally of water, but with a few turnips, carrots and beets; there were no potatoes or other articles of food; at three o'clock, two hundred and fifty grams of black bread, often moldy; and between seven and eight o'clock, again a half a liter of soup like that given at midday, but occasionally with a little bran or grits. With this abominable diet the strongest became pale, and it was not long before those with feeble constitutions became ill and died. During the first week five workmen died and two went insane. One, tired of so much misery, tried to escape and was shot down. The sufferings of these unfortunates were such that at night they would steal from the kitchens the potato skins and waste from the turnips and carrots intended for the German personnel, and devour them.

Besides the agony of such hunger every possible means was employed to compel them to sign contracts to work. One day forty workmen were taken away; eight days later they reappeared at the camp. They related to their comrades that they had been taken to the Grand Duchy of Baden and there for two days they had been given abundant and excellent food; they were told that if they would agree to work they would receive even better treatment. They all refused. They were then shut up in a cattle-car where they were confined for thirty-five hours, without release, and without food.

ANOTHER day the deported men saw an individual in the uniform of a sergeant of the Eighth Belgian regiment of the line, who began to harangue them in excellent Flemish and French, telling them that they were foolish to endure so much suffering when the *bourgeoisie* in Belgium continued to live well; that the Belgian Government did not care what became of them and would not intervene to help them; that the neutral nations would do even less, and that this was only natural because the neutral Governments knew very well, as did the Allies, that the Belgian workmen in accepting peaceful employment in Germany were not comitting an act which would be considered as contrary to their patriotic sentiments. None of the workmen, however, was seduced by this talk, and two days later they learned that the orator was a German, disguised as a Belgian soldier.

The camp of the deported Belgian civilians was near that of the imprisoned Belgian soldiers, whose diet was a little better. The soldiers took pity on the sufferings of their compatriots. When a Belgian civilian was buried, the Belgian soldiers were allowed to follow the coffin; although they themselves did not receive sufficient nourishment, they profited by the occasion to carry under their clothing boxes of conserve and bread which they gave to the deported. At the camp at Soltau alone there were eleven thousand deported who refused to work for the Germans.

THE story of the quarrymen of Lessins who resisted the Germans when, by using the most barbarous methods, they tried to compel them to work for them in Belgium itself, had already become well known in Belgium. Later these quarrymen had been sent to Germany, where they were put on a diet similar to that of the Soltau camp.

Besides hunger, other means were used to compel them to work. One day they were alined before a machine gun and told that if they did not immediately consent to work they would be shot. They all replied that they would rather die from bullets than die from hunger. The machine gun did not fire. Before such splendid resistance even German persistence grew weary; some of the workmen were released and returned to their homes; they were in a lamentable condition, and some of their heroic comrades died.

It seems indeed to have been the custom generally in the slave compounds to menace the working men with machine guns. One returning group was composed of two or three hundred men of all ages, who came from the camp near Münster; the greater number had been able somehow to endure and to survive the sufferings that they had been made to undergo.

To force them to work, their German taskmasters had almost entirely deprived them of food, and had left them exposed for ten hours to cold and rain; then, thinking that they were sufficiently reduced, they ranged about thirty of them before machine guns; the order to work was again given; if they refused they were to be shot. And they all refused.

The order was given to fire. They did not flinch and the Germans fired in the air. Before such resolution it was said that some of the authorities present were not able to conceal their emotions and that they announced to the men that they were free and could return to Belgium.

Another group, less numerous, returned to the Hainault from the same camp; one of them was found dead in the train on its arrival at Mons; about fifty were so enfeebled and exhausted that they could scarcely walk, and were led away from the railway station to their homes supported by two or three relatives. And yet all of the men had been examined by German doctors before they were deported and all those who were not physically fit were rejected. In six weeks' time these strong, healthy, vigorous workmen had been turned to skeletons.

One of the men was the son of a manufacturer at Ghlin who had been the foreman of his father's factory where thirty workmen were employed. After a heroic resistance of thirty-five days he was no longer able to endure the food, became ill, surrendered, and agreed to work. He was set to digging, in spite of the fact that he was not physically fitted for such work; and, far from being a *chômeur*, his factory at Ghlin in the meantime had never ceased to operate.

After the protests made by the President and the King of Spain at Berlin, certain influences were set in motion in an effort to have the slave drive in Belgium stopped, and returning from a visit to Berlin undertaken as a result of these efforts, Lancken brought back word that if Cardinal Mercier would appeal to the Emperor, the Emperor would suspend the deportations and order the return of the men. The Cardinal therefore prepared and sent an appeal, signed by all the personalities in Belgium. Lancken took the Cardinal's letter to Berlin and came back with the reply. The Emperor had been graciously pleased to grant the request, the deported men were to be returned to Belgium, but—the inevitable, sinister "but" in all German negotiations—they must work for the Germans in Belgium.

But in a lenten pastoral letter which he had written on Sexagesima Sunday and had read in all the churches, the Cardinal had spoken out once more; he had publicly expressed the horrors of the deportations.

Those who are fighting for the liberty of the Belgian flag are brave men. Those interned in Holland and Germany, who raised their fettered hands to Heaven on behalf of their country, are brave men. Our exiled compatriots, who bear in silence the weight of their isolation, also serve their fatherland to the best of their ability, as do all those souls who, either behind the cloister walls or in the retirement of their own homes, pray, toil, and weep, awaiting the return of their absent ones, and our common deliverance.

We have listened to the mighty voices of wives and mothers; through their tears they have prayed God to sustain their courage and fidelity to the honor of their husbands and sons, carried off by force to the enemy's factories. These gallant men have been heard at the hour of departure, rallying their energy to instil courage into their comrades, or by a supreme effort, to chant the national hymn; we have seen some of them on their return, pale, haggard human wrecks; as our tearful eyes sought their dim eyes we bowed reverently before them, for all unconsciously they were revealing to us a new and unexpected aspect of national heroism.

After this, can it be necessary to preach courage to you?

AS A result of the Cardinal's words the Germans were once more in a rage and threatened to rescind the promise that the deportations would be discontinued. They contented themselves at last, however, with arresting the secretary of the Cardinal and some of the priests who had read the pastoral, and on the fourteenth of March the following announcement was made, and appeared in the journals in Belgium:

Berlin, 14th March, 1917.

Certain prominent Belgians belonging to various groups have recently addressed a petition to his Majesty the Emperor, begging him to put an end to the forced deportation of Belgian workmen into Germany, and to have those Belgians who have been sent there returned to their homes.

Those who signed that petition directly addressed to his Majesty have just been informed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that the Emperor has decided to submit the request which they have drawn up to the careful consideration of the Governor-General and of competent authorities, himself reserving a final decision until after that examination.

In the meantime, his Majesty has given an order to have returned immediately to Belgium, if this has not already been done, those Belgians sent to Germany by mistake, and to suspend until further notice the forced deportation to Germany of unemployed Belgians.

The condition that they must work on their return, which at first was so deeply resented, proved to have in the end only an academic interest. So far as I know, none except those physically incapable of working were ever returned to Belgium, and most of them were so far gone that they were brought home only to die.

XC

WE SUPPOSED, however, that with the imperial promise the deportations had come to an end and that we could indulge the natural feeling of relief that would come with the passing of the worst of the horrors the Germans had brought to Belgium.

And yet, almost unnoticed, in those uncertain days of anxiety and care, there were being enacted the first scenes in a tragedy that transcended any yet played in Belgium, the preparation for a deed worse than the atrocities, worse than the Cavell case, worse than the deportations.

They were of that sensational nature and of that stark objectivity which instantly shocked the civilized portions of mankind. But this went deeper, was far more subtle and insidious. The atrocities, the deportations and the rest, destroyed the body; this was an attempt to destroy the soul. They murdered men; this would assassinate a nation.

On the third of March, or about that time, the German newspapers announced that the administration in Belgium would be separated; then ten days later the German newspapers were filled with accounts of a "visit" to Berlin of a group of Belgians, so-called leaders among the Flemish, who had gone to present a petition to that end.

Preoccupied by my own problems and perplexities, I paid little attention to this at the time; it was mentioned now and then, but we were thinking and talking of other things. Nor had the deed as yet been consummated. But on the twenty-first of March there appeared on the walls of Brussels a small poster which, when understood in all of its implications, was an offense against justice and natural right more serious than any of the deeds that had marked the German adventure in Belgium.

The notice was as follows:

There are formed in Belgium two administrative regions, one of which comprises the provinces of Antwerp, Limbourg, East and West Flanders, as well as the districts of Brussels and of Louvain; the other of which comprises the provinces of Hainault, Liège, Luxembourg and Namur, as well as the district of Nivelles.

The administration of the first of these two regions will be directed from Brussels; that of the second from Namur.

All arrangements looking to the assurance of the execution of the present order, notably from the point of view of the administrative organization of the two regions and the transfer of the control, are reserved. For anything concerning the Ministry of Arts and Sciences,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Errors Made In Tooth Pastes

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Why They Failed

The evidence shows that the tooth brush needs aid. Tooth troubles have constantly increased. Millions find that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay.

Modern dentists know the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which brushing does not end. Most tooth trouble finds its source in that film.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It gets into crevices and stays. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So any brushing which omits that film does very little good.

Tooth pastes have aimed to remove food debris, or counteract acid, or combat germs. But the cause of tooth troubles lay imbedded in film, where the tooth brush failed to reach them.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests. It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we are asking all to prove it by a simple test.

We Now Use Pepsin

That film is albuminous, so Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin mixtures cannot serve this purpose. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth.

But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which makes it possible nowadays to keep teeth from film accumulation.

Many clinical tests have proved the effects of Pepsodent. They are now beyond possible question. You can prove them yourself, if you will make the test.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

This test will give you a new conception of what teeth-cleaning means. And we do not believe you will ever return to old, inefficient methods. Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(131A)

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE

A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 263, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10 cents for Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name .....

Address .....

the orders of the twenty-fifth October, 1915, thirteenth December and the fourteenth February, 1917 (Official Bulletin of Laws and Orders, pp. 2930, 3054 and 3319) remain in force until the publication of the above-mentioned arrangements.

The Governor-General in Belgium,
FREIHERR VON BISSING,
Generaloberst.

Brussels, twenty-first March, 1917.

The order was the final flowering of a long-cherished scheme of von Bissing's, a scheme for the complete conquest and agglutination of Belgium, cunningly devised and inaugurated by the transformation of the University of Ghent into a Flemish institution. He had meditated it for long months; its details had been studied with Machiavellian subtlety in the Political Department and the Civil Administration, and while he was taking the cure at Wiesbaden he had matured it; when he returned he promulgated it.

The moment was hardly auspicious, and as we thought it over and talked it over we could just see why von Bissing had been so opposed to the deportations—not as a principle but as a policy and why he had quarreled, or at least differed with Hindenburg. Von Bissing and his advisers affected *la manière douce* (the gentle method), which Hindenburg and his leaders could neither tolerate nor apparently understand.

The wily old Prussian general had in his hand a plan far greater than that crude one of Hindenburg to batter the Belgian nation into submission by the rude shock of his instruments of war; von Bissing, with his medieval ideas of life, surrounded by men who had studied "The Prince" of Machiavelli as engineers study text-books, was already dramatizing himself amid acclamations of the enthusiastic "*Hochs!*" of a posterity that would hail him as the first dictator of Belgium and as the man who had annexed it to the Empire.

Hindenburg's coming to the western front had ruined all his careful plans by his stubborn and impetuous will. And it must have been a bitter and ironical moment for the old General when, posing as the patron of learning and of art, and the savior of the Flemish people, at the very moment in which he was delivering an address in opening the Flemish university at Ghent, he could catch the strains of the "Lion of Flanders" sung by the Flemish workmen whom the stupid military men were dragging off into slavery.

THE latest and worst of German atrocities in Belgium was always referred to as *la séparation administrative*, a phrase that hardly illustrates its sinister and tragic significance. It meant more, of course, than a mere division of the prosaic functions of the civil administration of the kingdom; it involved the establishment of two administrations where one had served before, one that had been in operation for more than eighty years and was an integral part of the most practical and satisfactory system of government, based on the old communal system. It involved the destruction of the work of long years of Belgian effort.

The Hague Convention made it incumbent on the German occupant to respect the laws in force in the country, the only exception recognized by that convention being that of "absolute necessity." There had been no absolute necessity for innovation; the Belgian administration had carried on—as the English say—under German occupation for more than two years. The functionaries had continued at their posts at the express invitation of General von Bissing himself, and with a promise that they would not be molested. Why was it then considered necessary to destroy this organization and in its place erect two organizations, one Flemish and the other Walloon?

It was considered necessary because it was desired to dismember Belgium; not alone to create dissensions among the people, not only to divide them and to break the national spirit, but to destroy the nation; it was a part of the unaltered purpose of the German military oligarchy and the Pan-Germanists to create a *Mitteleuropa*, a purpose from which they had never swerved for an instant; they would first separate the Flemish provinces from Belgium, and then attach them to the Empire, thus gaining the great port of Antwerp and the Belgian littoral.

AFTER Governor-General von Bissing's death in 1917 there was published a document that purports to be a memoir left by him in which he sets forth his views of the future of Belgium, of Germany and of the world in general. The authenticity of this document, so far as I know, has never been authoritatively denied. In it Baron von Bissing says:

I propose to develop here an opinion already expressed by me in a previous memoir. I wish to speak of the cruel necessity, or rather the sacred duty, which imposes itself on us to hold Belgium under our influence and our domination, because the security of Germany demands that we do not give Belgium back its liberty.

The Governor-General in his memoir was without illusions. He said that there was no hope of reconciling the Belgians, and that in spite of all treaties that might be obtained, Belgium would remain inimical to Germany. He develops his theory of the use Germany could make of Belgium, not only industrially, but as an outpost against England in that future war, of which he speaks as though it were already an actuality. He says that after the conclusion of peace, they, the Germans, can not permit Belgium to be resuscitated as a state and as a neutral country, and adds:

An independent Belgium, or a Belgium of which the treaties of others will fix the status, will be as before the war subject to the baneful influence of England and of France and will be the prey of America, which seeks to utilize Belgian industries and securities. In order to prevent that, there is only one method, there is only one policy: force; and it is to force again that we must have recourse in order to compel the present population, still hostile, to accommodate itself to German domination, and to submit to it. Germany is interested also in the Flemish movement in Belgium, which has already gained considerable ground and which would be mortally wounded if we did not extend to Belgium our policy of force.

The late Governor-General goes on:

The foregoing policy would also be of great weight to shape the future external policy of Holland, for as soon as we withdraw our protecting hand from Belgium the Flemish movement will be branded as Germanophile by the Walloons and the Francophiles, and completely crushed by them. The Flemish problem is not solved yet by any means, and I do not cherish the optimistic hope that the Flemings will render easy our task of dominating Belgium. From now on we must do everything in our power to divert into the proper channels the unrealizable hopes that are beginning to overflow. A certain Flemish group dreams of an autonomous Flemish state, governed by a king. Without doubt we must protect the Flemings, but we can not in any event and under any consideration admit that they become altogether independent.

The memoir concludes:

Belgium must be conquered by us and we must retain it as it actually stands and as it must remain in the future. We must retain during long years to come the state of dictatorship which is actually in force, for that dictatorship, resting on military force, is the sole administrative form one can choose now; but we shall work out reforms in the future, slowly and methodically, and install a form of government more appropriate to the interests of Germany.

As I say, the authenticity of this document had not been entirely proved, though it is not difficult to imagine the old Prussian general writing such a memoir.

This memoir was printed in Herr Bacmeister's review, *Das Grössere Deutschland* and in the *Bergische Markische Zeitung*. Herr Bacmeister, the publisher of the first-mentioned magazine, has issued a statement in response to some rival publication which, while not contesting the authenticity of von Bissing's memoir, claims that the late Governor-General in Belgium had, before his death, changed the opinions expressed in it. Herr Bacmeister's statement contends, with some truth it would seem, that it would be impossible to diminish the significance of the von Bissing document, and he adds that he is authorized to declare that von Bissing "to the day of his death invariably held the opinions that he expressed in his memoir." But whether the memoir is authentic or not, there is another document the authenticity of which can not be disputed and which goes even further than the memoir.

IN JANUARY, 1917, Baron von Bissing, being ill and at Wiesbaden taking the cure, wrote to Dr. S. Stressemann, a member of the Reichstag and lately appointed by the Chancellor as a member of the Consulting Commission of Seven, the latest triumph of the democratic movement in Germany. The letter which Baron von Bissing wrote is dated January 14, 1917, and was published in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, May 20, 1917. Von Bissing writes to congratulate Herr Dr. Stressemann on a lecture he had just delivered at Hanover, on German victory and German peace, and is delighted to approve what the speaker had said as to the future of Belgium. In the letter von Bissing refers to a memoir in which he says he studies at greater length and more precisely and profoundly the future of Belgium, and the assumption is that this is the memoir mentioned above.

But in the letter itself he says:

If we do not subject Belgium to our power, if we do not orient its politics toward a German goal, if we do not use Belgium for the best interests of Germany, then the war for us will have been lost.

For two years my policy has been guided by these considerations of the future. I have sought always to weave noiselessly binding ties and often those ties have been severed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But of all the attempts at *rapprochement*, however futile, something subsists, though it be in the deepest mystery. You will see what fruits this policy will bear as soon as, in order to reimburse itself for the heavy sacrifices it has made, so as to assure the guaranties without which it can not insure its future, Germany, not knowing how to surrender, will decree the annexation of Belgium on the basis of the right of conquest.

And he goes on:

These thoughts have inspired my Flemish policy; it is guided by these thoughts that I have directed with a wide reserve and moderation my religious policy. Doubtless it would have been easier for me to have recourse to the means of *Kulturkampf*, but we shall have need of the church if we wish one day to impose on Belgium the German spirit and German initiative.

These words, which your brilliant lecture alone could have inspired, are those of a man who knows not whether the state of his health will permit him to return to his post where await him such heavy responsibilities. If, however, God, our Lord, will give him back his strength, you may be assured that those, who like you have understood with penetration what the future of Germany demands with reference to the problem of Belgium, and have set it forth as clearly as you have in your lecture, will always find in me a stanch supporter.

I am still feeble and ill and I can not write or even think as I hope to do before long, when, after this long vacation which his Majesty, the Emperor, in his confidence has been kind enough to grant me, I shall be sufficiently restored to be able to govern Belgian affairs in his name and after his will.

He was restored, at least partially, to health, and returned to Brussels to "install a form of government more appropriate to the interests of Germany."

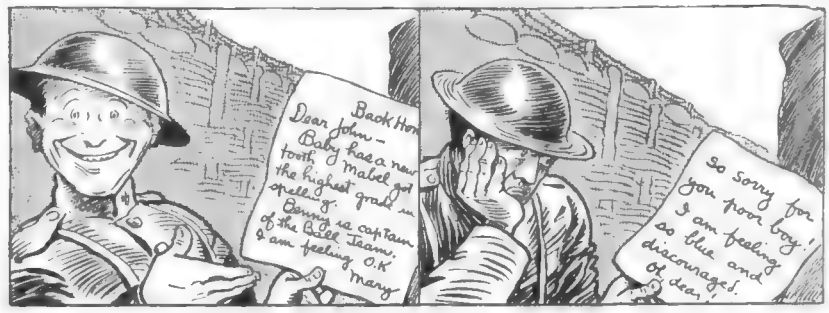
XCI

AFTER the German occupation of all the ministries, the national administrative departments of the Belgian Government excepting those of Foreign Affairs and of War, had continued to function much as they had functioned before the war; they were indeed invited to do so by the German authorities.

On the fourth of January, 1915, the chief of the civil administration, Dr. von Sandt, formally communicated to all the Belgian ministerial departments a statement of the Governor-General, Baron von Bissing, informing them that he would leave it to the Belgian functionaries "to decide freely whether they were able to reconcile the future exercise of their functions with their duty toward the Belgian state," assuring them that those who should resign their functions after having signed the declaration of loyalty would have no reason to fear any harm from this fact, excepting, of course, the loss of their salaries, "providing they had done nothing in the pursuance of their duties and obligations that was against the interests of the German administration."

This striking generosity, this gracious permission to functionaries to resign if they did not care to retain their positions, was supererogatory, since even if elementary rules of justice did not give a man the right to quit his employment, that right had already been expressly secured to these functionaries by Article Forty-three of the regulations annexed to the Hague Convention of 1907.

It was in accordance with this assurance


Back Home
Dear John—
Baby has a new tooth, Mabel got spelling
Danny is captain of the Ball Team.
I am feeling O.K
Mary
So sorry for you poor boy! I am feeling so blue and discouraged. Ol dear.

Write him cheerful letters

THE man you love is fighting for your security and happiness. He is helping to bring this war to an early end—and to make another war like this impossible. He is doing something that HAS to be done for your sake. The *more hopefully* you write, the *easier* for him—and the *quicker* he comes back.

His life is no bed of roses. Yet his discomforts are the discomforts of red-blooded life in the open—the sort of life enjoyed by the cowboy of Arizona, by the mounted police of Canada, and by the adventurous spirits of all the world, and of all times.

He has wholesome food, well cooked, in great abundance. He has comfortable clothing. He lives under conditions of healthfulness maintained by sanitary experts.

His fighting equipment, his bayonet, gas-mask and ammunition embody every known advantage and improvement. American ingenuity has profited by all the past experiences of our allies and the enemy as well. In all history no soldier has been so well equipped as the American soldier.

Every conceivable condition contributes to his safety, comfort and happiness, EXCEPT ONE. The strong arm of Uncle Sam can do everything in the world for him—*except control his thoughts of you.*

That one condition is entirely within *your* control.

His fighting power, his health, his chance of *winning* and *living*, depend in the *end* upon WHAT YOU WRITE TO HIM.

If you let him feel that you are happy, that you are getting along well, that you are full of hope and courage, then he will be happy and stout-hearted—a mighty fighter in attack or defense.

So write him newsy, cheerful letters. Tell him the pleasant, treasured bits of gossip from home.

That is one thing above all others that you *can* do to hasten the end of the war and victory for America and the right.

For it is the high spirit, the dauntless courage, of the American soldier that is winning this war—for you.

Do your part to maintain this spirit, this courage!

And by your bravery, by your gameness, help to KEEP THE KAISER ON THE RUN.

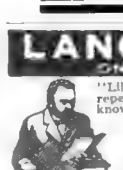
COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, *8 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.*

GEORGE CREEL, *Chairman*
THE SECRETARY OF STATE
THE SECRETARY OF WAR
THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
Contributed through Division of Advertising
U. S. Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY, New York

LANGUAGES QUICKLY LEARNED ON ALL PHONOGRAPHS



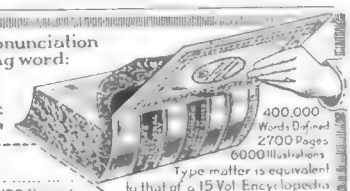
"Like learning a tune—and as easy." Our Disc Records repeat the correct accent and pronunciation until you know it. Family and friends enjoy language study by the
LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
Used and recommended by educators in leading colleges. F. M. C.—French Military Conversation, with records for Soldiers. Write for Booklet and Free Trial Offer. Ideal Xmas Gift.
THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
914 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.
SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, ETC.

BE AN ARTIST

We can teach you DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. 10 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Endorsed by high Art Authorities. Artist's Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students. Write Today for Art Year Book.
OUR BEAUTIFUL ART YEAR BOOK IS FREE
SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
ROOM 7 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REGULAR AND INDIA-PAPER EDITIONS

Whatever your question;—be it the pronunciation of Cantonment; the spelling of a puzzling word: the location of Zeebrugge, the meaning of blighty, ace, tank, etc., this Supreme Authority contains an accurate, final answer.



Please send me specimen pages and FREE POCKET MAPS
NAME
ADDRESS
EVERYBODY'S

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that the functionaries continued at their posts and carried on internal affairs, though they did it with difficulty and in spite of constant, persistent, nagging interference on the part of the swarm of German functionaries that were brought into Belgium or were already waiting there when the Germans arrived.

Americans coming to Belgium used to be surprised to note so much order, such comparative peace and quietness. It was due to the fact that Belgium was governing itself in most of her local affairs and that her Government continued in many ways to function.

The system of Belgian government is based on the commune; it is the cell of the whole organization. Each commune elects its common council, which governs in much the same way as do the common councils of English or American towns.

The system is as old as the struggle of the city to be free, and it is to that Belgium owes her genius for self-government, that love of freedom which has kept the nation alive and stubbornly determined to contest her right to liberty through successive dominations of Spaniards, Austrians, Dutchmen and Germans.

While constitutionally they despised the system, the Germans did not interfere with the communal organization as such; here and there they arrested a burgomaster or members of the common councils, but they respected the system as a system; they could not have governed the country so easily in any other way, or, in the eyes of the unthinking, so cheaply acquired a reputation for efficiency by claiming as a result of their administration the comparative order that prevailed. That condition was wholly due to the schooling in self-government the Belgians had acquired in their communal system, and existed not because of, but in spite of, German tyranny.

With this intense devotion to the commune, there is, nevertheless, in Belgium a very high and striking national spirit. The Belgian is not only proud of his commune; he is proud of being a Belgian.

WHEN the Germans arrived at Brussels, the late Baron von der Goltz Pasha, the first Governor-General in Belgium, did not at once begin to rule the country with fire and sword; he issued, as will be recalled, a proclamation to the people saying that he asked no one to renounce his patriotic feelings, aspirations or sentiments. But von der Goltz Pasha did not remain long in Belgium; he was soon thereafter transferred to Turkey. And von Bissing came. Then the Belgian flag was ordered down, the people were forbidden to wear the Belgian colors, or to display the flags of the Allies, to sing the "*Brabançonne*," or the "*Marseillaise*" or the songs of any of the Allies. Slowly, by well-calculated degrees, the pressure closed upon them with the long, deliberate, well-matured intent to destroy the soul of the Belgian nation.

On the twenty-fifth of March, in 1916, there had appeared in *La Belgique*, the organ of the General Government, this proclamation of a German general:

UNIVERSITY OF GHENT

Order of the Commander of the IV Army, Prince Albrecht of Württemberg:

In modification of Article 5 of the royal order of the ninth December, 1849, it is ordered as follows:

The courses in the University of Ghent will be given in the Flemish language. The chief of the civil administration near the Government-General in Belgium may, as exception, authorize the use of another language in certain branches of instruction. He is charged with the publication of regulations destined to the execution of this order.

Why this sudden concern for the education of youth in Belgium? Why this solicitude for the culture of a people who were being harried and harassed and imprisoned and put to death? What military necessity was it that required a German general to interfere in the curriculum of a university, there, in an occupied country, in the midst of savage warfare, in a city under martial law, and in such abnormal conditions that the university, unable to continue its functions, had been obliged to close its doors?

THE subject, to be sure, was not new to Belgians; it was an element of the old difference between the Flemish and the Walloons, and the Belgians—and the Flemish first among them—saw at once the meaning of this maneuver that wore the innocent air of a mere academical measure.

The University of Ghent had been for a long time the center about which the Flamingant movement turned. There were two state universities in Belgium, one in Liège and one in Ghent; both were French, in the sense that French was the language used officially in both, although certain courses of lectures had been given in Flemish at Ghent.

For long years the leading Flamingants, such men as Louis Franck, of Antwerp, had labored to have the University of Ghent transformed into a Flemish institution. It was proposed at one time to establish a new and exclusively Flemish university at Antwerp, which is the center of the Flemish life and of the Flemish movement. But there were no funds available for such an ambitious and costly scheme.

Then in March, 1911, the Flamingants, under Mr. Franck's leadership, brought forward in Parliament a bill enacting that at the University of Ghent all the lectures must be given in Flemish.

There was one of these bitter discussions which only questions relating to race, language or religion can raise, and when the measure was found to be too radical to command the support of a majority, a new bill was presented which recognized the two languages as equal, and lectures were to be given in both, even if a double staff of professors was necessary. This, too, was found to be too radical and a third proposal was brought forth that the university be gradually transformed into a Flemish institution. The measure was pending when the war came on and put an end to public discussion in Belgium, for the Flemings and Walloons closed their ranks and stood shoulder to shoulder against the invader.

When the purpose of the Governor-General was revealed, a protest was immediately sent to him, written, probably, by Mr. Louis Franck, a deputy for Antwerp and just then acting burgomaster of that city, whose name headed the list of signatures.

The Germans thought, no doubt, that he and the other Flamingants would welcome the intervention in favor of the old and darling project. Their first deception came when this very leader was the first to remark their hypocrisy and resent their impertinent interference. He told them bluntly that the famous question was one that concerned Belgians, not Germans, and that Belgians would settle it among themselves and to suit themselves when the Germans were out of the country.

The protest, and it was not to be the last in what is the darkest chapter in the whole dark history of these times, was another one of those historic documents of the Belgian struggle for liberty, placing Louis Franck among the first and most intelligent of the nation's patriots. In an instant flash of political insight he saw that the act was but the first maneuver of a dark, Machiavellian design to divide the Belgian people and to destroy the soul of the Belgian nation.

This protest was signed by the presidents of the two great Flemish *bunds*, which have for their object the encouragement of Flemish culture, and by several members of the former commission for the establishment of a Flemish university. This was the instant response of the Flamingants themselves, and afterward there were protests from all the professors of the University and the personalities in Belgium.

The Governor-General replied to the protest of the Flamingants, and then he proceeded to the execution of the measure so long matured. It was ordered that the university be transformed, and there was more resistance. Among the professors who taught at Ghent were the historians, Paul Frédéricq and Henry Pirenne, both celebrated in the intellectual circles of Europe and America. Professor Frédéricq was Flemish, imbued with the ideals of his race. Professor Pirenne was a scholar whose monumental history of Belgium is the authoritative work on the life of the sturdy little nation that had struggled up through the vicissitudes of a thousand years of turbulent history, determined to be free.

It was told everywhere in Belgium, until it became common talk that, when it was determined by the German authorities to set up a purely Flemish institution, Governor-General von Bissing sent for Professor Pirenne and promised him the most splendid and dazzling emoluments if he would accept the position of rector of the university, that Professor Pirenne replied that he would be pleased and honored to accept the position of Rector of the University of Ghent "if the patent naming me is signed by my sovereign, his Majesty King Albert." The story had all the intrinsic evidences of its own falsity; it was too romanticistic; that is the way men act on the stage, not in life; and later von Bissing himself denied it.

THE whole of the truth will not be known until Professors Frédéricq and Pirenne are freed and in a position to give to the world their version of the facts; but at any rate, when the order was given to reopen and transform the university into a Flemish institution, all the professors, led by Professors Frédéricq and Pirenne, refused to obey.

The Germans resorted to force; the *Polizei* appeared and arrested Professors Frédéricq and Pirenne, took them to Brussels and threw them into prison, and ere long they were deported to Germany, where they were provisionally interned in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

an officers' camp, and later transferred to the "prisoners'" compounds at Holzminden and Gütersloh, where they were treated like other civilian prisoners—numbered, marked, lodged and fed like the rest, with no consideration shown to their fame, their achievements, their standing or their age. Later on their lot seems to have been ameliorated and themselves to have been treated with something of the respect which was their due.

Another story was told at Brussels that before they were taken away the Governor-General ordered them brought before him, and that when Professor Frédéricq entered, von Bissing, addressing him and speaking in Flemish, said:

"You see, Professor, I have learned Flemish since I have been here."

The reply was said to have been instantaneous—and in French:

"And I," said Professor Frédéricq, "since you have been here, have forgotten it."

The story was so good that I concluded at once that it must be apocryphal, and there is no doubt that it is, since the Governor-General said that he never saw either of the professors in his life. But that, and the other story, expresses the spirit that inspired the Flemish patriots. Not that they had forgotten their language; not that they had abandoned their efforts to promote it; but they would not have it used as a means of helping Germany to destroy the only nation where it lives.

Von Bissing had such great difficulty in procuring Flemish professors that he finally imported teachers from Holland and Germany; what the French call *célébrités inconnues* (unknown celebrities) and, for the most part, they turned out to be Germans, so that the idea underlying the whole scheme was to make the University of Ghent not a Flemish but a German university. But it was not until long afterward that we understood this, even we who were inside, while those who were outside seem never to have understood it or to have appreciated the danger it involved for all the ideals which Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and America hold dear.

XCII

I SUPPOSE that to understand the Flemish question fully, one would have to be Flemish one's self.

But the Germans knew, long before they arrived, all the currents of political and social thought involved in it. The Political Department studied its problems with minute care and a Machiavellian intelligence. The transformation of the University of Ghent lay ready to their hands, to be used as the thin edge of the wedge which, as they hoped, would divide the Belgian people and enable them to kill the very soul of the nation they had already violated and despoiled. And the sequel showed that they wished to do more.

When they had transformed the University of Ghent, they set to work to realize the separation of administration. This idea, to be sure, was not original with them; few ideas are; they are better at adapting than originating. *La séparation administrative* was an old notion in Belgium, but the idea had never made headway, though it was involved in the Flemish movement.

The movement for the separation of administration opened with the comedy

THE THRIFT GIFT

Annually pays dividends to the recipient of many times the cost to you.

Saves food, saves fuel, saves ice, saves doing the same thing twice.

Keeps contents hot from the morning meal throughout the day and night. Keeps liquids or solid foods cooked at breakfast time to serve hot or cold at lunch or dinner. Indispensable for the home, farm, nursery, or sick room. Ideal for the automobilist and hunter—**the food container of a hundred uses.**

Thermos Lunch Kits give the worker in the office or factory, food or drink hot as it should be or cold as it can be.

Awarded Grand Prize at all International Expositions.

Caution: The name "Thermos" is stamped on all genuine Thermos Products.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
35-37 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Factories, Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada.

HER HOUSE WILL BE CLEAN IN A FEW MINUTES!

She is making an economical dustless dust-cloth that will pick up and hold every vestige of dust. Try this yourself. Just pour a little

3-in-One Oil

on a piece of cheesecloth. Let the oil permeate thoroughly. Now you can dust in the modern, sanitary way. Go over the piano, phonograph and furniture with this 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth—see how spick-and-span it leaves everything. Dust and fingermarks vanish.

An ordinary twine mop, cut short and permeated with 3-in-One, makes a splendid polish mop. Try it.

Sold at all stores in 50c, 25c, 15c bottles; 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses—FREE on request.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165CYH. Broadway, N. Y.

SHORTHAND IN ONE MONTH

Boyd Syllabic System. Easy, Speedy—100 to 150 words a minute in 30 days. No "shading"—no "positions"—no "word-signs." Best for Civil Service. Earn $25 to $1200 a Year. Thousands of jobs open. Typewriting FREE. Send today for Catalog. Special Offer and Money Back Guarantee.
CHICAGO HOME STUDY SCHOOLS
Chicago, Ill.
Reaper Block

Story-Writers Wanted

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD. We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission, we revise them and tell you where to sell them. STORY-WRITING taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how; gives proof.

Novels Printed and Published
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

staged at Berlin. The four or five Flemish men, as a commission representing the Flemish people, went, as I have said, to Berlin with their petition. Inasmuch as no one could go from one town to another in Belgium, to say nothing of going to Germany, without appealing to the *Kommandantur* for days and sometimes for weeks in order to obtain the necessary passports, which were seldom granted, and inasmuch as the Belgian people were not allowed to assemble or to hold public discussions, and inasmuch as they had no newspapers, it is easy to imagine just whom and what these men represented.

They were received by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, as we read in the German and the Belgian press, who made a speech in which he extended to the "delegates" a cordial welcome to the capital of the German Empire in "their quality of representatives of a people so closely united to the German people by political, economical and intellectual ties." He referred to the "community of ideals which prevails between the two peoples" and assured them that "the confidence with which they approached him had found a vibrating echo in his heart." He went on to express the wish that "in the midst of a bloody struggle Germans and Flemish might remember that the bitter fight against the encroachments of the Latin race should lead them to the same end."

"We have still before us many struggles and much labor," he said, "but that does not prevent me from extending to you my hand, that we may combat together our common enemy."

Continuing, the Chancellor said that "His Majesty, animated only by his esteem and compassion for the Flemish people, had decided to grant their wishes," and that "in execution of the orders of his Majesty the Emperor," he, the Chancellor, was "authorized that in order to give the Flemish people the possibility of developing freely, intellectually and economically, which has heretofore been refused them," he would lay the cornerstone of the edifice of the Flemish national autonomy which the Flemish people were not able to conquer for themselves. "In accord with the Governor-General in Belgium, I give you the assurance that this policy, which, as you have said, must be in conformity with the principles of international law, will be carried out, and in order to bring it about we shall make a complete separation of administration, such as has been desired for so long by both parties in Belgium.

THE Chancellor hailed "the unanimity of the Flemish people as the best guarantee of the success of their work," and went on to say: "After the negotiations of peace and when peace shall have been established, the German Empire will do all in its power to encourage and to insure the development of the Flemish nation." And then in conclusion he charged his visitors "to spread my declaration in your beautiful country. Say to the citizens of Flanders that we Germans shall do all that we can, so that out of the distress and the misery of these times a new era of prosperity shall dawn for them."

It seems incredible, I know, that, at the very moment when German soldiers were ravaging Belgium, bearing from those very provinces of Flanders for which such touching solicitude was expressed thousands of men into slavery, stripping every home in Belgium of the last of its copper and of its linen, with thousands of spies swarming over the country and rummaging in every bedroom and closet in the land, with daily executions of the death penalty after a mockery of a trial, the head of a modern state could seriously have adopted this tone; it is beyond the comprehension of the normal mind. If he was sincere, it proves that the Prussian mind thinks in sequences that are inaccessible to our mental processes.

THEN on the twenty-first of March finally appeared the official edict of von Bissing decreeing the separation of the administrations, ordering that thenceforth there be virtually two internal governments, one Flemish, with its seat at Brussels, the other Walloon, with its seat at Namur. The Flemish administration included, it will be noted, the two Flanders, part of Brabant and Antwerp, that is, those portions of Belgium most coveted by German imperialism.

Never, not even when German troops entered Belgium in that terrible month of August, 1914, had such a blow been struck at Belgian honor, at Belgian patriotism, at Belgian pride, and the answer on the part of Belgium, and especially on the part of Flemish Belgium, was instant. The so-called Flemish delegates who had gone to Berlin were disowned, and the most prominent men in the intellectual, political and financial world among the Flemish at once sent a vigorous protest to the Chancellor.

The Flemish leaders, indeed, had protested even before the notice definitely announcing the separation had been published. On the twentieth they addressed a protest to the Chancellor of the Empire, telling him that the so-called delegation was composed of men unknown in the country, saying that they were without mandate or authority and denouncing them as traitors to their own country and their own people.

Everywhere, too, threats against them were heard; they would not be allowed to return to Belgium after the war, and they were added to that list, not very long, in truth, considering all the circumstances, of whom it was said: *"On arrangera leurs affaires après la guerre."* (They will be attended to after the war.)

As the far-reaching meaning and the purpose of this act became more and more appreciated and understood, there was a spirit of resistance in Belgium such as I had never seen before. I was not in Belgium to see the end, but in those late days in March the personalities of Belgium and all the parliamentarians then in or near the capital, met secretly on several occasions, and resolved unanimously to resist the plan to dismember their nation, and it was decided that all the heads of departments and Belgian functionaries should resign.

"When you are 'outside,'" said one of the leaders to me, "tell our friends that we will never submit; tell them not to think of us, not to think of peace without victory, but to go on fighting until this brutal and insolent power is crushed."

That message was given to me again and again, by all sorts and conditions of men. It was the unanimous sentiment of those brave people who endured not only all the cruelties and calamities and horrors of war, but the ignominies of a German occupation besides, a civil population that resisted as heroically as its little army resisted at Liège and on the Yser. It is a sentiment that represents the very soul of that brave people about whose tragic destiny the great struggle for justice and freedom in the world has swirled.

Baron von Bissing died early in 1917 and Baron von Falkenhausen, appointed to succeed him as Governor-General in Belgium, continued the work of dismemberment. On the nineteenth of May, 1917, he issued an order to the Herr Dr. von Sandt, chief of the civil administration, to revoke his promise of the fourth of January, 1915, and thus withdrew from the functionaries the right to resign. This was accordingly done and the functionaries who had refused to continue after the separation of administrations were arrested and most of them taken to Germany as prisoners, for having exercised a right that was not only assured to them by the Hague conventions, but had been expressly acknowledged by the German Government when they consented to continue at their posts, and had thereby formed a part of their contract of employment.

CARDINAL MERCIER, that noble and austere figure, the incarnation of the virtues of his race, the prelate who recalls the early fathers of the Church, added to the long list of heroic deeds he has so courageously performed by a letter to Baron von Falkenhausen, in which he resolutely defends the right of these functionaries to resign and protests against their deportation.

The Cardinal's letter concludes with a spirited and trenchant sentence:

"*Excellency*," he says, "*heed those who know the Belgian people and their history; no violence will ever overcome their patriotism.*"

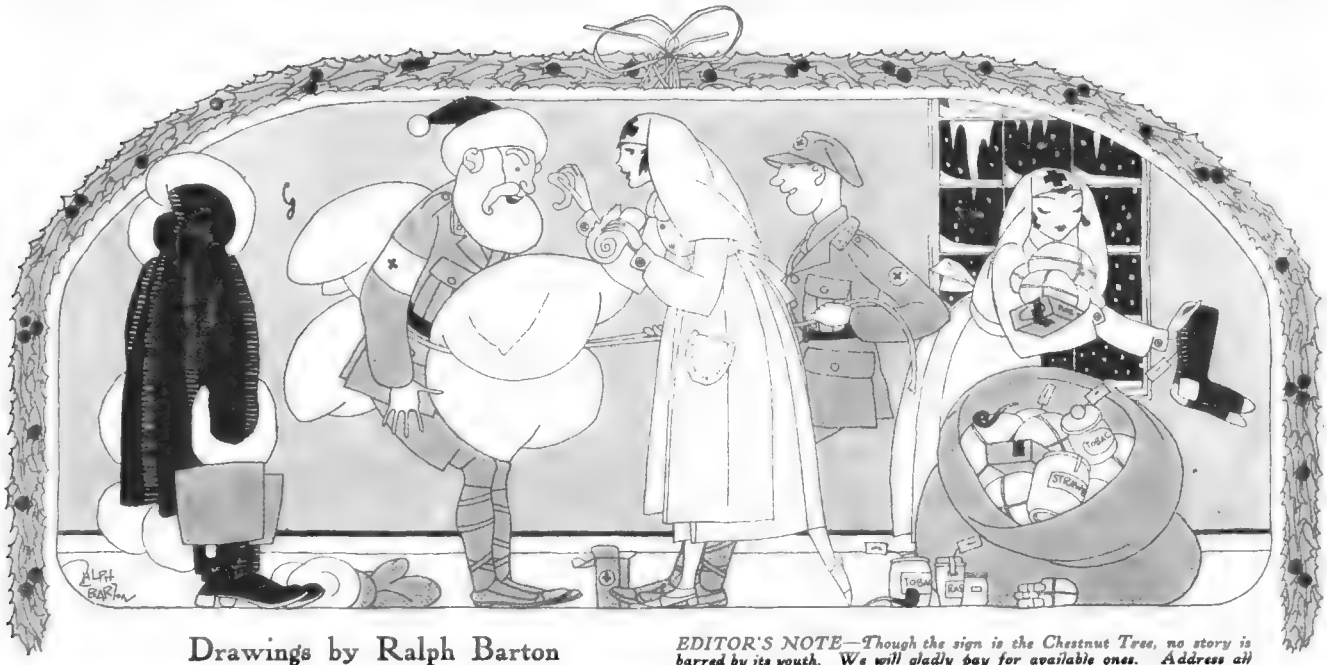
The Cardinal sums up his countrymen in this defiant phrase. Their resistance to this attack in the political field has been instant and determined, as it was on the field of battle when in 1914 the power that had sworn to protect the little state laid it waste with fire and sword. It is one more proof of the indomitable resistance of a brave people, inspiring to every lover of human liberty who realizes the significance of this war as the effort of autocracy, in its modern form of military caste with a camouflage of culture, to yoke its domination on the world.

Reading the Cardinal's various protests side by side with the von Bissing testament, one may behold in striking contrast the irreconcilable doctrines that oppose each other in this world conflict. The two figures themselves are in bold opposition, the one, with no arms but those of culture, contending for democracy and justice, relying on the rule of reason; the other, with a ruthless army at his command, striving to bring about the reign of brutal force, and relying on the theory that any deed is right if one has the power and the effrontery to commit it.

The next, and final, instalment of Brand Whitlock's story, in the January number, tells of his departure and of the closing of the curtain upon Belgium's tragedy.

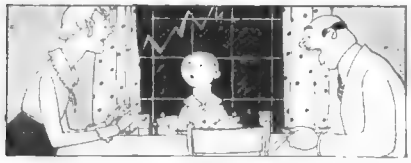
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



THIS story is told of a certain very stern woman who demands instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she asked her son Tommy to close the trap-door leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But, Mother—" began Tommy.

"Thomas, I told you to shut the trap!"

"Yes, but Mother——"

"Thomas, shut that trap!"

"All right, Mother, if you say so, but——"

"Thomas!"

So Thomas slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by and the storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for dinner, and when the meal was half over, Aunt Anna, who was staying with them, had not appeared. The mother started an investigation, but she did not have to ask many questions. Tommy answered the first one:

"Mother, she is on the roof."

THE conditions in the trenches were dreary in the extreme after the drenching and long-continued rainfall, but the irrepressible spirits of Uncle Sam's boys were not entirely quenched when the order came to leave the trenches.

"Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers," was the cheery call of the sergeant to his waist-deep and rain-sodden men.

"Soldiers!" came the derisive answer from one of them. "I'm not a soldier; I'm a blooming bulrush!"

WHILE out motoring, the party decided to have a meal in the open. One of them went into the village store to get the provisions necessary for a Welsh rabbit.

"I want a pound of cheese and some large square crackers for a Welsh rabbit," he told the proprietor.

"I have the cheese, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "but I ain't got no large crackers. How would some small ones do?"

"Sorry, but they won't do," was the answer. "We must have large ones for the rabbit."

"Well, you know best, of course," replied the shopkeeper grimly. "But that there rabbit of yours seems a mighty faddy eater for an animal!"

"HOW," asked the stranger in Tennessee's mountains, his eyes roaming over a field so steep as to be almost perpendicular, "do you manage to plant that terrible hillside? Seems to me you'd be in danger of falling off!"

"I can set right here in my door and plant it," drawled the native.

"How?"

"Put the cawn in a shotgun and shoot it into that ground up thar."

"And how do you get the corn down when it is ready for gathering?" the stranger asked.

"I can set right here in my door and git it down."

"How?"

"Shoot it offen the stalk, and it rolls down," said the native.

"And yet," the town man went on, "I can't see how you ever get the corn out of here."

The mountaineer divided his sunburned mustaches with thumb and finger and spat with deadly aim at a yellow-legged grasshopper.

"That's the easiest part of it," he drawled. "We make it into whisky and fight it out."

WHILE calling with her mother, a Boston child was given a piece of luscious cake. In ecstasy she exclaimed, "Oh, I just love chocolate cake! It is awfully nice."

"Clarita," her mother corrected, "you do not love cake, you like it. Nice is not the proper word in that connection, and 'awfully' is absurd. You should have used 'very good.' 'Oh' and 'just' are redundant, and should have been omitted. Now say the sentence correctly."

Clarita, who was used to such corrections, said meekly, "I like chocolate cake; it is very good."

She seemed so miserable, however, that the hostess came to her rescue with: "What is the matter, dear? You said it quite correctly."

"Yes, I know," the child replied, "but it sounded as though I was talking about bread."

"YOU naughty child, where have you been?" demanded a Baltimore mother of her hopeful. "I believe you have been fighting again with John next door. Just look at your clothes! I'll have to buy you a new suit!"

"Don't scold me, Ma," responded the youngster. "You ought to see Johnny! His mother'll have to buy a new boy!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The EYES of the BLIND

(Continued from page 60)

"Miss Gryce, I give you one last opportunity. You have seen that I am in earnest. I should regret—you are a most remarkable woman. I have thought—but you know what I have thought. I shall not repeat again my offer. But Germany comes first with me. There is a chance for you. I was in possession of a certain letter signed by your father. Had I it in my possession I could make terms with him whether he willed or no, whether or no he has changed his mind since he wrote that note. If you know where that letter is, if you can deliver it to me—Miss Gryce, you will save your father's life."

The girl laughed at him. "The German mind can not comprehend that there are people who will not yield to threat."

"And yet," he said softly; "you screamed not so long ago."

She grew whiter. Her mouth set in a firm line. She met his glance bravely.

"I have," said de Grecque, "but to give a certain signal and your father dies."

"There has been much of threat in your words," said Lydia, "but little of deeds. My father—" he voice broke only momentarily—"can take care of himself—and will. This is the city of New York, and there are limits to what you can do."

"You think so? You would not, of course, believe me if I told you that your father can not possibly leave his house? You told him to look in a certain drawer—I do not mind his looking in that drawer. He can not deliver its contents to any one who can do me harm. No power on earth can save your father once I have given the word. But that word—I hesitate to give it. I will be frank with you. Germany does not wish her hand forced. To do by diplomacy that which she is amply able to do by force—that is the road that Germany prefers to travel."

"To lie rather than to fight," jeered Rogan.

De Grecque's face was impassive. "That is a cheap retort, my friend. Since when has the German shown himself afraid to fight?"

Rogan laughed. "Never—when the odds are with him. But when the armies opposed to him are equal—then, von Schoental, we shall know the valor of the Germans."

DE GRECQUE shook his head. "You will never know, Rogan. Unless—once more I make my offer, and tell you why I make it. To keep your country out of the war, save in word only—frankly, we Germans do not wish another active enemy. If by propaganda, by instilling unrest, by blocking legislation—that angers you. Because you are short-sighted. Germany will win this war. We Germans know that; the world knows it. Why make it more bloody? Why roll up hatred? We wish no enmity from you; we hold none toward you."

"You simply kill your people because they are in your way," said Rogan.

"That is the literal truth," said de Grecque. "And we feel no shame therefor. But listen: to kill Stephen Gryce—I do not wish to order that done. He can be useful—also—we show our hand. I am honest with you. His death works us an injury, but—we must suffer that injury, unless——"

He looked at Rogan. Then he looked at the girl. His eyes hardened; his mouth grew harsher. He walked to a telephone.

"So be it," he said.

IN A fire-house, not five blocks away from the home of Stephen Gryce, men of unmistakably Teutonic faces conversed nervously, in subdued tones. Several of them wore crude bandages, and upon a couch one tossed and groaned and muttered guttural German prayers. Another lay very still.

In the dormitory up-stairs were half a dozen men; they were stripped to their underclothing, and their feet and hands were bound. Also they were gagged. Over them stood a guard.

Outside the door, lounging in apparent carelessness, stood one of the men. He passed the time of night with a policeman who passed by. The policeman saluted carelessly. But the lounging man nodded approvingly. Careless though the officer's gesture was, there was a snap to it that had only been instilled by army training and, by German army training.

Inside, a man called softly to the lounger, "Everything is all right, Conrad?"

Out of the side of his mouth Conrad answered:

"Brobner just passed by; he wears the policeman's uniform. No one seems to suspect. It is all right."

The man within swore softly. "Yes. All right! Unless some prying fire official comes around on inspection—what then, my Conrad?"

The lounger drew himself up. "We kill him—and we die. It is for the Fatherland."

"The Fatherland! Yes! But this is a plan—it was to be used only when the great hour approached—not for six hours at least. Not until our submarines were in the outer harbor; when our air-planes were above the city; when our reservists over here were summoned near; when they were armed—some one has blundered. To jeopardize everything for the sake of getting one man—why not kill him and have done with it? To do this——"

"You do not understand," answered Conrad. Casually he glanced up and down the street. It was dawn. The rattle of the milk-wagons broke the stillness; on Third Avenue the elevated trains rumbled. But no passers-by disturbed the solitude of the street. Conrad entered the fire-house.

"To kill this man—it is not enough. Suppose a burglar entered his house and killed him, and all his servants. It is a huge house; to search it thoroughly would take time. It could not be done. And there is, von Schoental fears, evidence in that house that will bring our plans to nothing. At first—two hours ago—to guard him until von Schoental could come—that was enough. But an hour ago his daughter was captured and—she has left in her home, in a certain spot, evidence. We must get it."

"But a burglar could do that," grumbled the other.

"When Gryce has broken with us? When Gryce knows our plans? You are absurd!" exclaimed Conrad. "And when Gryce knows our plans—suspects their aims, at least? Ridiculous. As long as Gryce was in ignorance of our aims—all right. Unsuspected a man could enter the house. But now—he is armed, undoubtedly. The noise—there is only one way to drown the noise, and that is this way. A fire—the engine coming—anything may happen."

"Unless he has begun firing from his window now, to attract the attention of the police," objected the other.

Conrad nodded. "But he will not do that, Hans. Do you know why? Because he has looked from his window; he has seen our men outside. He knows that a shot from him will be the signal for a rush that he can not withstand. He knows that. But while we delay—he knows that we will die in our effort to kill him. But he feels that every moment that we delay our attack improves his chances. All men, cornered, feel that way. It is human nature. Luck will turn. And so he waits. Something may turn up. Besides, it is quite incredible, according to these Yankee ideas, that harm can really come to him in his home. A siege of his house! Absurd! He can wait. Only," and Conrad chuckled grimly, "he does not know how careful are the German plans."

"And yet," grumbled Hans, "I still maintain that it is foolish of us. This plan—the police will know of it to-morrow—to-day! And never again will we be able to control the fire-houses—a great plan sacrificed for small gain."

"Perhaps," said Conrad. "And yet—I trust the brain of von Schoental."

He broke off suddenly; a telephone was ringing. He answered it. He listened silently for a moment. Then he answered in a monosyllabic affirmative. He hung up the telephone. He turned to the others.

"You are ready? Yes? Then let us start."

Clamor broke out in the fire-house. Up-stairs the prisoners stirred uneasily; they strained at their bonds. But the ready revolver of the man guarding them made them refrain. Only their eyes, burning with resentment, spoke their defiance. Conrad went to the foot of the pole leading up to the dormitory. He called to the guard:

"Stay here just fifteen minutes, Richter. Then come down, and—Hauptman is badly wounded. The damned swine hurt him badly with their axes before we overpowered them. He can not live. If he lived—he might talk. He can not live, Richter."

Richter understood. "He will not live," he replied.

And then the motor fire-apparatus charged from the building.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Attack

GRYCE looked up from the manuscript. He had been engrossed in it for ten minutes, and every word of it was burned forever in his brain. A lesser man could have spent thirty minutes reading it and memorized none of it. But Gryce could have recited it,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

names, dates, figures and all, almost verbatim. From his breast-pocket he drew a blue copy-pencil. He wrote a line on the margin of the first page, and signed his name to it. Then he put the manuscript back in its envelope. He addressed the envelope. He sealed it. He reached forward and dropped it in a slot in his desk. His eyes took on a far-away expression. He had been behind the times; he, who prided himself on being the livest, the most progressive newspaper man in America, and that meant the world, was hopelessly in the rear of the procession. While he had been deluding himself, his daughter, a *woman*, had been doing things whose bigness amazed him.

Amazed him? More than that; shamed him. For he had been hindering his country while she helped it. In the greatest crisis of its existence, he had been one of her enemies. And it did not matter that his heart had been honest, his intentions good.

"There are a few more of them, Mr. Gryce."

It was Deems watching at the window. At the other end of the room, trembling, stood Ferguson. As Gryce glanced up, his eyes rested on the old man.

"Afraid, Ferguson?" he asked. "You shouldn't be. You and I—we are getting on, you know. There aren't so many years ahead of us, at best. We shouldn't mind death, you and I."

Ferguson's eyes glowed. "I'm scared, Mr. Gryce! Awful scared! But I'm persuadin' myself that I ain't, and by and by I won't be."

Gryce laughed aloud. Somehow, in this moment that might prove to be almost the last, he was renewing the moment of youth when life had held savor and yet was not precious. He'd been getting flabby of late years. He shook his head. Everything that he possessed in the world, all that he had achieved, had come to him after struggle. Struggle was the law of the world. And fighting was but the outgrowth of that law. In the millennium, when there was no evil, right would not have to arm itself against wrong; but while evil existed, men must be prepared to wage war against it. And he, flabby-souled, had denied this elemental law! Well, he would pay for his folly, even with his life, were that final payment asked.

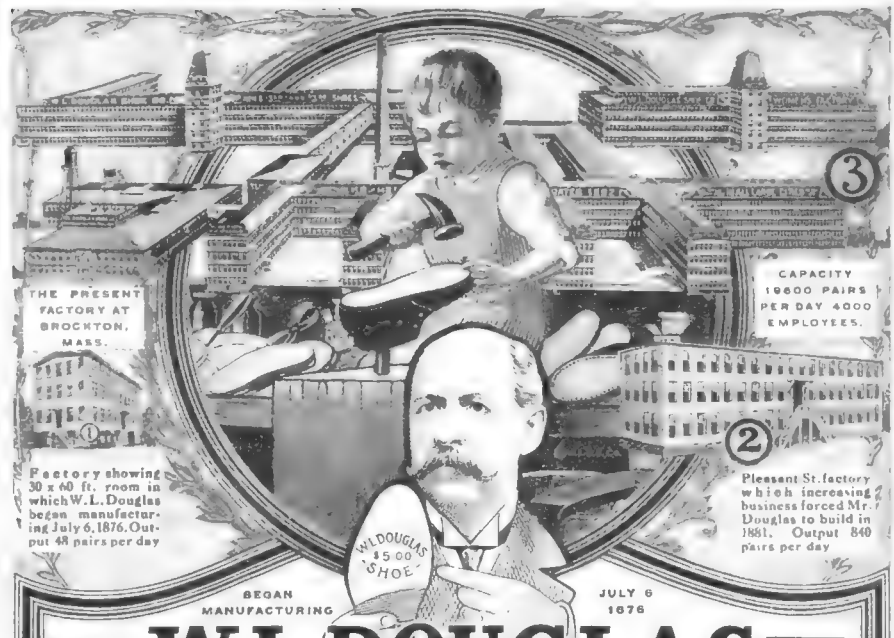
"More of 'em, eh, Deems?" he asked. "Well, they pay us a high compliment."

Deems grinned gaily back at him. Then he sobered. "Your daughter——"

"I'm trying not to think of her, Deems," said Gryce. "She—well, we know what she has done, and somehow I can't make myself believe that this is all real. God rules the world. He wouldn't let a girl like her suffer."

"That's why I'm able to laugh," said Deems. "De Grecque will have an ace in the hole—always. She's safe until he's won out all the way. He can save his skin through her. And as he won't win out all the way— Do you suppose the police—real policemen—would hear us if we fired our revolvers?"

"They'd rush us," said Gryce. "We wouldn't last three minutes. They're desperate. My God, if you'd read Lydia's notes, you'd know how desperate they are."


THE PRESENT FACTORY AT BROCKTON, MASS.
CAPACITY 10600 PAIRS PER DAY 4000 EMPLOYEES.
Factory showing 30 x 60 ft. room in which W. L. Douglas began manufacturing July 6, 1876. Output 48 pairs per day
Pleasant St. factory which increasing business forced Mr. Douglas to build in 1881. Output 840 pairs per day
W.L. DOUGLAS $5.00 SHOE

BEGAN MANUFACTURING JULY 6 1876

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3.50 $4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

BOYS SHOES Best in the World $3.00 $3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 148 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS.

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Schools, Public Buildings and Residential Buildings Require

Floor Sweeping and Dusting brushes which are made of good quality, stiff, elastic bristles. Sanitation demands that dirt and dust be actually removed. Soft brushes, which mat down, will not serve the purpose.

Whiting-Adams FLOOR BRUSHES, DUSTING BRUSHES

and other brushes for Household, Mechanical and other purposes, do the work as it should be done. Reliable and economical.

Send for Illustrated Literature. Department A.

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A. Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years

Whiting-Adams Brushes Awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, the Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915

WANTED

A man in every city and town in the United States. This is your opportunity to build up a good-paying business of your own. No experience nor investment necessary. If you have one hour or ten hours a day, and can use $5.00 to $50.00 a week, write for free outfit to-day.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, 245 Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

LAW

STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you to pass bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degrees of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen volume Law Library and modern course in Public Speaking free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120 page "Law Guide" and Evidence books free. Send for them—now.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1243-L, Chicago

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

must be! If we hold off, the longer they delay the better for us. And— I'm thinking de Grecque will offer us terms again. We'll wait. Not that we'll take them—Deems, *I* don't think that he'd dare do anything to Lydia. Not while we're alive. And so we must hang on— We're a deadly threat to him—where's the fire? I smell smoke!"

Down the street clanged the engines. Deems peered through his window.

"Must be across the street—they're stopping—they're coming—here—Gryce, they're here, and——"

"And you'll notice, youngster, that our friends below are climbing the stoop with them. Do you see it? Deems, you're a good boy. And, if I'm any judge of men, it wasn't presumptuous of you to fall in love with my daughter, and I'm kinda inclined to believe that she probably returned the compliment, and—shall we give our friends the trouble of climbing the stairs, or shall we greet them like courteous hosts, half-way?"

"You are an older man than I," said Deems solemnly. "You know more of etiquette. But I should say that the scrap ahead of us promises to be a nice scrap, an honest-to-God affair. It would be treating such an affair only kindly to go down and meet it and take it by the hand and welcome it."

ABOVE the din of the fire-axes battering against the front door, above the roars of the pseudo-firemen, above the curious cries of the neighbors, the spectators who sprang from nowhere, the great guffaw of Gryce boomed.

"Son," he said, "if we ever *do* get out of this, and Lydia *doesn't* marry you, I'll adopt you. I need a son like you." Their hands touched for a moment. And they fell apart as old Ferguson drew close to them.

"I have a poker," he said. "And maybe——"

Deems took the poker from his withered hand. He laughed aloud. "And Germany thinks she can whip a race of Fergusons, Mr. Gryce."

He put the revolver that was his only weapon into the hands of the old man. "Aim low," he counseled.

Then he swung the poker about his head. He looked questioningly at Gryce.

"I'm first," said Gryce.

"Let's divide the position," said Deems.

Side by side, Ferguson bringing up the rear, they advanced into the hall. The stormers were half-way up the stairs.

Into the thick of them Gryce fired. Kneeling, old Ferguson sent shot after shot into the packed group. But they did not falter. Up they came until they were within range of Deems's heavy poker. He swung it three times before he went down. Ferguson was down already; Gryce alone held his feet, but the foe clung to him like terriers. Then blackness came to Deems.

He awoke to find the glaring eyes of de Grecque boring into his own. He ached all over; his wrist was stiff, and coagulated blood half blinded him. With his good hand he wiped the stiff crust away. And then all ache left him, for across the room from him sat Lydia Gryce. And though she was white, wan, thin-seeming, she was alive, and the eyes that met his were brave. New life entered the veins of Deems. He sat up.

"That is better," said de Grecque. "Schnapps hurts no man."

And then Deems understood the burning sensation in his throat. He pushed away the glass that de Grecque held out to him.

"I'm all right," he said.

HE LOOKED about him. Rogan was here, so was Ferguson, and so was Gryce. The big man was more badly battered-appearing than Deems, but he was here. And old Ferguson did not seem badly hurt, either. Deems remembered, suddenly, that the attackers had used no firearms. He was soon to understand why.

"Deems," said de Grecque, "some time ago I offered you money for a certain thing. You have not forgotten?"

Deems made no answer. He merely looked at de Grecque.

"That document still has value. Because it is of so great value I have had you all brought here alive. One of you must talk. The servant here—I have questioned him; I do not believe that he knows of it. But Gryce, Miss Gryce, Rogan—and you, Deems, know of it. Gryce denies having written it. His daughter refuses to tell me anything; Rogan sneers. But you—I pledge my word, Deems, that whatever you ask in the way of money, whatever safeguards of secrecy you desire——"

"You may as well save your breath, de Grecque," interrupted Deems. "I haven't the paper. I don't know where it is."

"You had it," exclaimed de Grecque, "and—perhaps you think that there is a chance for you. You should not think so; enough has happened within the past hour or so to show you that there is no limit to what will be done to regain that paper. You, Gryce—you are unpopular now. Your newspapers have attempted to hinder the prosecution of the war. That paper—no matter how you change your views, how earnestly you profess that change, the American people will not forget that you were guilty of treason. They will destroy you. Even what has happened to-night—it can be explained. But *that paper!* Surrender it, and you go free, all of you——"

"You're a maniac, de Grecque," snapped Gryce. "You talk like a fool. Rogan here—all of us—we're serving our country. Do you suppose that, even if I *had* been criminal enough to write such a letter, my daughter, my friend Deems here, or Rogan, would fail to lay against you the charges of murder, of treachery, of which they know you to be guilty? You are a maniac!"

De Grecque laughed. "You say that because you think I can not get hold of it. Rather than let the world know that you had been guilty of treason, you would die. But if I let you *live*, you would not dare make a move against me. You wrote a letter to Senator Randall. I *saw* it. I bought it——"

"From whom?" demanded Gryce.

"From Randall's private secretary. I read it; I paid him; he gave it to me. I sent word of it to our Ambassador. He cabled word to Germany. Great plans were made because of the lever held over you, with all your publications. I was not crude; I tried to win you by subtlety. But all the time—my superiors relied on my having a club to use—you know everything now. I must face them. And they will not believe me—they will condemn me for my recklessness; they will say that I lied; that I had no lever to use against you—you will have to surrender it. I had it. Rogan stole it from me. I knew who he was; I recognized him, and the paper, I found, was gone. I followed him. But while I waited, the police came to Deems's rooms, and—I saw Rogan carried away. I did not know then that he was also Heinrich Graffe. I knew him to be one who had been tricked years ago, whose own State Department thought him venal, if not a traitor. I knew him to be clever, but—he was dead. And the paper was not upon his body. I ascertained that. Deems must have had it. One of you has it now. I will search——"

He stopped. Lydia whitened. She moistened her lips. "Mr. de Grecque—I *have* a paper—I got it in Mr. Deems's room, but—it is—look at it."

From her bodice she drew the blank piece of waxed paper that she had picked—it seemed years ago to Deems—from the floor of his apartment.

"IT WILL be well not to play with me, Miss Gryce," said de Grecque. "The real paper——"

"Let me see that," said Rogan sharply.

De Grecque held out a shaking hand. He did not let Rogan touch the paper, but held it up. The sun, streaming through the window, fell full upon it.

"De Grecque, this is the paper I took from you. You need not believe me. Look at it. Against the light. See where a pen has scratched it? Invisible ink——"

"Invisible—" De Grecque's voice shook.

"Randall's secretary is a crook," said Rogan. "I knew it; but—there were bigger things in the wind. I heard him read that letter to you. I believed it—but it was vanishing ink. Only the pen, where it scratched the paper, left a mark. Hold a candle near it——"

De Grecque snatched the paper away. Tremblingly he lighted a match. He held the paper near it. Words leaped into view.

"But this is Gryce's handwriting!" he cried.

Gryce laughed. Across the room he could see the writing. "Anybody familiar with my hand will deny it," he said.

Rogan's laugh joined that of Gryce.

"I heard the secretary tell you that that letter had been written three days earlier. But invisible ink vanishes within an hour. How could it have been three days old? The man wrote it himself. He could imitate, passably, Gryce's handwriting, but not well enough to stand a test. He knew you'd find it out. But if the paper was blank—he fooled you once, he could do it again. He lost it. As you lost the forgery. Lost it to me, who was also fooled——"

De Grecque's shaking fingers tore the paper up.

"Yes, I was fooled, made a dumbhead. But—what does it get you?" Triumphantly his voice rose, "Now that I know, Rogan, that I have nothing to gain by letting you live—you fool!"

"Think so?" Rogan shook his head. "I've been believing that Stephen Gryce here was one of the biggest traitors unhung. I'm nobody much and when I'm dead I'll amount to less, but if I died without apologizing to a decent man for thinking

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him what he wasn't—What does it get us? Nothing. But you don't imagine that we were idiots enough to take any stock in your promise to let any of us free. But cheer up, de Grecque. I was fooled, too. I thought that Gryce had written that letter."

"So did I," breathed Lydia. She looked at her father. "Daddy!"

Gryce swallowed deeply. "'S all right, girlie. I've been a fool, and—it won't be hard, both of us, eh?"

She smiled and shook her head. And then, as she met the eyes of Deems, her smile faltered. And Deems knew that the miracle of love had happened to her, too. Death was not half as bad as it might have been. De Grecque's harsh voice broke the silence.

"This is all very pretty," he said. "Father and daughter forgiving each other, and—faugh!" His revolver gleamed suddenly in his hand. "You are swine, you Yankees, swine. You fight Germany——"

His last word was clipped off shortly. Outside a newsboy was crossing Bryant Park; he was shrieking at the top of his lungs: "German plot exposed! French representative, German spy! Publisher of *Record* attacked, killed, maybe, but story gets to *Record! Record* extra! Comte de Grecque, German spy——"

De Grecque's hand went to his throat. "The boy lies! There is no afternoon *Record!* He——"

Over the face of Gryce spread a smile that was gay as the smile of youth.

"De Grecque, you let my daughter telephone me. You let her mention a drawer."

"But you had no way of communicating—and your house is burned to the ground."

Gryce's smile was now a grin. Death was a half-minute away, but he had scored the greatest newspaper "beat" of his lifetime, and first, last and all the time he was a newspaper man.

"Those were notes that she had written, exposing you and your associates. And you gave me plenty of time to read it. There is a slot in my desk, de Grecque. I write editorials late at night. I drop them in the slot and they land in the mail-box in front of my house, and—it takes more than a fire to stop the collection of mails, de Grecque. A line to my editors telling what was going on, and then a word to indicate the fashion of setting the story— Kill us, de Grecque, but—what are your own chances of escape?"

The glaring eyes of de Grecque lost their wildness. In them was only despair. And then despair was succeeded by maniacal hatred. His revolver pointed at Gryce, his finger on the trigger. But before he could fire one of his own followers had hurled himself upon him.

"Wait, Graf! Jail is bad, but death—If we can make—terms ——"

For a moment they struggled; blankly the rest of de Grecque's followers looked on. And Deems, unnoticed, edged his way to the window. But the cry for help that trembled on his lips was forced back. Already, silently, policemen were mounting the stoop of the old-fashioned house that faced Bryant Park.

***"The Eyes of the Blind"** will be concluded in January.*

Colt's Firearms

1848 1898

have been supplied to the United States Government for many years. Troops were equipped with Colt made arms in the Mexican War, 1848, during the great struggle from 1861 to 1865, and in the war with Spain, 1898. Through all the years of this Company's existence we have been developing arms which have been adopted by the United States Government and which have made many thousands of friends for the Colt Company.

This great experience now seems to have been but preparation to enable us to serve the United States Government during the present world war. The Colt Company manufactures the Colt, Browning and Vickers Machine Guns in addition to the Colt Automatic Pistol and Colt Revolver, Caliber .45. To the maximum extent of our capacity we are making these essentially military weapons for the Government, and at their request are daily enlarging our facilities. In doing this, which is our duty to the Government, we are each day having to disappoint many friends who wish to procure some particular model of Colt revolver or automatic pistol for their own use. We are sure, however, that all those who have the best interests of the country at heart prefer that at this time our whole effort be expended in making our part of the equipment for the boys who are going to use it "over there."

1861 1918

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.
U. S. A.

Are You Satisfied?

Are you contented to make ends just meet?

Or would you like $50.00 extra a month—or a permanent business paying $3,000.00 a year? You can have either!

Without experience and without capital Arthur T. White of Massachusetts in eighteen months built up a business that pays him more than $3,000.00 a year.

This Is Your Opportunity

We need representatives everywhere to look after the increasing demand for *Everybody's Magazine* and *The Delineator*. Write us at once for full particulars and free outfit. *Everybody's Magazine*, 244 Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

WRITERS' FREE BOOK!

A wonderful book—read about it!

TELLS how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special instruction, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How your own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that will bring you Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address

WRITERS' SERVICE
Dept. 45
Auburn
N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Khaki Klippings

The page this month is made up of clippings from various papers published by the A. E. F. in France.

Rime of the Prairie Mariner

HE CAME all the way from Kansas,
Did the hero of these stanzas,
Where the land is largely—very largely—flat,
And his ante-bellum notion
Of a topsy-turvey ocean
Was a puddle you could hide beneath your hat.

Just before the transport started
And for overseas departed,
He was sure he'd have a safe and speedy trip.
But to ward off every sickness
He wore socks of extra thickness,
Though he carried nothing heavy on his hip.

But his pains were unavailing,
For he hung upon the railing
From the moment they were out of sight of land.
It was not a time for laughter—
And for quite a while thereafter
He had nothing on his stomach but his hand.

When he started convalescing
He resumed his daily messing
Without fearing every wavelet's rise and fall.
But where'er the vessel drifted,
Still the scene was never shifted—
Just a circle full of water—that was all!

Then he thought of Kansas prairies,
And he groaned in utter anguish and despair:
"We've been moving every minute,
But there's something phoney in it—
'Cause the gol-darned boat ain't getting anywhere!"

HE WAS writing home.

"You ask me," he said, "to tell you what kind of a noise a shell makes as it comes through the air. Many have tried to describe it and couldn't. But if you really want to know, the noise a shell makes is exactly like either of two things. One is the noise of the shell that came along just ahead of it, and the other is the noise of the shell that comes along just after it."

The Stars and Stripes.

What Their Pets Say

"I KNEW these French people had a different kind of a language from ours, of course," said the buck private, meditatively. "But I didn't realize till just the other day that the same thing extended to animals."

He "sortied" out of the hole where he was working, as recall blew, and picking up his discarded jacket, drew a piece of paper out of one of the pockets. He handed it to a fellow engineer.

"Made out that list of peculiar noises the other day," he explained; "that's the way the French spell the different kinds of racket some of their birds and animals make."

According to the list, a French duck goes, "coin, coin;" a rooster goes, "coquerice;" a hen goes, "ca, ca, ca, ca;" a dog goes, "ouâ, ouâ;" a cow goes, "meû, meû;" a cat, "miaou;" and a sheep, "bê, bê, bê."

"That must present some problem to the society for the Prevention of Noise," said the engineer when he had looked over the list. "I wonder what kind of a noise a Chinese mule makes; or a Russian tomcatsky?"

The Spiker.

Lazy Lines

THERE are two
Things that
Can't be said in
French and pro-
Nounced in this
Foreign lingo—
One is water
And the
Other is "No,
Thank you, I've
Had enough—
I'm full already."

The best the
French will say
Is "*non comparee.*"

I wus on a
Bicycle trip
The fourth and fifth.

I got awful
Thirsty and
Way down in
Southern France
Hospitality
Is going strong.

Every time I
Asked for
Water they gave
Me *vin rouge.*

And I decided
To fire the
King of Spain and
Turn Rome in
To a recreation
Park.

And I kept
Gettin' thirstierer
But they wouldn't
Let up on
The chemical
Fireworks.

Finally I got
Insistent when a
Kind *mademoiselle*
Shoved more
Sparkling fire
Fluid at me.

"Doggonit, I
Want water—
D'leau! under-
Stand? I WANT
WATER!"
I yelled.

Finally it dawned
On the old girl.
"Ah, *oui*," she
Said sweetly.

Taking me by
The hand she led
Me thru nine
Rooms and a
Kitchen, finally
Opening a door in
To a Bathroom!

She laid towels and
Soap on stand
And beat it like
A bat outta
Warmer climate.

But on the table
She left more
VIN ROUGE!

Plane News.

ARMY American differs from plain American. Note carefully:

Army American	*Plain American*
In tha brig	Intha lock-up
Therz chow call	Time t'eat
Lytzout	Dousetha glim
Countoff	Lotta bull

English
In goal
Lunch is served
Extinguish lamps
Scarcely veritable

The Stars and Stripes.

State Secrets

PERCY NOODLES' sister writes that if the censor isn't too strict and it isn't giving out military information, she'd like to know what S-G-T in front of his name means.

Plane News.

THE attack had been made with the dash in the woods, and though it was not yet dawn, the Yanks were getting their breath in their new positions.

From his dugout, which a late lamented Heinie had burrowed, one of them spied something which another and less fortunate member of the bunch had regarded as so precious that he had carried it into the attack. It was a banjo, made of a cigar-box.

He crawled forward, crawled over dead men, got his hands on the trophy and retreated with it to his shelter. It was battered, and two of the strings had snapped, but in another moment that whole nervous, frazzled group were humming as he played:

"I wanta go back, I wanta go back, I wanta go back to the farm!"

The Stars and Stripes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The BLUE TRIANGLE *in the* WAR

By Elizabeth Porter Wyckoff

SHE was on her way to show John, Jr., to Soldier John, father, and the eager look in her eyes was struggling hard against anxiety. She hadn't thought of it before, but how was she to find her John among forty thousand soldiers? What if John were on duty? And it was beginning to rain!

Then the train stopped, and a pleasant-faced woman put mother, baby, and the bag with his bottles and the bundles of his clothes into an automobile, and just as the drops began to fall they were deposited in a big, roomy, bungalow-looking building marked "Y. W. C. A. Hostess House." Open fire, a place to check all the bundles, and a nursery for baby! Somebody called up John's captain and in a half-hour he was there. The visit was to be a happy one and not a misery.

In a hundred cantonments all over the country men are being summoned from their daily camp routine to the precious visit with mothers, fathers, sisters, friends in these firelit, chintz-curtained Hostess Houses. Easy chairs, magazines, writing-paper, tables on which to eat the food brought from home, a cafeteria which gives the best possible imitation of home cooking—these all make camp visits comfortable.

When it isn't a visiting-day the soldiers have the Hostess House all to themselves. They run the sewing-machine—yes, the men do—making themselves gun-covers; orderlies and often doctors drop in to tell the hostesses how some sick boy in the hospital is getting along; the doctors have medical meetings in the cafeteria room and serve refreshments to themselves, and the men read and play the phonograph.

They feed an average of three thousand a Sunday at the Camp Upton Hostess House. I have wondered sometimes what my grandmother would say, with her ideals about keeping Sunday and learning the Shorter catechism on Sunday afternoons, if she could come back and see the Y. W. C. A. fifty-cent Sunday dinners and the Y. M. C. A.'s Sunday baseball. But it is about as Christian, I should say, as anything on earth can be, because it is real human service.

Feeding people, and finding them places in near-by towns to sleep, and straightening out stray little girls that hang around the cantonment and finding jobs for them, and telephoning for people's sons—and sometimes comforting the poor souls whose boys have given their greatest gift to their country before they ever saw a battlefield—that is the kind of thing the Hostess House is for.

Where colored troops are stationed, special houses with educated, charming women of their own race as hostesses take care of the bewildered mothers and wives who have journeyed, often on the last penny of some hard-earned money, to see their soldiers before they sail. The colored soldiers' houses are exactly like the other houses and perhaps even more appreciated by their women visitors. Twenty-four-hour duty is not enough for these colored hostesses. They manage to slide in classes in English reading and writing and sometimes French when the boys come around and say how much they would like to add to their schooling.

The morale of women wherever the war affects them is the job that the Government has given the Blue Triangle. Almost always the work takes the form of some kind of Hostess House—in munition cantonments here at home for women war workers; for Frenchwomen working in powder factories; for Red Cross nurses in A. E. F. base hospitals; for war workers of all branches of the service in Paris—everywhere the Blue Triangle means plain American hospitality and comfort. The women of the world, who give their men and their labor to winning the war, certainly deserve every last little comfort that the Y. W. C. A. can give them.

The Hostess House is "the home spot of the camp," the place where soldiers and their home-folks get a chance for a comfortable reunion.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The LUMBER-JACK

(*Continued from page 23*)

Conran leaned back in his swing-chair. He liked young Billy. It was a shame that the boy was hung up here in the North Woods when his heart had been on a firing-line in France.

"No?" he said.

"No, sir. An' yet I can't put a finger on a thing. It's just kind of unsettlin' an' discontented. An' th' drifters are listenin', almost every damned one of them."

"H'm," said Conran, "thank you, Billy—I'll look into this a bit."

But look and listen as he might he could find nothing definite. He was a born boss, however, and he read the eyes that shifted from his, felt a slow, new undercurrent of antagonism.

"It's the new stuff, all right," he told himself, "and it's dangerous stuff. If I can only hold them down a few weeks longer."

For the back of the winter was breaking with every sunshiny day. There was a new, sweet breath to the airs that hung suspended in the aisles of the forest, a premonitory feel to the snow underfoot that presaged its softening, sagging. He knew the thaws were not far off, that the time would soon be ripe for the big drive. He frowned with a real anxiety when he thought of how much depended on keeping his men in hand.

He wrote to McKnight for a phonograph and fifty records, the wildest "jazz" stuff on the market, and turned it over to the bunk-house. He went into consultation with Jacques La Honte as to the embellishment of the already excellent food. He cut half an hour off the working day.

But the vague unrest grew.

HE KNEW that Rat-Face and the Tall Man were the devil's leaven, but he could not fire them without apparent reason, else he would have had the whole "push" growling on his hands. So he bided his time and waited in a rising tension. One day coming along the road from the cutting he met Elsa on foot. She had been down to the tool-shed for a piece of chain which she carried in her hand. As his sleigh came abreast of the girl she stepped respectfully to the roadside and touched her cap, for all the world like a man, but the smile that flashed up at him from her blue eyes was far from servile. It was frank and winning, open as the day and of a wondrous charm. To save his life Conran could not help the thrill of pleasure in her Amazonian beauty that shot through him. He noticed the fine whiteness of her perfect teeth, the splendid texture of her smooth skin, its milky whiteness, the downright rose-pink that flushed the round cheeks. For the first time he was conscious of an inviolate femininity beneath the masculine exterior, the place, the work, the garments.

"Elsa," he said impetuously, "why do you stick to the logging? Why don't you live like a woman?"

Her face became grave. "Because," she said, "one thing, Boss, I love th' woods. I'll never be shut up indoors. An' another," she drew herself up and clicked her heels together like a soldier, "th' U. S. A. needs ships—an' ships—an' more ships—an' I bane—I *am* a good worker. I do my bit."

"Yes," said Conran, "you do. I beg your pardon."

But Elsa laughed, a deep throaty sound that seemed to ring in the silent woods. "No need, Boss," she answered; "I understand."

For a week the weather held, threatening, tantalizing, uncertain.

Conran drove his crews with an iron hand despite the growing slowness. He was heavily angered and disgusted. Where were the old responsive willingness, the enthusiasm? Gone like dew. Now the majority of the men turned out with indifference, straggling, when every hour counted.

The thaw was coming as surely as the daylight, and the last of the logs to fill the big contracts must be at the water's edge; the crews ready to break out the rollways. He was about among the men continually, watching, waiting, encouraging, speeding up.

THEN one day old John Brandis came to him and handed him secretly a piece of paper. It was a small sheet, printed, and he read it with a face slowly purpling with rage. "Damn!" he gritted.

"Yes," said old John, shaking his grizzled head, "yes, sir! That's about it. That there's plain evidence o' discord. It's th' gen-u-ine proper gander they talk about, an' no mistake. It's designed to stir up strike, riot and arson, an' no one but a durned Dutchman ever put it together."

Conran put the handbill in his pocket and turned on his heel. "We'll hold 'em, John," he said savagely, "if we have to kill 'em."

"Right you are," said John Brandis.

That night saw the last load of logs for the huge contract at the last rollway. Elsa drove it, standing on the top, and she sang as she drove, a wild, swaying, wind-whipped saga that made Conran who heard it think of Norsemen swinging into battle or plowing a stormy sea. It sounded like victory and savage joy and it sent a shiver down his spine, so that he half went back on his newly conceived ideas of the girl's femininity after all.

The next day was full of portent. The heft of the work was done.

The foreman tried to keep the crews busy with improvised jobs, but it was no go. They were entitled to rest until the huge, swift labor of breaking out should jerk every man to his best, and they intended to do so. They lounged around the camp, smoked and talked and gathered here and there. Those of the old crew who still remained loyal, Brandis, Billy, Pierre Couvant and five or six others, tried to instil wholesome merriment into the rest, but they would not. A certain furtive amusement seemed to be abroad coupled with a darker thing, a seeming of resentment.

Conran, busy in his office with his books, prayed for the thaw. By late afternoon of that trying day a new element came into the situation. One of the riffraff from the city swaggered through the clearing, waving a small German flag and singing a disgraceful ditty at the top of his lungs. He was undeniably drunk. Conran saw him from the office window.

"My God!" he said half aloud, "hell will be loose here now!"

Then he shot across the yard, caught the offender by the shoulder, snatched the flag from him and stamped it into the snow.

"We'll have no traitors here," he said; "you go into custody at the first chance. In the meantime I'll put you safely away," and under a dozen pairs of eyes he propelled the "drifter" to the filing shed, dumped him in, dropped the heavy bar across the door and called to Brandis. "John, put a lock on this door and bring me the key." Then he looked keenly around at the silent watchers of the scene. "When it comes to traitors," he said, "I'm the law of the U. S. A. for this neck of the woods."

That night the big thaw came. The forest found a thousand voices, the roar of falling packs of snow from burdened trees, swish and snap of branches, released, whispering drip of the melting; and the river answered back with the myriad uncanny sounds of the ice going out. Conran, his heart leaping with exultation, was at the banks at midnight.

"She's going to be a corker!" he cried aloud. "She's rising fast and full!"

The succeeding hours of the run were trying ones. Everywhere the men gathered in knots and bunches and there was much gesticulation, high talk, hushed at the approach of the foreman, and all the signs of mutiny.

When the river, rolling beautifully full and still rising so that its slightly rounded breast made an ideal bed for the drive with its tendency to spread the logs and prevent jams, was passably clear of ice, Conran made ready for the key-effort of the winter's work.

HE CALLED to him young Billy and John Brandis and the little French-Canadian and three others of whom he was sure, beside Eric and Ole Jensen.

"Boys," he said straitly, "the time's ripe for the drive, and for trouble. Down below the shipyards wait; here on the river our rollways wait. And upon the two our country waits. And we sit on a mine of treason, I'm fully convinced. You few are all I can honestly count upon."

"Say, Boss," cut in a rich voice from behind, "don't I count at all?"

He whirled to face big Elsa, smiling and fresh as a garden rose, about as simple and uncultivated. Her sparkling blue eyes were full of a vivid fire and once again he got that uncomfortable suggestion of fighting men and stormy seas. But something within him leaped all suddenly.

"Yes," he said sharply, "you do. But this is no place for you now, no time."

"Sure it is," said the girl.

"Well," said Conran, going back to his idea, "what about it, boys? Does the drive go out on time?"

"You're damned right she does!" said young Billy with a fist cracked in a caloused palm and every man answered.

"Enough," said the foreman and whirled on his heel.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was just good day and the crew was coming out of the cook-shack, idling.

"Quick work, lads," called Conran, "get your poles. We'll break her out right now—starting with Number One."

Number One rollway lay nearest to camp, a huge settled pile of logs nearly thirty feet high, situated on an ideal slant.

Conran chose this that the crisis might come quickly. If he could get one rollway broken out, he felt, and the drive started, perhaps the excitement of the work might help, the instinct of those among the crew who were real loggers come to the top from the maelstrom of sedition that he knew was seething. But the men did not answer with the snap and "pep" due to the time and task. They scattered, took their time getting ready.

Here and there several heads went together for a moment, separated.

Rat-Face cast his rodent's eyes at the Tall One, who nodded. But finally they swarmed slowly out and fell into a straggling line behind the boss. Conran's nerves were drawn tight. He caught a grin on one face which slipped swiftly away under his eye. He felt the tension, knew that a damnable thing was in hiding in a lot of human hearts.

All up and down the street the rollways waited. Conran, like the born boss he was, gave swift orders, apportioned his men, set times and places quickly. He knew that his "river hogs," namely the men who ride the drive, were among the malcontents to a man. All that is, save little Pierre. But he trusted to luck. If he could only break out! The river itself, still on the rise, would be his ally. If it should fall and cradle in the logs to form a jam—well, he shut his eyes and ears to the possibility. He prayed that the thaw would hold hard, hard. He didn't care how high the old girl rose so long as she pulled his logs down toward the outside world.

And he gave his orders just as if he trusted every man-jack as of old. But more than discontent was abroad. Here and there a face showed red from wakeful hours in the bunk-house and the effect of liquor. The traitor in the filing shed was not the only one who had looked on it too long. Some one yelled and a dozen men jumped. Rat-Face, trailing far behind, struck up a song but none joined. Conran reached the rollway and waited. He bit his lip at the studied insolence of the laggards.

"Come, boys," he called, "get busy. Lots of work now and we need pep."

"BOSS," said Eric Jensen at his elbow, "Ole an' me, we bane gude at th' breakin'."

"Are you quick enough, Eric," Conran asked, "for the key-log?"

The giant grinned. "You watch," he said.

"All right. But be mighty careful. Keep your wits about you." The last of the stragglers came up and Conran gave the last of his orders.

"Ready, men!" he called.

Not a foot moved, except among the loyal few. Instead the Tall Man, smiling, raised a long hand grandiloquently. "Mr. Boss," he said impressively, "we strike."

Silence followed the words. Off in the hush of the forest a camp robber-bird cried a sharp note.

Conran shut his teeth with an audible click. "Strike?" he said; "what for?"

"More pay," said the spokesman.

"Yes? How much?" There was cold steel in the foreman's voice.

The other named a preposterous figure, an out-of-all-reason price. "We deeply regret the necessity, but Capital——"

"Stop!" cried Conran like a shot. "You have talked your seditious rot since the day you came, when you have been drawing the highest wages ever paid for this work—and you are no logger, either. Stand aside."

He looked over the bunch of men before him, gathered in a close mass after the manner of mobs. With his keen eyes he picked out his old crew one by one.

"Who talks strike when every hour's delay means a betrayal of our Government?" he asked sharply. "Boys, you have listened to treason. You were good loggers once. In your country's name I call you now. Send her the logs to-day."

There was an uneasy movement here and there. Guilty eyes fell from his burning ones.

"COME on!" cried the foreman; "with my own men I can make it yet!"

"Whoop! By Gar, m'sieu! Dat's so! Here's me."

The little French-Canadian shot forward to Conran's side, snatching off his gay cap. Instantly young Billy Smith, Brandis and several others drew in behind. Ole and Eric Jensen already stood there. And at that moment the tall figure of big Elsa shouldered through the mob. With magnificent indifference she elbowed out of her path seven specimens of the dominant sex.

"Pigs!" she said as she passed Rat-Face and the spokesman. "You don't want a raise, you got it already from th' Kaiser."

Her blue eyes were deep and beginning to dance unholily. With calm assurance she ranged herself on Conran's right hand, pushed her broad belt down about her narrow hips, ripped both buttons from her shirt cuffs so that they hung free. Conran saw all this from the tail of his eye and once again he felt the thrill go down him from head to toe.

But he was watching the uncertain mob in front. "Come!" he called again; "how many?"

There was no response.

"All right, then we'll do without you!"

He whirled away. "Go to it," he said to his little knot of friends.

But the squeaky voice of Rat-Face broke the silence. "Scabs!" it pealed; "no scabs! No scabs! Nothin' doin'!"

And with the word the mass surged forward, excited, heated by the mysterious whisky, undoubtedly earning hidden money.

The riffraff from the city were in their element. It was not the first scene of its kind for the majority of them. Each man carried a peavy, a formidable weapon. The "drifters" and turkey-men who had been before good workers were corrupted, excited, turned with the wind. Conran, whirling again, saw that "hell was loose" indeed.

He snatched out the gun in his pocket and leveled it in the surging faces. "Back! Back!" he cried. "Back or I'll shoot!"

For a moment they wavered. Then the Tall Man called in his insolent voice:

FOR MOTOR CAR UPHOLSTERY
CHASE
Leatherwove
"Tis like the hide in most respects
In some respects 'tis better"
Made by Sanford Mills
TODAY more than ever, thrifty housewives and motorists are anxious to do re-upholstering.
Leather is scarce and costly, therefore Chase Leatherwove, which is purchased by the U. S. Government for upholstery purposes, should be used.
All the merits of hide at less cost—beautiful, durable, weather and stain proof, sanitary, and plenty of patterns to choose from.
For upholstery use:
Leatherwove Galloway or Leatherwove Gibraltar.
Other grades for scores of uses.
L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON
NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847
FOR FURNITURE UPHOLSTERY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Capital again, lads! That's the answer!" And they came for him like a waving sea of masts where the lifted peavies rose.

He had a swift flash of the unrest of the world, of the great black tragedy across the sea, of the insidious octopus whose tentacles were reaching even here in the lonely heart of the American forests, and then he knew that he was firing into that mass of men before him. He saw Rat-Face go down. He heard hoarse voices as in a dream. He saw little Pierre Couvant run in and fight like a fiend, a laugh on his face. He knew that he fired every shot in his automatic and was feeling at his belt for another clip. He was conscious of the fact that he fired low in a dim effort to disable, not to kill. He saw the wicked play of the steel-shod poles, heard heads receive their deadly impact.

To save his life he could not find that clip of shells. A cold horror gripped him. He knew that he stood in line with those few loyal ones—like a veritable battle-line, and saw them fight like beasts and all the time he clutched his useless weapon and searched—searched.

He heard Eric Jensen laugh deep in his throat and then he became aware of another sound, a wild, deep, stirring sound of winds and spears and stormy waters. It was the voice of big Elsa beside him, singing.

He heard another voice join in, Ole on her other side; then Eric at his left.

Deep as thunder, heavy, golden, then shot through at short intervals by one shrill high note; it was the most savage and exciting sound he had ever heard in all his life.

It lifted him to a frenzy. He clubbed his gun and yelled in unison. Then he, too, waded in and the primitive came back to claim its own. He saw blood in plenty on shoulders and heads before him. A dozen weaklings were down. This riffraff from the city was no man-size stuff. It might fight with guns from hidden corners, but not here, like this.

He saw beside him the towering figure of the belted Amazon push forward, saw her peavy lift high above those opposing, heard it come down with the shock of steel on steel. He heard her stop singing long enough to shout above the turmoil, and voice and words were strange:

"Nothin' doin', nothin' doin', you bane say? Hi! Hi! Aye sholl kill you, rats! Ole—let's go break her out!"

The shrill scream caught at Conran's senses. "Ole! Eric! Pierre!" he shouted, "Get to it! Break her out! We'll show this damned riff——"

THEN the fires of hell shot through him at the impact of a swinging bar which struck him just above the knee, and he went down with a broken leg whose cracking sounded in his ears above the roar of the conflict.

As he fell sprawling he saw the beautiful face of Elsa come down above him, following instantly, as a chip follows the current. The brilliant blue eyes were like stars, merry with war.

She thrust into his fingers another automatic snatched from somewhere about her garments. Guns and Bibles! She was a wondrous woman!

"It bane loaded!" she cried so close to his ear that the scarlet velvet of her full lips brushed his cheek. "You hold 'em back an' we break out dat rollway!"

Then she was gone and he heard her calling high above the roar. "Ole! Eric! Coom! We bane plenty!"

Conran, thrilling throughout his body as he had never thought to thrill in these modern days, raised himself to his knees and flung up the gun.

This time he meant to kill, and the crowd saw it in his face.

The front line wavered, pressed back against those behind, fell away, so that a little clear space began to grow between him and them. He felt the rush away behind him as the three big Swedes and little Pierre, young Billy and the rest of the henchmen made for the rollway. He knew that he was to witness drama, and he swung his body around a bit that he might lose nothing. He saw the girl stoop and search among the scattered poles for a certain tool, saw her lift and heft two, three peavies, saw her catch a certain man-size pole and shake it over her golden head like a warrior.

"HI! YI! Yi!" she yelled and leaped for the right end of the towering rollway. He saw Ole shoot around to the other side to partner her. He noted, even in the tense moment, that Eric gave way to his two youngsters, chuckling in his beard. The mob in front was muttering.

Then from the tail of his dilated eyes Conran, watching both points, saw Elsa set the steel point of her pole at the inner end of the key-log, the bottom log of the pile nearest the water, with a most minute and certain care, settling, testing it a bit, seeing that it bit in properly.

"God!" groaned Conran. "She takes the key-log! The pile will smash her sure."

He opened his mouth to command her back, but Eric, higher on the slope, raised his huge hand. She looked up—he counted three times in their outlandish tongue, snapped out a word, and the big body of the girl bent to the most difficult and strenuous and delicate task in the timber. Conran saw her brace her booted feet, saw her shoulders raise with the effort, saw the whole beautiful form of her strain and come back as she set her strength to pry out the key-log.

He menaced the mob—and darted his eyes to that heroic figure again.

"Yhoo-ee!" cried Eric on his vantage, and Elsa's form rose forward, easing.

"Yip!" snapped the father and she came up, back, down in that splendid arc of power.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Conran again, but the heart in him was pounding and he felt his throat tighten painfully.

He knew that never in all his life had he seen anything one-half so beautiful as the sight that confronted him now. He knew that there was nowhere in the world another Elsa. If that menacing pile of huge timbers should catch her, if she should not make clear—

The mob before him yapped as with one tongue and made to surge forward, but he leveled the blue gun in their faces, slowly, carefully, and they fell back together again.

And in that moment the stupendous thing happened.

There came a snap like a shot, a rumble and strain from the rollway—a cracking and grinding—and then, amid the yells of triumph from his own people, Conran, whirling again, saw the whole great pile slide majestically forward and downward.

He caught one agonizing glimpse of the big figure in the blue shirt, saw the light of the risen sun on the bare blonde head with its encircling braids, and then there was nothing but colossal chaos on the river-bank and clouds of splashing white water.

The rollway was down! A seething, rumbling, crushing mass of uncounted tons, cascading into the river that was to carry the drive to the mills and the ships—to the outside world where armies fought to death.

Conran, on his knees, leaned forward with the gun gripped in his two hands. He steamed in the cold with sweat of agony. There were lines in his face that were not there an hour before. Where was Elsa? Where? She had disappeared in the smother, a gallant young figure, like a fighter on a line! She was gone—lost in the forces of weight and water—sacrificed!

Conran opened his lips and screamed an oath, senselessly straining into the smother.

And then, as the churning masses leveled, spread, came to rest on the swollen breast of the river, out of the mêlée there rose on his vision a miracle: a slim, tall figure in blue shirt and corduroys that balanced gracefully on the brown back of a rolling log far out! Drenched, her gold head shining, big Elsa had ridden out with the slide! As the turmoil ceased, she came leaping in to shore, from log to log, using her pole expertly. The logs were already in the grip of the stream.

The big drive was on!

Conran knew that tears were in his eyes, that his voice was cracked with emotion as he faced the mob again and swept them with his gun.

"Clear out!" he cried. "To hell with you, one and all! Get your traps and beat it! File past the office for your pay. We don't need you—and we don't want you. I'll give you till noon to be on your way, and there will be martial law in this camp if one of you comes back. Get!"

AND then a big, wet figure bent over him, a hand was on his shoulder.

He looked up into two new worlds, the wonderful deep spaces of Elsa's eyes.

They were filled with light and such tenderness as shine in those of a mother above her suffering offspring.

"Boss," said the girl, "you're hurt. We got to get you in——"

But Conran solemnly raised his arms and clasped them about the belted waist. "Elsa," he said tensely, "will you marry me?" He might have been asking for the salvation of his immortal soul.

"Why, sure," said Elsa, the golden voice like melted honey, "sure, Boss. But ain't you ahead, like I said you would be, even if you did lose several men?"

"Ahead!" said Conran softly, "ahead! Why, Lord God," and it was reverent, "I'm a home-stretch ahead of all the world!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In the wide-spread decline in wages and unemployment which may come after the war, we face in this country the danger of social anarchy unless the business men of the country prepare to deal with these problems by increasing their production and finding new markets for the new products.

America's business men are not entirely alive to-day to this situation. They are not taking the personal and definite interest in export trade which they will be eventually compelled to take.

The immediate necessity is to awaken the American business man to a realization that to maintain his present prosperity after the war, he must begin, here and now, to plan and prepare for the evitable in problems of to-morrow.

"The Churning"

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S:

The war exploded the Socialist organization. Will that retard the movement toward Government ownership of all large-scale industries? Before the war only Socialists desired that. Now, nearly every one seems tolerant of the thought. Radical individualists there are, in plenty, and of course. But in nearly every instance, a close examination will reveal, somewhere, a socialistic sound spot. What does it signify?

Go to the nearest creamery and see how butter comes. First it is all cream. The churning process begins. Presently a pin-point of butter appears here and there in the smooth liquid. Later, you cannot discover a spoonful which does not disclose the golden particles. A few more revolutions of the wheel and all the butter emerges. For a brief period each particle stands aloof from all the others. A further revolution or so, and the specks become aware of the existence of each other. Therefore they unite into a solid mass.

Please observe that butter "comes" before it "gathers."

We may note, in passing, that a reversal of the machinery will not turn butter back to cream.

Now, when everybody, in every civilized country, gets even a little bit of Socialism in his blood, what does that mean?

The war debts were made by machinery. By machinery they must be paid. Whoever owns the tools of production will soon be out of debt. Everybody else will be dependent on those owners. If all the people owned the machinery, all the people would get out of debt.

I should hate to see the boys come back from the trenches, and fail, by their ballots, to nationalize the great industries.

With the working out of some practical scheme for universal employment, under democratic control, the world could behold, for the first time in history, real *big business*, a world of workers paying off a colossal debt, almost within as little time as was required to make it.

Before you say it cannot be done, give it a thought.

S. FLINT,
Shady Lane Farm,
Lamont, Okla.

New Playing Cards for Wartime Recreation—

MAKE your card games more fascinating than ever. Get one of these new packs of Bicycles with special Victory designs. Great for war charity card parties. Add interest to the evening game at home. Ask your dealer. Like all

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

you'll find their crisp, snappy body and air cushion finish an aid to easy shuffling and accurate dealing; their big indexes helpful in bidding and playing. Now as ever the most satisfactory cards for general play, yet selling at the most moderate price.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS—Art backs in full color. Gold edges. Especially designed for social play and for gifts and prizes. Ask to see the new backs.

Every Card Player Needs This Book—New revised edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games" now ready. Latest rules for 300 games. 250 pages. Sent postpaid for 20c in stamps. Illustrated catalog of all kinds of playing cards and supplies free.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. B-2 Cincinnati, U.S.A. or Windsor, Canada

Stop Forgetting
Memory the Basis of All Knowledge

The Key To Success

The secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can **instantly** select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to **concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, think on your feet, address an audience.** Easy. Simple. The result of 20 years' experience developing memories of thousands.

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

Write Today for free booklet "How to Remember" and **Copyrighted Memory Test**, also how to obtain my FREE book, "How To Speak In Public."

Dickson School of Memory, 1758 Hearst Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—TRAVELING SALESMEN

Traveling Salesmen are Essential—Government Ruling. The demand exceeds the supply. Salesmanship offers you a future of unlimited possibilities—a successful career. Why not prepare yourself in spare time to enter this Productive and Profitable line of work.

Earn $35 to $100 a Week

Thousands of men and women have been trained through our Home Study Course and our Free Employment Service has helped thousands to success. Let us do the same for you. Write today for big Free Book, list of openings, and full particulars. Address

NATIONAL SALESMENS TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 34-W, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Sell 20 minutes of your time?

For only a few odd moments each day—time that would otherwise be wasted—we pay H. O. Shepard, of Utah, $15 a month. Others who can give more time earn $25, $50, $100, $200 a month.

If you have some spare time, we will buy it. Experience is not necessary. We furnish everything and coach you in the work.

Clip this coupon now

Everybody's Magazine
240 Butterick Bldg.
New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: I have some spare time to sell. Please send me full particulars at once.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

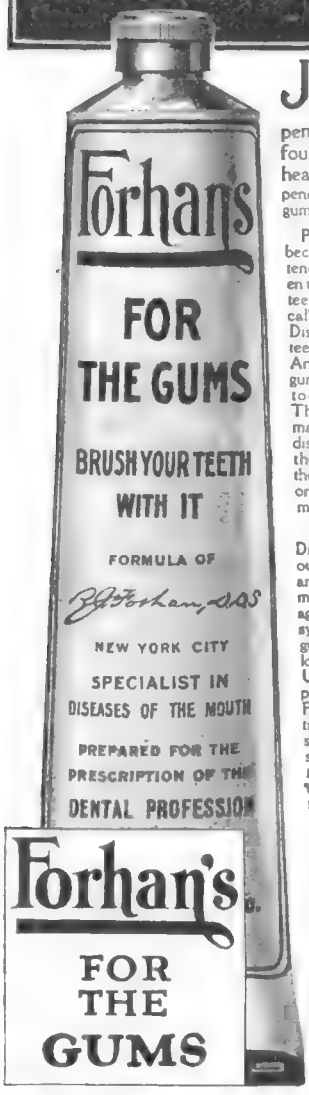
CASH for OLD FALSE TEETH Don't matter if broken. We pay up to $35.00 per set, also actual value for diamonds, old gold, silver and platinum. Send by parcel post, and receive cash by return mail. Will return goods if price is unsatisfactory.
Mazer Tooth Specialty, Dept. 16, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and assist in securing publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.
CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
538 South Dearborn St., Suite 256, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth — keeps them white and free from tartar. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN CO.
216 6th Ave., N.Y.

Send for Trial Tube Free

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 4 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 17 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
1048 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(Continued from page 45)

sweeping the skies eastward, forming a barrage through which no inquisitive Hun might pass. They were not protecting the kindergarten, far from it. They had a certain duty to perform and when that was performed, as it was by eight o'clock, the patrols signalled one another good-by and departed for their homes, leaving the way clear for von Stoffel, who was due at eleven, that being the hour when the kindergarten took the air.

But between five and eight the aces began to arrive, sweeping down from great heights and ranging themselves in nice orderly lines on the broad expanse of the aerodrome. Tam was the first to arrive. De Rochleaux, with twenty-nine crashed to his credit, was the second. Mildred of the Hundred and Umpty-first Squadron, who had on one memorable occasion taken on a circus single-handed and had brought down six machines, was the third, and after his arrival the aces fell thick and fast.

Le Fevre, Runnymede, Lord Arthur Saxman, Townly, the American instructor with eighteen skull-and-cross-bones painted on the nose of his machine to represent the eighteen sad occurrences to the German Army, Minter "the guardian of Ypres"—they all met for breakfast, full of joy at the forthcoming meeting. They took the air at 10:15, flying raggedly, the most beautiful piece of camouflage that was ever seen in the air.

At exactly the same hour von Stoffel snapped the case of his great gold watch and remarked to his obsequious adjutant: "Before we come back the American correspondents will have something to write home about."

He glanced down at the long line of airplanes, pilots in their places, mechanics standing by the propellers, and raised his hand in a signal. Instantly there was a roaring and snorting, thudding and thundering din of engines. His hand dropped and his graceful Fokker leaped forward and zoomed up at an acute angle. One after the other the squadron followed and ten minutes later the formation was in being.

Von Stoffel, sitting in the cock-pit before the pilot, fired his signal pistol and the big circus moved westward. The German commander adjusted his ear-piece and speaking-tube, fired off a few rounds from his gun to test it and then gave himself up to the enjoyable prospect before him.

The circus crossed the British lines and were greeted by Archie in the usual manner. Von Stoffel, his powerful field-glasses to his eyes, searched the distant heavens.

"Ah! There they are," he said triumphantly, and signaled "Enemy in Sight."

"We shall have to climb," said a voice in his ears, the voice of his squadron's crack pilot, "they are much higher than we."

"What are we flying at?"

"Ten thousand feet, Herr Captain; they are at twelve thousand."

This was hitch number one. The reconnaissance patrols which von Stoffel had sent out had reported that the kindergarten never flew higher than eight thousand feet. The baby-killer signaled a change of direction and asked for altitude and the big formation began climbing. Again the direction was changed.

"They are climbing too," said the voice of his pilot. "I think they are going up to fifteen thousand."

Von Stoffel swore and again his squadron climbed.

The spurious kindergarten watched these maneuvers with the greatest hilarity. Lord Arthur Saxman, by reason of his seniority, commanded the right wing.

"Bags I the great white chief," he said joyously and went down in an alarming nose-dive, working both his guns—for he was a two-gun man and ambidextrous.

"That big bomb for mine!" said Captain Bredwell and dropped simultaneously.

"Big fellow, I want ye," and Tam dropped, his gun rapping furiously.

This was all very hard luck on von Stoffel, because either of these aces could have settled him.

Of the twenty-two strafers that set forth to beat up the kindergarten, four came back, two limping, if a knocking engine be the equivalent to a limp, and a German communiqué of that night read:

"We conducted a successful raid upon an American aviation center. Several machines were seen to fall in flames. All our machines returned safely."

This telegram, thoughtfully transmitted from headquarters to the kindergarten mess, where they were entertaining the noisiest bunch of guests that had ever assembled, embellished the end of a perfect day.

Love's Eyes

By OSCAR C. WILLIAMS

EACH night when I walk down the lighted street,
Feeling against my dumb and aching heart
The restless heart of gold-mad traffic beat;
And seeing high above this dingy mart
The gloomy buildings reaching for the stars,
And false beauty peering through each brilliant sign,
A turmoil prods anew my world-old scars,
Crying for some dream-balm that is not mine.

But once I met You coming up this way
With a love-splendor shining through your eyes;
You did not speak and I had naught to say,
But gloriously the stars flamed in the skies,
And all these ugly towers whose stones men trust,
A mighty ruin, crumbled into dust.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Mobilizing Young America

EVERY ONE knows that the best way to learn to do a thing is by doing it. You can learn all about how an automobile ought to be run from a book, but in most cities you have to have some practise in actually running it before you're allowed to do so in public.

In those things which are matters of good conduct, of instinctive and habitual right action rather than of ideas and words, this is especially true. Good citizenship, for example.

All kinds of influences are necessary in producing the quality of good democratic American citizenship. A good home life; all the knowledge that a good general education brings, especially knowledge of our country's real history and her present character, resources and ideals; the general influences of older persons and of youthful friends of the community in which one lives.

But these are only the atmosphere and the equipment. They provide the ideas and the forms and the suggestions of good citizenship. Something more is needed—with citizenship as with the automobile—practise. The powers of citizenship in the hands of men and women who know only—no matter how well—its principles and its theory, are as dangerous as a motor-truck in the hands of one who is merely an expert in the principles of internal combustion engines.

The citizenship muscles of the future American—man, and even more, woman—must be exercised. In order even to *know* anything about citizenship he and she must be given a chance to handle it, to act it, to be it in practise before they are called upon to be it in reality.

If you can not produce the abilities of good citizenship and democracy by books and words, neither can you create deep and lasting emotions of loyalty by exhortation. The best way to create a love for anything is to do something for it. No one is so loyal as he who has a real part to play, and knows it. Irresponsibility breeds indifference. Service—actual service is the best training-school for both the emotions and the abilities of citizenship.

Until recently, Young America never had this chance of training through practical service. There was no agency specially interested in directly training Young America for citizenship by practical means. The school, the home, the church, were necessarily busy with other things. Young America had to be specially organized, in a new way, for such a purpose, outside of the school, the church, and the regular educational agencies

The Scout movements were a first step to give Young America something more or less real to do, and to establish a rallying-point for service for the boys and girls of the country.

The war has shown what Young America can do when entrusted with a real—not a make-believe—job. The service of our four hundred thousand Boy Scouts is a real factor in winning the war. But think, also, of the effect upon them—the lasting effect upon those four hundred thousand future American citizens of having been in real relation to their country, having had a real responsibility placed upon them, and done it a real service! That's worth as much, perhaps more, to us than the Liberty Bonds, the War Stamps they sold and the walnut-trees they found, and all the other things they did.

They had a taste of real citizenship when they did those things, and they will not forget its flavor.

And now the thousands of young Americans in our colleges are, by the creation of the Students' Army Training Corps, turning from the abstractions and generalities of citizenship they had been learning to a similar but more serious actual service.

They are not going to stop their education, but they are going to have it, for the first time, directly related to a practical service of good citizenship. They are going to *be* real citizens—like every other American citizen in these times—while their other education goes on almost as usual. They are getting not merely an education for life, not merely a military training; they are getting real practise in some of the duties and feelings of American citizenship.

At both ends Young America is mobilized for service and practical citizenship. But where is the Young American of fourteen to eighteen in this great nationalizing of service? He is not old enough to be in the Students' Army Training Corps yet, and he is probably too old to be found in the Scout uniform. When he is above fifteen and in high school, the Scout work does not hold his interest readily. He demands a more dignified part to play, something with a sterner discipline, a more mature appeal, a little greater reality.

Between the organization of very Young America in the Scouts and the Students' Army Training Corps there is a great gap—of tens of thousands of young Americans who are deprived of a great opportunity to act American citizenship in this crisis.

Their immediate service could be as great as that of the Scouts, probably greater, because they are more mature and capable of more responsible work. Their need for the training such service would bring, is also the greater because, for the most part, they will pass out into the world of work in a short time, and this is the last chance to reach them in any organized way.

Heretofore there was no way of reaching them. The High-School Volunteers is the first attempt yet made to organize Young America of fourteen to eighteen on a national plan. It is, like the Scouts, the natural basis for mobilizing this great reserve of power for immediate national service, and for the practical training in citizenship which such service affords.

It is the middle link in that gradually developing plan of national training for citizenship, which, beginning in the Boy Scouts and ending in the Students' Army Training Corps, seems to the Government and to progressive educators to solve the growing question of the reconciliation of military training with our democratic ideals.

To allow it to go unused now is a waste to the nation as well as an injustice to the boys and girls of high-school age, who need this opportunity as much as the country needs them.

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained. The equipment needed, the method of organizing the corps, its regulations, and plan of military activities for the first year are given in detail in the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S., by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published as a regular text-book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The Constitution of the H. S. V. U. S., membership applications, and additional instructions may be obtained from Headquarters gratis. Literature, covering the community and civic activities of the corps is in preparation.

Individual members of independent corps may be enrolled as *unattached* members of the H. S. V. U. S. Application for unattached members may be obtained from Headquarters. Entire independent corps may become regularly associated with the H. S. V. U. S. when sixty per cent. of their members join the H. S. V. U. S.

Headquarters furnishes each individual member, regular and unattached, a certificate of membership and button insignia, and each associated corps is given a regimental designation.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

By Their Fruits

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

One of the fruits of Christian Science is

The Christian Science Monitor

An International Daily Newspaper

Here you see the power and value of Truth and Principle applied to the affairs of the whole world.

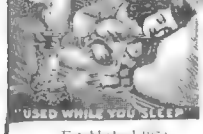
You see a newspaper without sensationalism, gossip, unsavory details, exaggeration or falseness. And yet—or rather because of it—a highly interesting and edifying newspaper. The Monitor is all the more interesting because its readers know that what they read is true, and therefore has a real bearing upon their thought and lives.

The Christian Science Monitor is $9.00 a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a single copy for 3c stamp.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature

Vapo Cresolene



Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the coming cold before it has a chance to developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous one.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is a blessing to Asthma sufferers.

For the throat and complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles Cresolene is useful in the treatment of Diphtheria. Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

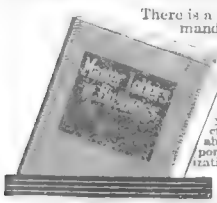
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Master Letters in Business



There is a big, new, field—a growing demand for men and women skilled in Business Letter-Writing.

Large salaries are offered Letter Critics, Collection Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors, General House Correspondents, etc. LaSalle's new, extension training by the "case" system will make you a high grade correspondence critic, a master letter writer, capable of managing the entire correspondence department of a big organization. Train in your spare time at home. Low cost; easy monthly payments. Write **now** for free copy of "Master Letters In Business."

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1243-BLW, Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

Katharine Newlin Burt.

"The Branding-Iron"

THE very keenest thrill in an editorial office comes from the appearance of a real "new" writer. Katharine Newlin Burt gave "Everybody's" that thrill with the manuscript of her serial, "The Branding-Iron," which begins in the January "Everybody's." It isn't quite fair to Mrs. Burt to call her "new," perhaps, since she has been successfully writing children's stories for about a dozen years—ever since she was twenty-three (Mrs. Burt is too young and too modern to object to the opportunity at addition we are offering); but "The Branding-Iron" is her first regular grown-up novel.

It was written, most of it, during the winter after the birth of her little girl which Mrs. Burt spent snowed-in on a Wyoming ranch—both of her children, Mrs. Burt points out with pride, were born in log cabins. The Burts lead a life of contrasts—summers on this ranch in the wilds, winters in Princeton, where Mr. Burt once taught English. He is Maxwell Struthers Burt, whose short stories have won high praise during the past few years.

Mrs. Burt was born and brought up in the East, with frequent winters abroad; and the range of scene in "The Branding-Iron" is as wide as her own experience. The incident that gives the story its title was a real happening (with a difference that we can't explain without "giving away" the plot), told to Mrs. Burt by a Wyoming cowboy. It's—well, *we* think this story is a corker.

Illustration by Sarka for "The Branding-Iron."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct 1, 1918. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James F. Birmingham, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, N. Y. *Editor*, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York. *Managing Editor*, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York. *Business Manager*, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner*, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders*, THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York City. GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Illinois. EMILY JOSEPHINE DONNER, Park House, Summit, New Jersey. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. CLARA E. KEHOE, 2344 University Avenue, New York City, N. Y. H. F. MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, San Remo, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, Butterick Building, New York City. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. N. Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. 3. *That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:* (If there are none so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1918. CECIL L. WAHL, Notary Public Kings County, Certificate filed N. Y. County. (*My commission expires March* 30, 1920.)

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE

For Those Who Seek a Place

THESE days of success for our arms seem to bring in a constantly increasing number of inquiries from people who want to do their part. The army at home is vastly larger than the fighting forces in France and its work is just as essential. Without the effort of millions of civilians back of the lines and on this side of the ocean General Pershing could do nothing. So we ought not to feel that we are "out of it" because we can not wear uniforms. There is plenty of paid as well as volunteer work that must be done.

It is probable that many do not appreciate the range of opportunities for well-paid war work offered by the Civil Service Commission. There seems to be a pretty general idea that only minor clerkships are to be had by this means, whereas some of the openings for which applicants are sought offer salaries as high as five thousand and even seven thousand dollars a year. These high-paid positions are open only, of course, to experts of long training and experience. The war has increased the number of Civil Service positions tremendously and there are good salaries in the War, Navy, and other Departments at Washington for people who have special knowledge in any line, such as grain samplers, statistical machine-operators, engineers, in electricity and construction, inspectors of stoves, steel-plant clerks, draftsmen, telephone operators, experts in textile products, toluol experts, accountants, scenario editors, automobile mechanics and engineers, examiners of cloth and of shoes, and fingerprint classifiers. This is by no means an exhaustive list.

In many of these cases competitors are not required to report for examination at any place, but are rated on certain qualifications, based on their own sworn statements. The variety of occupations thus offered is surprising, and we advise any one seeking paid war work to visit his local post-office and look over the list of opportunities offered. Many workers without any specialty, such as messengers and clerks, are needed as well.

We have had a number of inquiries for advice from men who have been classified in the draft as totally unfit for military service. It would be of great assistance to us if such of our friends would specify the nature of their disability. It would enable us to give more intelligent advice.

If you are confused as to your allowances, allotments, insurance, legal rights, etc., we will do our best to straighten you out or tell you where you can get proper advice *gratis*.

Readers seeking assistance from "Everybody's Guide" should, in their own interest, fill out the following form. It will save time and correspondence. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Please address
Mr. Hoyt, Care "EVERYBODY'S GUIDE"
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

Name.....*Citizenship*.....

Address.....

Age..... *Color*..... *Married or Single*.....

Occupation..... *Religion*.....

Do you expect compensation?..... *Can you leave home if necessary?*.....

Can you give all your time?..... *If part only, how much?*.....

What language other than English do you know?.....

State any qualifications you have, such as knowledge of stenography or typewriting, any specific trade or profession, ability to write, or to speak in public.

.....

State what previous service of a public character you have rendered.....

.....

State military experience, if any .....

If in the draft, give status .....

.....

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The DUCHESS of SIONA

(Continued from page 49)

each other, and became good friends in a way. We meet here by this chance." Very frank, manly, properly docile, with a hint of strength, a plain, straightforward tale. Nothing for Malatesta to take offense at.

"*And recommend me to Malatesta.*" Francis, no fool, knew the moment for fresh speech. "My lord, you should have this man with you. A finer sword than any you have, and a head on him that's rare."

Malatesta looked Pedro over. Pedro stood up to the search. Strength there, speed in that supple figure, brains, too, behind those quick, restless eyes.

"Brains, eh? And a sword? I want them. You'll serve with me? Whose man are you?"

"I serve Count Amati here, but this is a dull hole, my lord, and if you'll give me what I want——"

"What's that?"

A brutal laugh. "Fighting, drink, and women."

Well met, those two. Malatesta felt pleased. This was his sort of man, a tool, bright, keen, fit and ready for any devil's work that was forward.

"Serve with me, and I'll feed you fat on all three within six months. Speak with him, Francis, and get him to ride back with us to-day." He turned on his heel and went back to his seat.

No time to waste now. Every second was precious. The stage is set, curtain almost rising, and here's a man yet to teach his part—the most important part in the play. Oh, Francis, young and quick of body and brain, grip every syllable, grasp all meaning at first effort. No time for second speech.

"Francis, lad, you spoke last night of gratitude, of serving me. Art of the same mind now? Wilt take a risk for me?"

"Ask, anything, all things——"

The lad was properly serious, lips parted, eyes big and enquiring. Quite plainly his answer came from his heart.

"LISTEN. Serve me now then, and I promise you that in five minutes we are made men or dead men. Wilt go so far?"

"Farther. Go on. I'm yours."

"Don't look around. Look me in the face while we talk. The sentry at the door—is he a friend of yours?"

"None."

"Good. Now, do this for me: Go to the door, but go not out. Stand by that man, have your knife loose, watch me, and when I drop my handkerchief, strike him dead. Take him in heart or neck, whichever you prefer, and shut the door fast."

"In the neck. And what then?"

"Canst do that?"

"Reckon it done."

"Mark you, I must have the door shut, the bolts home, the bar up, without delay." He ceased speaking, turned a face toward the throne. The priest was speaking, Pedro caught his words, then turned again to Francis. "About the sentry; 'tis easy, lad, but there must be no mistake. Bungle there and all's finished. Make but one stroke of it, get your hands well into him and push him from you as he drops, so that his feet are clear of the door. Neither too soon nor too late, but swift on the fall of the handkerchief. Is that clear?"

"All clear."

"Look for no help from me. This is your work. When the handkerchief falls I shall be too busy even to look at you, but remember, I'm all ears for the shooting of the bolts. Dear lad—" he laid his hands on the young shoulders, looking into the confident eyes lifted to his. "You love me?"

"On my life, Pedro. All my life is yours."

"Then you'll not fail. I trust you."

His quick brain took in the sense of a pause at the other end of the room. He must be there. The moment was imminent. Francis held him a second.

"AND when I have killed him, and the door made fast?"

"Come across to me. Steady, dear lad—and remember, Murcia is watching you." They parted.

Quietly, soberly, Francis stepped toward the door, half hesitating, glancing backward as loath to leave the scene so full with interest and the promise of more. So, too, thought the sentry. Stiff and soldierly as he stood, he was human, and had lost not one jot of the action in the room. Francis, his back to Malatesta, dropped him half the wink of an eyelid. A flicker from the sentry in return. He stopped—inside the doorway. For an instant the sentry hesitated. Well, after all, this young blade was an officer, wanted to see the fun, had enough sense to make himself unobtrusive.

Francis swept him a glance that looked at nothing and yet took in all he wanted—the man's grim head poised on a long strong neck, a sinewy, sunburned neck, coarse-skinned, hairy, a good four inches showing beneath the bony jaw before the steel gorget covered flesh and muscle safely up.

Francis placed himself a space away, rested his hands on his belt; quietly his right hand touched his knife-hilt, handled it daintily, drew it a bare quarter of an inch from its sheath, let it slip back again. Right; the knife was loose. With fingers still encircling the handle he looked along the room to Pedro.

Very quietly, as a man walks up a church, desiring not to obtrude on ceremony, Pedro walked up the hall. The thing had gone forward steadily. At a word from Malatesta, Bartoldi had moved forward from behind the throne with four of his men. Holding their pikes across them they had calmly but in businesslike fashion pushed back the Duchess's gentlemen, these giving ground unwillingly enough, and leaving a space round the improvised altar. By this means, too, the Duchess and her ladies were as it were penned in, separated from her men.

There was in this such a likeness to the penning in of a flock that something of horror began to descend upon the room. Steadily there grew on all there the meaning of what was to ensue—the Duchess of Siona was to be denied the barest elementals of a woman's rights. Malatesta would deal with her as a sheep taken from a pen.

The priest stood still. His first task was finished. He looked at Malatesta. The Duchess saw the look. She caught her breath, then, shaking, shuddering in every limb, she spoke to Malatesta, stepping toward him, hands outstretched.

"Malatesta! Spare me!" Her pride was gone, she humbled herself to this, gasping the words, foregoing all the pride of her state now in the last desperate effort to save her pride of womanhood. "Spare me. I—I will stoop to beg mercy of you. Malatesta, anything else. I am a woman. Show me mercy as a man."

Quick on that followed young Amati, fiery, burning, striving to reach some instinct of doubt in the mind of this implacable tyrant.

"Malatesta, though I am helpless now, yet I bid you take heed. If your own will and power are to be your only counselors, yet remember there are other wills, other powers, to be reckoned with, if not now, then later."

The priest ventured. "Malatesta, I warn you that your purpose can not be otherwise than vexing to the Almighty. God is not mocked. Think well what you do in thus profaning God's sacraments."

As far as human appeal could make itself felt, full effort had been made. The woman's, lifted from the dust of her shattered rights, the young nobleman's, backed with the weight of the might of his great house, distant yet real, and on these the priest's, invoking the first and last source of humanity's strength. They moved Malatesta not a hair's breadth.

He leaned forward, speaking distinctly as though desirous that no ear in the room should miss a note of the colossal pride of his threefold defiance. "I have one answer to you all—I am Malatesta, and I will have obedience to my will in all things, great and small. I am master." He pointed a finger at the Duchess. "Your pleadings I laugh at." He looked and pointed to Amati. "You threaten? Put your threats into shape, and Malatesta will deal with them. And as for you, and your talk of God—I tell you that God who is king and emperor absolute in heaven grants freedom beyond your questioning to such men as I who know how to rule as kings on earth."

HE WAS blazing. If ever man had his moment, Malatesta had his then. He believed what he said. He felt its truth within him, and the knowledge of the infernal cruelty, the agony he was inflicting on the fine soul of the woman he had taken in his toils was to him a pleasure ineffable, made even more piercingly sweet by the sense of the horror he knew it evoked in all others there, save his own sweet duplicate, Guilielmo.

They were silenced. The Count said no more, but remained, arms folded, trembling among the other helpless men. The priest bent his head. The Duchess went back a little, up the three steps and stood by the pillar, her women round her.

"Art ready, holy father?" Malatesta spoke. The priest bowed.

"Then come, Guilielmo, my joy; come, Duchess."

Guilielmo advanced to the altar and stood there on the right, facing his father. The Duchess made no move. Malatesta looked

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

at her. She was staring before her at nothing. "What, still coy? Bartoldi, persuade her here."

Bartoldi crossed to her. In a crowd her ladies closed between him and her. He pushed some aside, pulled others, flung them away, and seized her. She resisted. At his touch she turned to fight him, primitive woman defending herself from primitive outrage.

"I will not!" She was shouting. "I will not, I say! Dare not touch me! Keep your hand off! Coward!"—she struck at him. "Coward!"

He gripped her. She clung to the pillar. She was strong, desperate, her women impeded Bartholdi. Strong though he was, he had to strain to bring her down.

Before Malatesta stands a man. Pedro, amused like Malatesta himself, at this exhibition of feminine contrariness. He catches Malatesta's eye, makes a gesture with his head toward the group. Shall he? Bartoldi evidently has something of a job on hand—see me, a capable man. I spoke of serving you—shall I?

Useful this man at once. A quick nod from Malatesta. Get her down.

Pedro strode to her. His handkerchief was in his hand.

He spun Francesca out of the way, pushed Ada nearly over, a proper ruffian, touched Bartoldi on the shoulder, confidently, easily, shouldered the man away, his quick, easy style saying plainly, "Let me deal with this bit of business." Bartoldi, not at all unwillingly, let go, stepped aside.

Pedro seized the Duchess.

She had lifted her right hand to push him away, not yet recognizing who this fresh assailant was. Pedro gripped her arm close to the wrist. She lifted her left hand to strike at his face, and at that instant caught sight of his face and knew him. Her hand fell, Pedro's right hand caught it and threw it over his shoulder, and immediately gripped her waist. She felt the strength, the mastery of his clutch, that drew her body to his and folded her in. All the pain of her situation suddenly drew into a loathing so keen, so unspeakable, that she began to lose very consciousness. The outrage she had been fighting seemed a thing less horrible than this grip of the man whom at that instant she knew she hated like hell itself. He held her, she was in his arms, this liar unspeakable, this traitor beyond measure, this devil whose monstrous arts had probed into the virgin secrets of her mind.

All power left her at his touch.

Her head drooped, her limbs gave, she resisted no longer.

Pedro lifted the Duchess almost from her feet and bore her down the steps, to where at the altar Guilielmo waited.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Pedro Has His Revenge

AND then, in two seconds, the plan, the scheme, had budded, burst into blossom, come to full flowering, fruited, ripened. He reached the altar, he dropped his handkerchief, he swung the girl's inanimate form into the arms of Amati, pressed forward, and swinging at Guilielmo, stooped suddenly, pulled the young man's left foot from under him, brought him down, fell with him, swept Guilielmo's knife out of the sheath, tinkling to the wall, had his knee on the man's chest and his own knife lying ready, vicious and bare, on the arteries of the throbbing neck—and on that instant came the sound of a little groaning cry at the door, a scuffle, over as soon as it started, the crashing to of the massive oak door, the clang as the great iron bar in the middle dropped into place, the clash of the bolt at the top, the bolt at the bottom, and then, for perhaps a second, a deathly stillness and quiet.

Then pandemonium broke loose.

FIRST came sound—the babel of wild voices crying out in the swift realization that swept them, the instant dawning on all there of the meaning of that threefold stroke. First, the closing of the door, that, till its giant strength could be broken down, parted Malatesta and his handful of men from his boasted host outside, and left him hopelessly inferior to the hostile forces now arrayed against him in the room. Second, the taking of Guilielmo, and the laying of death at his throat, and third, the placing of the Duchess safe for the minute out of all harm's way, all risk of being held as counter hostage to Guilielmo.

The four men who had stood as a line keeping back the court leaped back to their comrades behind the throne. These flung themselves into a line, leveled spears waiting for the rush that was to come. The clash of their armed feet broke on the wild cry of delight through the room from those who but lately stood awed in helpless silence under the threat of Malatesta's presence. The spell was broken, they were men again. Swords, knives, were out, coats were off, to be wrapped swiftly round left forearms, amid a babel of excited laughs, some in fear, others in a very glory of happiness. To them came the glad shout of young Amati, "Take her, some of you." They ran forward eagerly, and he let the Duchess, still half swooning, yet panting in her struggle to recover herself, slip into their arms. The ladies pressed back up the steps among the pillars, the gentlemen hastily ranged themselves into some sort of order for attack, some in front, some half dozen or so with Guidomari, who, in frantic joy at their head, ran round to strike at the end of the line of spearmen.

Then came the rush at the door from the outside, a wild shouting, a piling of blow after blow on the great oak and iron barrier with fist and spearshaft, while a storm of feet across the hall, loud and confused shouting, came dully but threateningly through. Ere this thunder broke Malatesta had come over to where, by the altar, lay his only son helpless with death at his throat. His face so worked that the infernal mind within him showed in all his lineaments—the down-drawn brows, the eyes, now red as a wild boar's, gleaming beneath the penthouse of bristly white eyebrows, the death-white face, with the ferocious lines drawn down it, from upcurved swelling nostril, from down-drawn mouth, fangs gleaming in wolf-like rage through the parted lips, the whole face working as if the man himself were in the veriest bodily torture.

For here was a mind that could work at lightning pace, and scarce had his son gone down in that deft business of pull and push, scarce had his eye glimpsed the shutting and barring of the door, than the swift master brain had sought and gripped the meaning of these things for him. He stepped

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Your Chance Has Come!"

"Jones, you've been with us a good many years. You haven't gone ahead very fast because you lacked special training. But when we entered the war you knew the younger men would go and you took up a course with the International Correspondence Schools. Oh, yes I've known it from the first and I've watched your splendid progress. And now your chance has come. Watson goes into the service on Monday. You take his place—with full charge of the department."

In these days, when men are being called to the colors from office, store, shop and factory, important places must be filled quickly and the boss wants trained men to fill them. You men of middle age, you who for one reason or another cannot go, this is *your* chance to serve your employer and your country and at the same time win promotion and a salary that will mean more comfort and happiness for those dependent on you.

For 27 years men of ambition with I. C. S. help have been making spare hours the stepping stones to successful careers. Last year more than 5,000 reported that their studies had won for them advancement and increased salaries. And over 100,000 others all over America are getting ready in the I. C. S. way for the better positions that surely await them.

Join them! All you need is just ordinary brains, the will to do, and the firm resolve to think ahead of the job you now hold. The I. C. S. are ready to make the rest easy. Make your start, take the step right now. Mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2637, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.
☐ Electric Wiring
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Toolmaker
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ Ship Draftsman
☐ ARCHITECT
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ CHEMIST
☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Sign Painter
☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Cartooning
☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Commercial Law
☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Teacher
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Mathematics
☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ Auto Repairing
☐ Navigation
☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Poultry Raising
☐ Spanish
☐ French
☐ Italian

Name
Present Occupation
Street and No.
City State

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let's see what you can do with it. Cartoonists and illustrators earn from $20 to $125 or more per week. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for test lesson plate; also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU. *State your age.*

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 SCHOFIELD BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

PATENTS Write for our Four Free Patent Guide Books, List of Patent Buyers who wish to purchase patents, with suggestions of inventions wanted and What to Invent. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. We assist inventors to sell their inventions.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

WRITE A SONG —PATRIOTIC OR POPULAR. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today.
THOMAS MERLIN, 251 Reaper Block, CHICAGO

swiftly toward Pedro, then halted, sword out and ready, chin forward, veins swollen in forehead and neck, spluttering inarticulate noises, the incarnation of the spirit of hell struck impotent. Was it the look in the eye of the man who knelt over his son, the dreadful stillness of the strong hand clasping the keen brightness that lay lightly but surely on the beating veins of his son's neck? Was it the knowledge that here lay helpless the one thing on earth he cared for, the hope of his house, the heir of all his pride had worked for, his ambitions centered on? Or was it that the same speed of thought that showed him the peril of his position had showed him too that Guilielmo, alive, was something of weight in the bargaining that must follow; dead, a something worse than nothing, a pointer to his own vulnerability? He stopped, and on that instant broke out the glad exultant shout, "Now, now, strike, we have him!" And on that, like a thunderclap, a trumpet note that ripped through all their clamor, the voice of Pedro, "No, no, back, I say! Back, all of you! Gentlemen, back! Malatesta, stop your men outside! Your son dies if the door goes down!"

For answer came a wild rush at the door, the crashing shock of men who hurled themselves against its resistance, and Guidomari's voice, intoxicated with joy and the anticipation of victory, "Come on all. Finish them, finish all!" and the responsive yell of men whose manhood had been so put to shame that this prospect of instant revenge was a very rapture. Again Pedro's voice, outshouting them all, insistent, ringing with the touch of confidence and mastery, that even now held them, though now they were ready, lined up, stripped, panting to begin.

Francis came speeding across, knife out. "Keep him," said Pedro briefly, and rose to face Malatesta. Francis stooped over Guilielmo, laid his knife to neck as Pedro had done, and waited, his eyes fixed on the prostrate man, ears on the stretch. Pedro strode across the body. "Back, Malatesta, and parley. Count, keep back, I say. Madam, madam, let me have my way. Malatesta, stop your men and let me speak. For God's sake, gentlemen, you will undo it all! Madam, give me leave——"

The torrent of command and expostulation beat down all their confusion and clamor; held them still. The Duchess, half suffocating, scarcely yet conscious save that she was again back in the arms of her women, spoke feebly: "Do as he says, my orders——"

She knew somehow that succor had come to her, realized it with the bewilderment of a soul who should receive God's salvation at hell's very gate.

THE tumult ceased within. Amazed, unable to doubt, yet unable to shake off suspicion, the ranks held fast. From the door came the sound of strain. They were thrusting their spearshafts under the door, seeking to lever it down. Bolt and bar stood fast. "Bring fire!" was called.

Pedro faced Malatesta. "Malatesta, for God's sake, stay your men outside. Come to terms, but stay your men quickly. Your son is in peril if you delay."

"What terms?"

"The door, the door, first. You lose nothing, we gain nothing. Shout to them."

A second, while the keen old brain took it all in, then Malatesta called: "Matteo, Matteo! There, at the door! At the door, I say!" A cessation at the door, then a voice, "'Tis I, Matteo, my lord."

"Matteo, stay your men. Hold them back. Let no one pass out. Have all ready when I call."

"Aye, Malatesta. But we can have it down within ten minutes."

"Ten minutes, Malatesta," said Pedro softly. "Only ten minutes."

Malatesta's face writhed. "Keep back, and let the door be, but be ready, Matteo. Now, fox."

SO MUCH gained. Time to parley, bargain, arrange matters, and all the best of the cards in his hands. So Pedro revolved the matter, his heart still laboring from the zest of that tremendous moment, that great touch-and-go. Well, he had his breath now, and it was a matter of talking. Spite of himself, spite of the situation, he could not help smiling to himself as his old boast flashed itself to him and went again: "The longest head, the cleverest tongue, the readiest wit—" "The whole impudent rigmarole" she had called it. Well, here she was, here they all were, with him to make or mar for them, with that quick brain, that glib tongue of his. She should see. A great sense of spiritual exaltation took possession of him. In that moment, under the eye of the woman who had despised and contemned him, with the feel on his face of the blow she had struck him in such passion of hate, he felt like a god. He weighed them all up, Malatesta, Guilielmo, Amati, young Guidomari, Filipo, the Chancellor—and with a great joy flooding through him, he felt, he knew, his mastery over them all. Not a man of them that could match him; that was certain as that heaven hung over earth. With that firm ground under his feet he went forward now.

"Malatesta, the case is very simple. We hold you fast. The door will stand for half an hour against the best the worst of your men outside can do, and here we are four to one. You live or die, as we choose."

Malatesta grinned back at him, a mirthless grin, a wrinkling of dry lips over fangs that clenched in a rigor. "And after that? Take it that we are as simple a mouthful to swallow as you pretend, what after? The door goes down, that's certain, and where are you? Where's your Duchess? Where are all these pretty gentlemen? Where's your city, when my men have finished with you?"

There was a little shiver running through most men in the hall at that moment. Plainly enough death was waiting, held back for the present while these two men in the center chaffered.

Pedro's answer came: "As to the city, that's neither here nor there. Keep to the point, Malatesta. What your men may do or not do after you go is no matter. Let us suppose the city gutted—what good's that to Malatesta with his throat slit?"

"True, young man." Malatesta found he had cards still to play. "And no great good to you—ten minutes later."

"True, my lord," Pedro was brisk, businesslike. "Plainly we are in holds. Why, then, I will only say that since here's all the elements of a bargain, why not let us discuss like honest tradesmen?"

"A trap, my fox?"

"No trap, Malatesta, but a plain bargain, and an honorable finish to a regrettable situation. Let us come to an agreement. Plainly you have reached too far. Take no shame at that, my lord; the prize was worth it, and seemed easy to reach. But the stretch was a thought too far."

No answer from Malatesta; the red eyes stared at him unblinking, like a wolf's.

"Take terms from us. You are no longer overlord of Siona. That much we win, but we claim no more. Ransom? No. Free exit, so that you leave us in peace. Take your men from the town and leave us alone. Swear it on the altar, peace shall be ours for a year and a day. We seek no quarrel, only freedom."

Malatesta turned it over, unbelieving. "So simple as that? You let us rejoin our men?"

Pedro laughed deprecatingly. "Oh, no, my lord. Give me more credit than that for good sense. First your men remount and ride out. They may halt an hour away. Then we release you to join them. To-morrow, at this hour, we free your son. Till then we hold him."

"Leave you my son? Never!"

"Think again, my lord. There is no other way, and we intend good faith. We have nothing to gain by treachery, and the price you pay for your slip is small. Plainly we can not suffer you to join your men inside the town. Let them halt a league away, say at the pass of the Taglio. That leaves you in no worse case than now."

"Why must they leave me here? What's an hour?"

"'Tis three hours to us: one ere they halt, one ere you overtake them, another before you can return—if you venture on that, with Guilielmo still in our hands. Three hours for us, and you shall judge whether I am the sort of man to waste those three hours."

HIS heart swelled as he said that. She heard it. Out of the tail of his eye as he stared into Malatesta's face he could glimpse her; no doubt her ears strained for every syllable. A boaster she had called him, braggart. Well, let her heart tell her whether or no he lied in his boasting.

"And to-morrow my son goes free?"

"At this hour."

"And unharmed?"

"Unharmed."

Malatesta turned his eye about him, looked them all over, Pedro, Guilielmo, helpless, with young Francis holding death at his veins, Amati, the Duchess, the women, the crowd of courtiers, Bartoldi and his own men, and suddenly a flush of red spread over his face. Into his mind there came suddenly a full sense of the bitter humiliation in the sight of all he was now undergoing, the deeper pit of failure, confessed and unavoidable, into which he was being led. And with one final outburst of unfettered pride he flung the proffered chance from him. If he could ride and master the storm, if he could win through, if on his pitiless and iron will he could bend and break this sword of mischance now held to his breast, he could bear to live, but if not, let what would come. He flung all on the gambler's last throw.

"I will not. I refuse. No, by God, if you have me, I have you, and you shall bargain for your own lives. Matteo, Matteo," he raised his voice in a ringing shout, "at the door there!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Father!" The cry burst from Guilielmo's white lips. Malatesta paid no heed. His son's life, too, he staked here, as resolutely as his own. He opened his mouth to shout again, and at that instant Pedro's uplifted hand stopped him.

"Then take what comes. Bartoldi!" At this sudden summons. Bartoldi started, lowering his sword-point. "Bartoldi, I say, come, speak with me."

Malatesta whipped round. "No parley, Bartoldi."

Pedro in his turn flung his order behind him. He pointed to Guilielmo. "Take him up; hold him safe." They lifted him, slipping his sword from him, and bore him back, pinioned, into the press of men. He groaned in helpless rage. "Bartoldi, come to me." Pedro, sword out, dagger in left hand, called again. Bartoldi took a step forward.

Malatesta spat his order at him: "Stay where you are. No, you glib devil, he stays here. Matteo——"

"Here, Malatesta," came back through the door.

Pedro stepped back, and threw sword and dagger on the floor. "Bartoldi, you know me. Speak with me now, quickly, man."

"My orders, Bartoldi—" began Malatesta savagely. Dexterously the old condottiere slipped past him. "I decide for myself, my lord." He slipped his sword into his sheath. "Show me grace, signor."

"Grace to you and your men." Pedro raised his voice on this and let the words get well home to the doubting spearmen. "Bartoldi, I'll buy him. Name a price."

Aghast, open-mouthed, Bartoldi stared from Pedro to Malatesta. Malatesta spat his rage. "Oh, devil! Hell seize you! Matteo, break in, for Christ's sake, in, man, in—Bartoldi!"

Pedro's roar soared over the frantic cry. "Signor Matteo, hold your men back. Hold a minute. Bartoldi, you are committed; stay those men outside. Quick, man, quick. For God's sake, work your wits!"

Malatesta started for the door, frenzied. Amati, Guidomari and Filipo by his side, stayed him, sword to breast. Malatesta shouted, and now in his voice a wild note of fear, a hint of the cry of the snared wolf. "Matteo, break in, break in! Come to me, Matteo!"

Bartoldi outshouted him: "Matteo, Matteo, it is I, Bartoldi! Hold back!"

FOR answer came a wrangle at the door, blows on the panels, expostulation, a scuffling—a conflict waging there, plainly. Pedro spoke through the din, his lips to Bartoldi's ear.

Malatesta shouted again, hysterically, raging back and forward. "Matteo, Matteo—you, you devil—Bartoldi, my friend—nay, traitor, Judas—men—to me——"

Bartoldi spun round. "Take him!" he roared, and at that the spearmen leaped in at Malatesta. Like fury he struck out, shattered his blade in one wild sweep on a spear-shaft, then was borne down in the rush of men, snarling, biting, striking madly with mailed fists as the tide of his own men poured over him. They got him down on the steps of the throne and bound him there with their belts, trussing him till he lay with hands and arms thonged behind him, and there they held him. Bartoldi turned to Pedro. "Signor, no time to bargain. He is yours. He's worth a price. Give us what you think fair."

Pedro turned to where the figure of the Jew, emerging from a corner, showed itself. "Messer Shimei, to me."

The old Jew slipped forward.

And then and there in that hall, plain in the hearing of the Duchess of Siona, of her gentlemen and ladies, Pedro bought my lord Malatesta from his own general. That great man, the terror of all eastern Italy, tyrant of all Aquiloja and its seven fine cities, lay helpless and bound in the dust while these two men, one whom he reckoned as much at his will as his own hand, the other one whom in the morning he would have deemed dust beneath his feet, bought and sold him, and an old Jew, saying little, but reckoning fast, approved the bargain and bound himself to find the money. They struck the bargain while his spearmen, open-mouthed, and grinning, listened to the chaffering. They reckoned cost and worth, as between willing buyer and willing seller. They brought in Matteo from outside the door—a complicated business that, the opening of the door, the persuading of Matteo to enter, timidly, though he was no coward, edging into the room to take his share in this strange business with a heart aflame with suspicion.

LIKE a dead hog, like a load of apples, like rubbish a poor man's wife half gives for the clearing away, and yet for her poverty must get a price for, they bought and sold that master of men, who had been wont to stalk so proudly before God that men had grown to accept him for what he judged himself: a being above the laws laid down for mere humanity. And in all their pricing they turned to and from the old Jew, the shabby old man whose nod must confirm and approve their arrangements.

It was done. Thirty crowns apiece to the fifteen hundred condottieri, here and at Missona. Ten thousand more among the officers. Another ten thousand between Bartoldi and Matteo, in proportion as they themselves should agree. And the money? When, where? Shimei passed his word and, knowing him, they accepted. He would fare back to Tortolo that day. To-morrow he would return to Siona with ten thousand crowns earnest money. By the end of the week the whole of the balance should be paid. Good. Bartoldi agreed, Matteo agreed. The word was sent along, passed from hand to mouth, officially announced down the corridor, through the hall, out, past the gates into the market-square. Malatesta was trapped and sold. Bartoldi, Matteo, had sold him. Thirty crowns apiece through the ranks. Very satisfactory—and on top of it the tale to tell, the story of the Great Jest itself! Mother of God, what a joke! Heard ever a man the like? And—thirty crowns apiece by the end of the week. They obeyed orders, mounting, and riding out of Siona all agog.

Matteo rode at their head. Bartoldi was to follow and catch them up.

Bartoldi had asked for his orders. "What orders, signor?"

"Mount your men, ride them out, take them back to Missona, and hold it for her Grace here." Matteo took his orders from Bartoldi. The spearmen filed out. Outside in the hall you heard them lining up, then in step they marched away.

"For the rest, I wait here for the Jew. He comes to-morrow with his ten thousand crowns, and I bring him with me to Missona."

"Good, signor. We wait for you there."

"I shall bring these two with me. Get a double gallows ready in the market-place."

There was a horrible cry from Guilielmo at this. Bound as he was—they had lashed him tight like his father—he wrenched himself madly forward, writhing out of the hands that held him, and flung himself down at the feet of the Duchess. "Madam, madam, have mercy! Not death, oh, not death!"

Ghastly, trembling, shattered, Malatesta heaved himself feebly from the dust on the steps of her throne, walked on his knees to her, laid his head against her dress, mouthing it in an agony of supplication. "Excellency, mercy, mercy. I am an old man. Spare me. I beg mercy."

She drew her dress back from them both, but her face worked in both horror and pity. "Signor Pedro," she trembled. "I plead for them. Let them live."

He flashed on her, black-browed. "You must interfere with me?"

"Signor—" her voice faltered. "There has been so much killing. Have done with that horror. I ask it."

Coldly he gave way. "As your Grace pleases. I would not have interfered." He looked darkly on the two. "Have them safe in hold, some of you. Her Grace will say to-morrow, perhaps, how she would have them disposed of." Speechless, faintly moaning gratitude, Malatesta and Guilielmo passed out with tottering steps.

"Let be, Signor Bartoldi. Salute her Grace and catch up your men."

Bartoldi saluted and went out.

THE Duchess moved to her throne, but did not sit. She stood as if to catch better the swift dispositions Pedro was making.

Pedro turned to Francis. "Dear lad." He embraced him. "That was very well done. Madam, be pleased to show kindness to this gentleman, who struck a very good stroke for us all to-day."

Smiling, yet with something of a shudder, she held out her hand. Francis dropped on his knee and kissed it. As he rose, he looked past her among her ladies. The Duchess, turning her glance over her shoulder, saw Giolina standing there, aglow with happiness. "You have my thanks, signor, yet here is some one whose lips will speak those better than I can."

With two steps Francis was with his sweetheart. She slipped back through the smiling, envying women about her, her hand slyly drawing her lad with her. They were together again, and asked no more. Then Pedro to the Duchess: "Madam, please you to retire and rest. We have something on hand that's to do without delay, and of that a report shall be made to you in due time."

"What will you do now?" she asked.

"We must get every man in the town at work in the quarries, digging out stones, and piling up the two gaps in the wall. Siona now is queen city of Aquiloja, and shall not lie defenseless another day."

"Yes, let them see to that," she answered. "Let them go, I am impatient to speak with you alone. Remain here." Half shyly she spoke, unwilling to let all these people hear, yet unable to wait a moment longer.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"As your Grace pleases. Gentlemen, some of you see to the work. I will join you shortly." They began to leave the hall, but young Amati came over to the Duchess. His bearing still gallant, there was about him now a seriousness, a deference, that became him well. "Duchess," he said. "You will let me take my leave?"

"You leave me, Amati?"

"Aye," he answered. "Your lover leaves, but your friend, Amati, remains to serve for a time. Am I so dull, Duchess, as to wait for an answer?" He kissed her hand, while she blushed very prettily. He turned to Pedro and offered his hand. Pedro took it cordially. He could afford to be gracious. "Ah, Pedro, you have shown me to-day what living means, what manhood is. I am your debtor for that." He went out. The ladies looked inquiry at the Duchess, received wordless answer from her eyes, and hurried out.

The door closed. Pedro and the Duchess were alone.

SHE still stood by the throne. The frightful storm that had ravaged her had passed and left no trace. A happiness ineffable filled her, radiated from her, tinged her cheeks, glistened in the very shine of her hair. She felt herself a woman won—and how proudly won! Oh, this man, was ever man in all the world so wonderful, so kinglike? And now he was hers, coming to her to claim her surrender, and she would give it to him. Duchess as she was, he was to claim her, and she would lay all her rank and all it stood for on one side, and yield herself to him, proud of the step downward from the pinnacle fate had placed her on—she glowed with the joy of this anticipation.

Inscrutable he stood before her, grave eyes on hers. She moved a little toward him, and stood so, Duchess and woman, doubly proud, waiting for the stoop.

He commenced, "Your Grace——"

She stopped him. "A moment—you know why I have kept you here, and now, my heart is so full, so full—and still I can not find utterance. Find words for me." She moved over to him, and put her hands on his, looking, yearning, up to him. "From my face as I look at you, from my hands as they touch yours, I learn what I want to say. But even now, with all my happiness, I wait for something more—a word from you. I wanted—I must say it—there was something I wanted to hear, Pedro." So shy she was, and over her face, smiling in unalloyed happiness that yet looked for more, a flush spread.

Pedro spoke. "Your Grace is very good——"

That was not the tone. Pedro, Pedro, speak, speak. Say the word. "Your Grace is very good. There is something more. Not to say it I suppose would be a very fine thing." He walked a pace away, and looked first at the stone floor, then at the wall. What was it? What was this—coldness?

"A very fine thing, and a minute ago I had in mind not to say it, but that's too much; it will out. I can not stay the words." He flashed suddenly round at her. "By God, why should I? Is not this moment mine?"

"Whose, if not yours?"

She got the answer out, but a feeling of wonderment began to steal through her mind? What was this? Well, he was a strange man.

"Ask me not to speak, bid me be silent, and I'll not speak."

What was wrong, that he should flash that at her?

"I ask you to speak." She still smiled, but a faint doubt began to tremble through her.

"Then listen." Why did he look at her so? Why was there in his dark face no answer to her smile? "Do you know why I brought young Amati here?"

"You had the thought, I suppose, that I should marry him."

"Wrong. I read him and I read you, and I knew that he was never mate for you."

Still he did not smile.

"Why, then?"

"It was that attending him I might be near you."

She flushed. Now he was beginning.

"You wanted to be near me then?" How softly she said it, with just a faint touch of shy coquetry lighting her eyes, first calling, then lifting to his. But, how cold he looked, how unsmiling.

He went on. "I willed it so. Thus I gained access to your presence, could see you, read your eyes, hear you speak, watch every thought that changed the aspect of that proud face, as I watch them now—" Suddenly he leaned toward her, face stooping to hers. "Why are you frightened, Duchess?"

It was true. She was frightened. The dreadful calmness of his face, the cold stare of his eyes on hers was sending a chill all about her like a cold wind. "I am not frightened." For the first time in her life she lied. She lied, and he knew it.

"Your heart turns cold." Cold? Good God, it was chilled to ice within her, he was freezing up all that hot tide of love, gratitude, happiness, that surging through her had seemed to beat against the walls of her breast in a frantic effort to sweep him away with her in a whelming flood of joy. She was unsmiling now, and a misery of doubt, bewilderment, ran through her bosom. Yet the note of alarm that now sounded through her called up in her the unchangeable, undaunted bravery that lay at the roots of her nature.

"Why do you say such strange things to me?" she answered faintly.

He walked away from her, then returned. He avoided her look, hanging his head, and clasping and unclasping his hands.

"Do you remember when I first came to you? Do you remember how you treated me?"

Ah, that hurt. The question struck her like a lash across the face. How could he, how could he, touch on that subject? Her answer was but one trembling word, wrung with remonstrance. "Pedro!"

It did not stop him. He faced her now. "Why did you do it? What did you want? Was I a dog? Was I not a man? Listen, Duchess. Since I was a lad I have learned to match myself in friendship or in enmity against strong men of all kinds. Far-seeing, cunning, untiring men, I have learned to weigh the very souls of them, their hearts are an open book to me, and I tell you that I never met my master. When I do, may I perish."

He was trembling, white-faced, his control slipping away from him as she had seen it slip the night before in the darkness of the garden. Already, in these few minutes she had begun to feel the weight of these tempests of passion that ran though him, and learned to dread them. Yet she would not blanch.

"Why do you speak to me so wildly, so fiercely?"

"Chance brought me here. I heard of you, I saw you, and sense of deadly peril came over me. In your face I read a spirit that would dare to claim the mastery even over mine, and because I dreaded that I dared you. I came to you, I challenged you—Who were you that you should look so on men?"

"Pedro, think before you say too much!" He was going too far, her own pride roused to answer his.

"I say I challenged you. I told you last night that my mother was a gipsy. Aye, and my father was the King of Spain!" He flung his head high, nostrils swelling, voice ringing. "Pride and power that brook no denial and the untamed spirit that dwells among mountains and wild rivers were joined in my beginning, and in my veins flows the blood of men who were always kings, and a people always free. And should aught that called for courage challenge me, and I let it pass?"

HE WAS in a very fury of wrath, as if plainly there stood before him one who questioned his manhood. He glared at her. She was no longer frightened. A shudder of terror she felt truly hovering above her, but obliterating that was a strange sense of something she had never felt before, a feeling of compassion, of responsibility laid upon her, as if she must save this wild thing from the wreckage he was fast making of her own hopes.

"Pedro," she said, steadily, "be calm. Put some restraint on yourself."

He flung away from her, then back again. "Then you dealt with me. You remember? The great Duchess, so high, so proud; and this vagabond soldier—we deal with him, so promptly, so properly, royally." He sneered dreadfully. 'Let my people amuse themselves—but not to the death—not to the death!' Conceive, Duchess, my gratitude for that mercy."

God, how cruelly he was using her! She could hardly keep the tears back. "Spare me this, Pedro."

"Did you spare me? Your mob had their way, and bleeding and torn I fled from your city. But in that hour I vowed my revenge. What shape it was to take I knew not, but I was content to wait till time brought me what I sought, and now, I reap my revenge."

"Be merciful, Pedro—Pedro, Pedro, think, think——"

"I say, reap it now. And it is this, that through all your years, do what you will, you shall never lose this memory—that it was the man you handed to your mob who placed you in Malatesta's seat at Missona, and made your word law throughout Aquiloja, and that when in the hour of your distress your lover and your courtiers failed you, it was to me, to me, you turned in your misery and begged for succor—and because you asked it—on your knees—I gave it you."

She had blenched, she had bent before the blast of his ruthlessness. She had turned from him, shrinking, stooping, till at last her face had been covered with her hands, raised as if to shield it from some blast of heat. He towered above her, his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dark face working, his eyes staring her down.

He ceased. Thus they stood.

"You know how to be cruel." Her voice was trembling, and she made an effort to steady it. "And now what? You leave me? You feel content? But listen to me a minute." He stayed, not looking at her. "I am your debtor, and if I thought what you say came from your heart, if I thought that there could be happiness in all this for you, I would bear—the pain—the pain—and let you go. But—but—can't you see how you deceive yourself? Are you so blind? Yes, you are blind. Well then, bear with me a little longer, and I will open your eyes. Pedro, you have failed of your revenge."

He turned to her. "How, failed?"

She smiled faintly. "Yes, failed. This great happiness you so longed for, this glorious moment you waited for, 'tis empty, Pedro, there's nothing in it for you. You brand me with a memory. Well, why should I not remember? You think it must mean undying shame, but what if I tell you that—I feel no shame?"

He laughed incredulously. "No shame—and she knelt. For all her court to see, the Duchess knelt to the lackey. 'I beg, I entreat,' you have forgotten that? No, by God, and never shall."

She flushed, yet her brave eyes never left his face, and in her voice, quiet and earnest, were tones that somehow seemed to linger about him, bearing an influence that second by second brought the level of the passion in his breast down to that of the quiet control she now showed. Her heart beat strongly but steadily. She stepped nearer to where he stood. In her attitude was confidence, surety, not of him but of herself; in his, something of doubt and hesitation. He had failed, she said, and for all his incredulity the barbed thought struck and hung in the wound.

"I knelt," she said, "for all my court, for all the world, if it liked, to see. And I feel no shame. Why should I? Was it the Duchess that knelt? A lackey she appealed to? No, that was a woman, driven to desperation, with misery unbearable beating upon her, and, bewildered and distracted, she went where her heart bade her go, and cried to the man her heart sent her to. And was she wrong? Tell me that?"

He was silent.

"PEDRO, king of men that you are, you man without a master—ah, and you child. You do not know yourself. Great, are you? Oh, yes, you are a great man. Not all your cruelty shall make me deny you that. But with all that, you can not master yourself. You, the man that can take men's minds and wills and wield them as you wield your sword—true, true—and yet you give yourself to the meanest of passions to do what they will with you, to sweep you before them like a leaf in the storm. I tell you, you are now so blinded that even now you can not read your own mind of less than an hour ago. For, don't you see, this precious revenge of yours that you try to think means everything to you, was nothing at that very moment when it should have been everything."

"Be silent," he said. She was unbearable.

"No, I will not be silent," her pride now vibrated in her voice. "If you can not face me, then go, but while you stay I will speak the truth. Oh, Pedro, think! When you risked all to save me, when you threw Guilielmo, when you stood between the swords and swept Malatesta and his tyranny to ruin, was there ever thought of revenge in your mind? God, tell me if I am wrong—this man had no thought then but of his own manhood, and the woman's helplessness, and the cry she made for help. Oh, taunt me, if you like, but I tell you," the tears were breaking from her eyes—"my heart is singing within me at the thought of that moment, that moment that you think should burn in my mind."

He strode to her. "Will you be silent?"

"I will not."

FRENZIED, he seized her wrist. "I tell you, let me alone."

"Let me go—you hurt me." He dropped her wrist. She went on—and he did not go, but stood there, eyes on the ground.

"So the woman cried for help, and the man helped her. And when he bids her recall that moment, be sure he will never forget it. Pedro, that was not the only time that you and I faced one another with no distinction of rank to come between us. Do you remember last night on the terrace?" He raised his eyes to hers, flushed, dropped them again. "I put my hands on your hair, I put my face near yours, you remember?" He could not answer. "I tell you, had I kissed you then, you were a lost man."

"For God's sake, be silent!"

"In a minute you shall go. What saved us? I don't know. But this I do know, that with the kiss I did not give you there leaped to life in my breast a whole new world of knowledge, that read for me the secret of my own heart, and that now tells me the truth of what is in yours. So now, Pedro," she moved away a little, "if you still hate me, if the wrong I did you still so burns in you that you must have your revenge, you have still to win it, for on my soul you have not shamed me."

She moved away from him, turning from him. All her womanhood moved her to, all her pride would let her speak, she had voiced. Could she do more? God be her witness, she could think of no more. Amid the wild moments when he had set her feet on the knees of her enemies and fashioned a throne for her out of their hate and its thwarting, she had caught a vision of the new world; of light, life, color, warmth, joy unspeakable, so radiant, so wondrous, that her soul had seemed to melt in rapture as she stepped toward it. On that vision of miracle this man was closing the door, had all but closed it, and now, if what she had said failed to move him, the door must shut, shut forever, she knew, and the wonder that she had glimpsed vanish and not return. Never again, she knew, could aught beneath the sky bring back the vision if once she found herself barred from it. All her soul was crying out for pity within her, yet she would rather have dropped dead than that he should have caught a hint of her tears that rose from her heart to her eyes. She had knelt to him once; she would not kneel again.

He stared at her, a lost man, drifting, rudderless boat, helm lost, sails gone, on a chartless sea. He spoke with dry lips:

"Madam, you overwhelm me. I see you speak the truth. Why did I come here? What have you done to me? A month ago I was a man with a purpose, a will, sure of myself in all I did. Now—oh, I see that all this time I have been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. What a fool! Yes, and all the time I knew it. In the very hour I made my vow of vengeance a sprite leapt in my brain and mocked me, and here, at my vow's fulfilment, you baffle me. Terrible woman, I own myself a beaten man. I will go."

Shattered, miserable, utterly downcast, exhausted with his own passions, wrecked amid their wreckage, he turned to go with dragging feet. He was going then. All over. She gave a little shudder, then spoke to him with a pitiful, withered smile wringing her white face:

"You will go? Then, Pedro, will you not leave me—my bracelet?"

"Your bracelet?" He looked at her dully. "I gave it back to you last night."

"No," was all she could say.

"Recall it, Madam. On the terrace, when in my folly I defied you, I gave it back to you."

"No, Pedro, in your haste in the dark you gave me a bracelet, but— it was not mine."

TOO broken to gather at once her meaning, he delayed. Then he stripped up his left sleeve. On his arm glittered the armlet she had given him three days before. Genghis Khan's bracelet had gone.

"What's this? Your bracelet! Then what have you done with mine?"

She looked at him tearless, brave, uncomplaining—then slowly she lifted her trembling hands and from under the bosom of her dress she lifted the golden circle. A second she let him glimpse it, then dropped it back again. She clasped her hands one over the other on her heart, without a word, head drooping on her lovely neck, and turned away, shrinking from him in this moment of final revelation.

He stood still, stared—and then all his powers crumbled within him. He stepped to her, dropped to his knees. His hands sought her dress feebly, he clasped her knees.

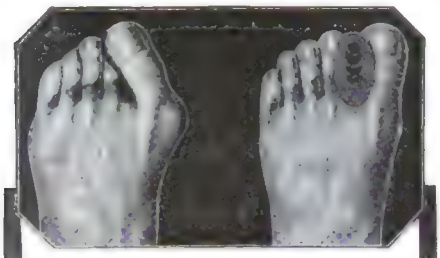
"Beatrice," he sought to say, "Beatrice." yet made no sound.

She stooped to him, leaning over him in a passion of love, conquest, submission, felt his hands lifted to her waist in appeal as hers had lifted to his an hour before—she caught them in hers, strove to draw him to his feet, strove to dispel the mist that blinded her.

THE END.

A new serial—"The Branding-Iron"—begins in the January EVERYBODY'S. A Western story, but not the conventional Wild West. This is a new country—this ranch region of the Montana wilds, and Joan is a new and amazing kind of heroine. Katharine Newlin Burt, the author, is a new writer, and this is her first novel—which makes a remarkable book all the more remarkable. Here at EVERYBODY'S we count her one of the biggest finds of recent years. Be sure to start "The Branding-Iron."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Get Rid of That Bunion!

Dr. Scholl's Toe Flex permanently corrects bunions by straightening the crooked or cramped toe. It is a practical, antiseptic rubber device worn comfortably in any shoe. Will soon restore toe and joint to normal position. Three sizes, 50 cents each.

Whether you suffer from bunions, fallen arches, weak ankles, painful corns or burning callouses—you can be comfortable. For there is a Dr. Scholl Appliance for every foot trouble.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

The best shoe dealer in your town sells Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances. He has been trained in Practipedics, the science of giving foot comfort, and deserves your patronage, for he is rendering a distinct service to your community.

Send for Free Booklet

"Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the recognized authority on all foot troubles, sent free on request.

If your dealer will not supply you, write direct to Dr. Scholl for free advice.

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.
223K Schiller St. Chicago, Ill.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. *Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00.* If your dealer can't supply you, send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and Maybell Beauty Booklet, "*How Women Beautiful*," prepaid, under plain cover. Thousands have been delighted by the results obtained by its use; why not you? Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. *Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE."*

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-19 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

HOME STUDY
BUSINESS COURSES

Over 20,000 men and women annually prepare for higher positions thru LaSalle training. We offer specialized courses in Business Administration; Higher Accountancy; Cost Accounting; Auditing; Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic; Commercial Law; Business Letter Writing; Law (preparing for bar examination in any state); Banking; Commercial Spanish; Bookkeeping and Elementary Accounting; Public Speaking; Business English. Train by mail in your spare time. Let our corps of 250 business and educational experts help you. Valuable consulting privileges free to members. Low cost; easy monthly payments. Write now, stating the course in which interested and we will send free catalog telling how you can quickly qualify for an important, high-salaried position in your chosen field.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 1243-R Chicago, Ill.

WANTED-IDEAS

Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. **FREE:**—72-page guide book, "Successful Patents;" "Stepping Stones" (containing hundreds of inventions wanted); and "Patent Promotion" (tells how to sell your rights; chief causes of failure, etc.). "Patent Buyers" publishes over 400 letters from those who desire to buy Owen Patents. Send for them. Free manufacturing facilities. Advice free.

RICHARD B. OWEN, 10 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Women *and* Horses

By Joan Moody

To Mrs. Pawnee Bill a horse like this is as the trusty old kitchen rocker to many of us.

Then there was Mrs. James Parker whose fiery mount once curtsied to us graciously from the New York Hippodrome and other stages. Mrs. Parker is now resting (?) from her thrilling equestrian career by commanding the First Washington Women's Cavalry which she organized last summer. When the Seattle girls were perfect in troop evolutions and mounted Red Cross work. Mrs. Parker promptly began work on Tacoma women and other groups of rough-riderettes of the cities of the Northwest.

Why, when the horse was so obviously given a leg at each corner, does he so often elect to use only two of them?

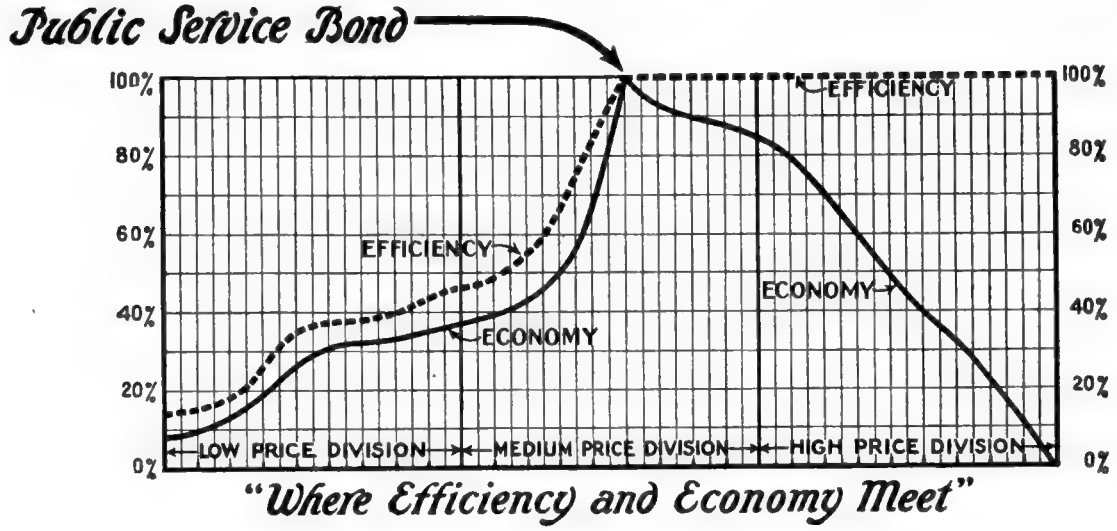
WHATEVER becomes of them, those wild bright spirits that flash upon us now and then from circus arena or vaudeville stage? Do they pay for their breathless youths by later lean years of knitting and dozing by the fire? Not at all. Below is Mrs. Pawnee Bill, queen until some five years ago of her husband's Wild West Show. Strong men turned up their toes when Mrs. Bill at a gallop shot up everything in sight, and all the girl babies in the grandstand stopped taking any more back talk from their brothers.

Now Mrs. Bill (her regular name is Mrs. Lillie on the big ranch outside Pawnee, Oklahoma) runs her husband's cattle, mule, goat, horse and buffalo ranch and its two hundred and fifty hands. Her particular pet is the big buffalo herd that roams its ten-thousand-acre playground.

"Buffalo," says Mrs. Lillie, "are one of the answers to the H. C. of L. Their meat is nourishing and good to eat (down with buffaloless Tuesdays!) and everything you can think of can be made from their hides." General Lillie started the buffalo herd with four animals back in 1879.

Mrs. James Parker, also of the once woolly West, does her war work on horseback, alleging that knitting makes her nervous.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"Where Efficiency and Economy Meet"

THIS chart plots the curves of efficiency and economy in paper for business stationery. Public Service Bond is at the point where efficiency and economy meet. It is above all the paper that is built exclusively to answer one purpose — that of carrying business messages. Steps in manufacture not directed towards this end have been eliminated — contributing steps have been perfected. A better paper for the purpose at a lower price is the result.

Bond papers have been competitively made — not purposefully made. The several thousand brands sold today fall under sixty-five different groups — or grades. Possibly five grades would answer. Nine or ten would meet every business requirement. Instead of endeavoring to cover the entire field, each brand should be specifically made for the particular purposes of its own group — just as

Public Service Bond

Public Service Bond
is Built for Business Stationery

This is exactly the type of standardization that the government wants; that the printer, lithographer and engraver want; and that the paper buyer will demand when he sees the situation. It is with a degree of pride that we tell you Public Service Bond has been built on this basis from the first. It is *Standard* with many of the largest industrial corporations in America. We hope you will consider making it your Standard — for the carrying of business messages. May we send you samples? This slight service implies no obligation.

Ask Your Printer

TAYLOR-LOGAN CO. PAPERMAKERS
Holyoke Massachusetts

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With

EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

Not a Paper Victory, but Victory by Paper

THE War Industries Board has asked us to point out one way of helping to win the war which is open to every man, woman and child in the country. Don't dismiss it as a suggestion of remote value to the big job in hand. It is a practical and practicable way of helping because it helps furnish one of the very necessary weapons of modern warfare. When you save waste paper you will be actually helping supply your boy the wherewithal to fight.

Paper of all sorts, barring a negligible quantity of high-grade bond and writing papers, is made from wood, and wood-pulp suitable for making paper is obtained either through a mechanical or a chemical process. Many grades of paper are made entirely from chemically-made pulp, but some of it must be used in all paper, as the mechanically-made pulp is not strong enough to be used alone. Right here is the connection between saving waste paper and winning the war. Sulfur is used in large quantities in the manufacture of chemical pulp, and sulfur is needed in immense quantities by the Government in making munitions. Is it clear now how, by saving waste paper, you directly strengthen Uncle Sam's fighting arm?

By using waste paper in the manufacture of new paper, a very large quantity of new chemical fiber is saved, and consequently the sulfur which would have been needed to make it is saved too, and the Government has it for munitions. Is this a remote connection between saving waste paper and winning the war?

Waste paper of all kinds can be used in making new paper or paper boards. All the chipboard from which ordinary pasteboard boxes are made is manufactured out of mixed waste paper scraps gathered up in stores and other places. Newspapers make a better grade of board known as newsboard. Strong wrapping papers mixed with chemical pulp are used in making test or strong chipboard from which shipping containers of all kinds are made. Old magazines, books, stationery, etc., are sorted out, deinked, and used again in making book, writing and other grades of paper.

Early in the war the Germans, with fiendish delight, invented poison gas and killed many brave British and French soldiers.

German newspapers said: "We are the greatest chemists in the world. We will win the war with our science."

It became necessary for the Allies to use gas, to even up matters.

Not long after we got into the war our chemists beat the German chemists at their own game. Our chemists have made gases for use in war that are far superior to the German-made brand.

Not long ago we put five hundred Germans out of the fighting with one dose of our new gas. German army reports admitted that it was a deadly gas and more efficient than their own. Their boasted skilled chemists are unable to find out how to make it.

But all the world knows that one of its bases is sulfur.

As there are but two sulfur mines in this country, one in Louisiana and the other in Texas, there is not enough sulfur available to make all the gas we want and also to make the usual amount of chemical pulp. Consequently when by saving waste paper we reduce the necessary amount of new chemical pulp needed, we release thereby sulfur which the Government needs and we add to the supply of gas. We have helped to arm our men.

In making high-grade bond and ledger papers a considerable quantity of rags is used, and rags are becoming very scarce. They can only be replaced in paper-making by the finest quality of chemical pulp, so that it is imperative also that we save all old rags. Every household, therefore, should save all of its old paper and rags as well as old rubber, leather, etc., and dispose of them to the school children, Salvation Army, junkmen, or other collectors, so that the supply of sulfur may be kept adequate to meet the demands of the Government.

Don't burn waste paper! Save it, and help win the war!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Notice of Change In Price

UNPRECEDENTED increases in the costs of producing a magazine, have made it necessary to advance the subscription price of *Everybody's Magazine* to $2.00 a year.

To give our friends adequate time to adapt themselves to this change, the date for putting the new rate into effect has been made December fifteenth. Until that date, subscriptions will be accepted at the old rate of $1.50 per year.

The price of a two-year subscription, if received before December fifteenth, will be $2.50. No subscriptions will be accepted for more than two years in advance.

It will confer a favor on the publishers if readers of *Everybody's Magazine*, who take advantage of the present low rate, will send in their subscriptions immediately.

The Ridgway Company

Butterick Building, New York

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE INVESTMENT VALUE OF GORHAM SILVERWARE

The investment value of Gorham Sterling Silverware consists in the fact that you are putting money into something for the future as well as for the present, and ensuring dividends of service during at least one more lifetime than your own

GORHAM STERLING SILVERWARE

is sold Everywhere by Leading Jewelers and bears this Trade Mark

The GORHAM COMPANY
SILVERSMITHS & GOLDSMITHS
NEW YORK
WORKS, PROVIDENCE and NEW YORK

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Adopt a Town in France

"You will find a draft for fifteen dollars enclosed. For over a year and a half I have been saving this to go toward buying a little tombstone for my mother's grave. One does not like for one's mother's grave to go unmarked. But knowing the kind of a mother she was, I know she would be grieved if I bought a tombstone with money that might help to relieve a bit of suffering. So I will ask you to let it help somebody's mother who is old and who needs it badly."
—A letter to The French Relief Editor of THE DELINEATOR from a woman in Clinton, South Carolina.

"I have a Sunday-school class of little girls. We had a pleasure outing not long ago. I read to them parts of the article in the July Delineator on 'Germany's Baby Prisoners of War.' When they found seven cents would feed a baby a day, they gave up their ice-cream cones and asked me to send the fifty cents to you for the relief work, or, as they put it, to 'feed a baby one week.'"
—From the letter of a Colorado woman to THE DELINEATOR

The town of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has contributed $2,000 through The Delineator for the purchase of a motor-kitchen for the devastated district of France.

A Massachusetts woman, ninety years of age, has changed her will to bequeath $40,000, through The Delineator, for the French and Belgian war sufferers.

A letter from Welcome, Maryland, reads: *"I feel almost like a criminal to send a check for $ after reading Brand Whitlock's appalling account (in The Delineator), but I have other pledges to meet and just now I can send no more, but at least I will buy no luxuries until I can supplement this mite with more."*

MANY are the demands on your purse. Deep is the drain on your sympathy. But there is one cause to which every one with a heart must give something,

To re-light the hearth fires of France—France that stood as the bulwark of the world's liberty against the invading Hun France who sacrificed not only her gallant sons, but her hearths and homes, the sacred temple of the free spirit of her people—France whose sacrifice has saved us from a like fate.

In gratitude and in reverence we who still live in comfort must help the population of devastated France, now reclaimed from the Hun, re-light their hearths and become self-supporting.

Working in co-operation with the American Committee for Devastated France, THE DELINEATOR is able to offer you the privilege of giving direct to some French village or some one family in the devastated region. In every issue for months THE DELINEATOR has made its appeal for help, and every mail brings response from the generous heart of America.

Whether you give seven cents to prolong the life of a French baby one day, or whether you get your club or church to collect six thousand dollars to start the life of a French village anew—do give something!

The need is desperate and immediate. Give to-day.

$400 starts
a poultry farm, with two incubator and one thousand hatching eggs—pays a wounded soldier a salary as poultryman.

$200 will
set one French family of five on its feet to the point of making it able to support itself.

$150 supports
one adult for one year in a village of northern France.

$25 will
give one child a year of manual training; or buy a stove; or pay for a double bed.

$20 is
the cost of purchasing a goat for a thrifty home.

$15 makes
it possible to provide a sheep.

$1 gives
a rabbit to some French family in sorest need.

60 cents
buys a fruit-tree for a farm that now is bare.

15 cents
will buy one hatching egg for a destitute household.

FRENCH RELIEF EDITOR,
THE DELINEATOR, E
Butterick Building, New York.

Enclosed is..... dollars, for relief work in the devastated region of France.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

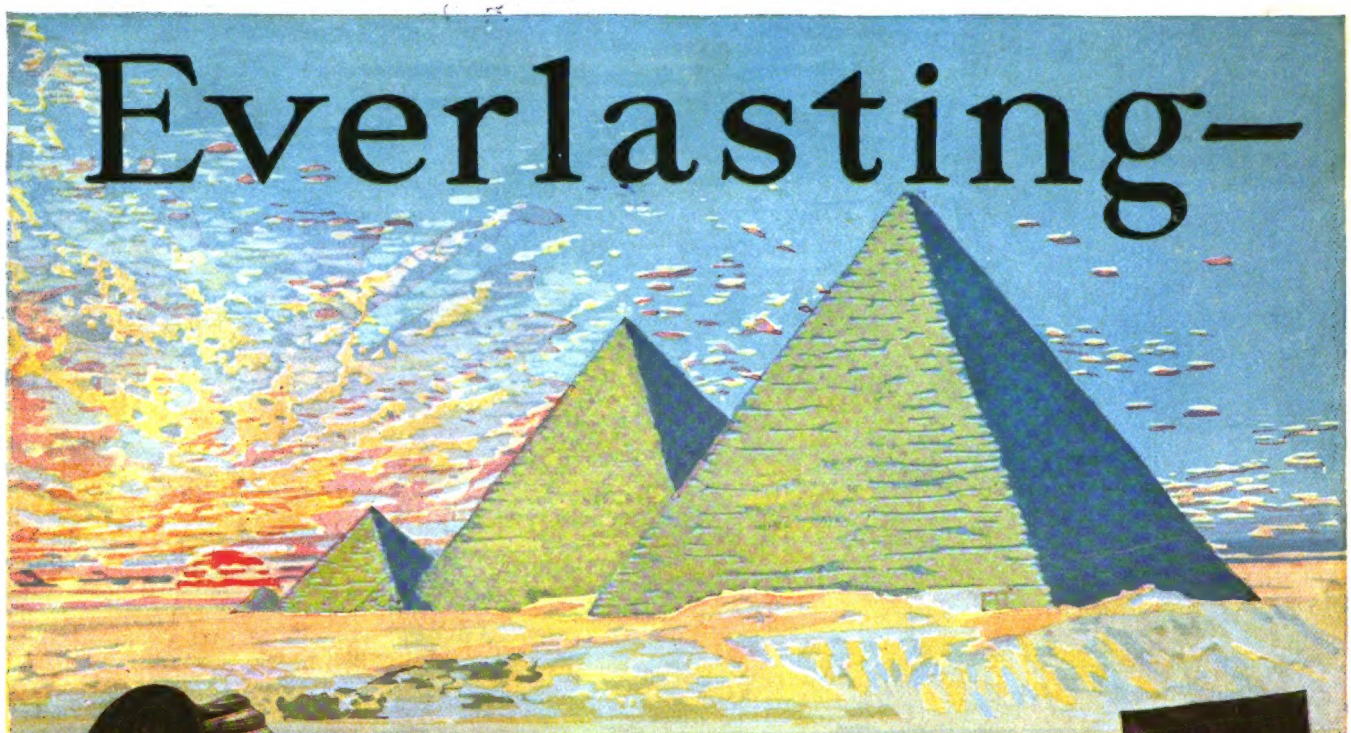
.....

Make checks payable to FRENCH RELIEF EDITOR.

The Delineator

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everlasting—



Sanitary Hair Brushes

EACH DAY THROUGH COUNTLESS CENTURIES the setting sun has found the Pyramids of Egypt faithful to their vigil o'er the desert sands. In steadfast emulation of such an example, the grip of RUBBERSET Brushes has performed its accepted service throughout the more than three decades that mark its history.

It is not the *temporary* hold of pitch, glue, shellac or cement, of fragile thread, of harsh metal or cutting wire. The RUBBERSET grip is *positive* at all times and under all conditions, sharing the *everlasting* qualities of its base of hard vulcanized rubber—a substance impervious alike to heat or cold, to flood or drought, to use or to old age.

Insist upon the inscription RUBBERSET on every brush you buy—That brush must make good, or WE WILL!

RUBBERSET COMPANY, (R. & C. P. Co., Props.) Newark, N. J.

World's Standard Paint Brushes

Rubberset BRUSHES

Every Bristle Gripped Everlastingly In Hard Rubber!

The SAFETY Tooth Brush.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN